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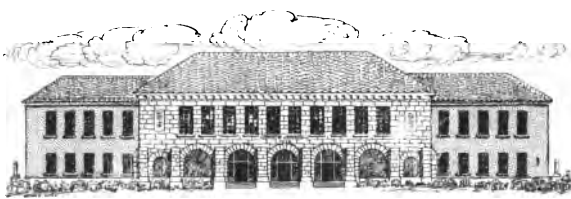
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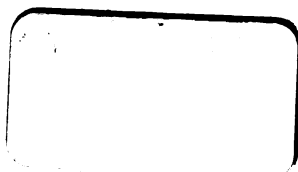
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HARPER'S
FIFTH READER

AMERICAN AUTHORS

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

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HAR. 5TH RDR

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

HARPER'S FIFTH READER, designed for the use of upper classes in reading, is distinctively an American book, comprising nearly one hundred articles by leading American authors, and embracing subjects of great variety and of living interest to American readers. While in no respect oblivious to the value and excellence of selections from the British classics, it is believed that there is in the works of American authors a certain indefinable flavor which is peculiarly acceptable to pupils in our elementary schools. Readings from British authors may well follow the study of the poets and prose writers of America; our American youth cannot too early be led to a knowledge of the extent and the varied richness of our own literature. To cultivate a spirit of patriotism and to inculcate a commendable pride in the achievements of our countrymen is one of the first duties of the schools.

In the selection of matter for this volume equal attention has been given to variety of style, adaptability to school use, and literary excellence. Although this plan has enabled us to present articles from a large proportion of the best American writers, it has prevented the representation of several whose claims to recognition in literature are perhaps equal to some whose work has been admitted. But it should be remembered that the object of the editor has been to compile not simply a collection of literary gems, but a School Reader which, while serving the usual purposes of such a volume, shall prepare the way for an intelligent study and a just appreciation of English literature. With the exception of a few favorite pieces, with

out which no advanced Reader would be complete, the selections are such as have never before appeared in a schoolbook, and have been secured for this volume by special arrangement with authors and publishers. The works of some of our most popular writers—as Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier—are well known to schools, and very generally accessible for supplementary reading; otherwise, a single selection from each would not have been deemed sufficient.

In this Reader the idea made prominent in the earlier numbers of the series—*that of learning to read by much reading*—is still maintained. Many of the articles are long—much longer than the selections ordinarily found in books of the same class—thus avoiding the too common error of presenting for study mere fragmentary excerpts, the incompleteness of which renders them uninteresting and unsatisfactory. No attempt has been made to divide the work into “lessons,” or to indicate the limits of any single recitation; these are matters which must be controlled by the capabilities of the pupils and the amount of time devoted to the exercise of reading.

The arrangement of paragraphs as originally made by the authors has not been disturbed for the purpose of indicating the amount of matter convenient for a single reading; but teachers will readily appreciate the use of the small marginal figures on each page, which are intended to serve as a species of landmark in the study of the lesson and to supersede the usual arbitrary method of numbering each successive paragraph.

The Notes at the end of the volume are intended to be both helpful and suggestive. Those on the earlier lessons are much fuller than those which follow—indicating methods and suggesting lines of study which teachers and pupils are afterwards left to pursue independently. The biographical notes, which are continued to the end, will prove valuable in connection with any study of American literature; and the suggestions for additional reading are intended to assist teachers and pupils in the selection of good reading matter, and to aid in pointing the way to a more extensive knowledge and appreciation of some

of the best works in our language. Other features which characterize this Reader and distinguish it from similar works of its class will be readily apparent to teachers, and need not here be enumerated.

This volume has been prepared and edited throughout by James Baldwin, Ph.D., whose eminent fitness for the task was readily recognized by the publishers in the result of his work upon the preceding volumes of this series, which have met with universal favor as text-books of more than ordinary merit.

Valuable assistance in reading the final proofs, etc., was rendered by Mr. E. D. Farrell, of the New York City schools.

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TO TEACHERS AND PUPILS.

Good oral reading is the correct rendering of the thoughts and feelings expressed on the printed or written page. It is an accomplishment quite distinct from the art of the elocutionist, and hence it is not acquired through precisely the same processes.

To become a good reader, patient and long-continued practice is necessary. The natural method of learning to read is by reading much and carefully, rather than by the study of rules of inflection, emphasis, and the like.

To read well it is imperatively necessary that the reader shall grasp the idea intended to be conveyed by the printed or written word, and shall enter into sympathy with the thoughts and feelings which are designed to be expressed.

The words should be so distinctly uttered that the listener shall be able, without effort, to hear every syllable and to distinguish every intonation of the voice. But *too loud* reading, which invariably induces strained, harsh, or discordant tones, should be carefully guarded against and avoided.

Not only should the reader himself comprehend that which he reads, but his expression of the thought, as he interprets it from the printed page, should be so clear and forcible that the listener shall not only hear the words, but shall without difficulty comprehend their meaning.

Nor is it enough that the reader shall be both heard and understood. The statements and ideas of the author should be so finely rendered that both he who reads and he who hears shall clearly perceive and fully appreciate their beauty, their truthfulness, or their aptitude. The emotions which influenced the author while composing the selection are thus interpreted by the reader to the hearer, and both are alike moved by them.

The means of acquiring the ability to read well, through the assistance of this text-book, may be briefly designated as follows:

1st. *To grasp the idea*: Study the selection as a whole; then study each paragraph and each sentence in detail. Refer to the Notes at the end of the volume. Refer to the dictionary for the meaning of every word not already clearly understood. Study carefully every peculiar mode of expression, and try to interpret the author's meaning in sentences of your own. Study the style of each author, and compare it with that of other authors previously studied.

2d. *To enter into sympathy with the thoughts expressed*: Be sure that you have grasped the idea. Study every allusion made by the author, and try, if possible, to understand all the circumstances connected with the production of the selection.

3d. *To be heard*: Practice reading aloud to yourself. Study the correct pronunciation of each new word. Should any word or combination of letters be difficult of articulation, practice pronouncing it until it can be spoken promptly, accurately, and without special effort. Sit or stand with the head erect and the chest expanded, and endeavor to acquire the habit of breathing easily, freely, and naturally while reading.

4th. *To be understood*: First, be sure that you yourself understand. Remember that reading is but conversing from a book, and avoid all inflections or intonations which would seem strained or unnatural in conversation. Imagine yourself in the place of the listener, and ask yourself whether you would understand if you had not the printed page before you.

5th. *To enter into fuller sympathy with the thoughts expressed, and to cause the hearer to be moved by them*: Be sure that all the preceding conditions have been fulfilled. Have in mind the beauty, the truthfulness, the appropriateness of that which you read. Forget yourself in the expression of the thoughts which you are interpreting. Thus, and thus only, is it possible for one to become A GOOD READER.

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FIFTH READER.

I.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY GEORGE RANCROFT.¹

THE long-expected discovery^a of the Mississippi was at hand, to be accomplished by James Marquette^b and Louis Joliet.^c The enterprise was favored by Talon,^d who, on the point of quitting Canada, wished to signalize the last years of his stay by opening for France the way to the western ocean; and who, immediately on the arrival of Frontenac^e from France in 1672, had advised him to employ Louis Joliet in the discovery. Joliet was a native of Quebec, educated at its college, and a man "of great experience" as a wayfarer in the wilderness. He had already been in the neighborhood of the great river which was called the Mississippi, and which at that time was supposed to discharge itself into the Gulf of California; and early in 1673 he entered on his great career.

A branch of the Pottawatomies, familiar with Marquette as a missionary, heard with wonder the daring proposal. "Those distant nations," said they, "never spare the strangers; their mutual wars fill their borders with bands of warriors; the Great River abounds in

monsters, which devour both men and canoes; the excessive heats occasion death." "I shall gladly lay down my life for the salvation of souls," replied the good father; and the docile nation joined him in prayer.

At the last village on Fox River ever visited by the French — where Kickapoos, Mascoutins, and Miamis dwelt together on a hill in the center of prairies and groves that extended as far as the eye could reach, and where Alloüez' had already raised the cross, which the savages had ornamented with brilliant skins and crimson belts, a thank offering to the Great Manitou¹⁰ — the ancients' received the pilgrims in council, of whom Marquette was but thirty-six years old, and Joliet but seven-and-twenty. "My companion," said Marquette, "is an envoy of France to discover new countries; and I am¹⁵ ambassador from God to enlighten them with the gospel;" and, offering presents, he begged two guides for the morrow. The wild men answered courteously, and gave in return a mat, to serve as a couch during the long voyage.

Behold, then, in 1673, on the tenth day of June, James Marquette and Louis Joliet, five Frenchmen as companions, and two Algonquins as guides, dragging their two canoes across the narrow portage¹⁰ that divides the Fox River from the Wisconsin. They reach the watershed;²⁵ uttering a special prayer to the immaculate Virgin, they leave the streams that could have borne their greetings to the castle of Quebec. "The guides returned," says the gentle Marquette, "leaving us alone, in this unknown land, in the hands of Providence." Embarking³⁰ on the broad Wisconsin, the discoverers went solitarily down its current, between alternate plains and hillsides, beholding neither man nor familiar beasts: no sound broke the silence but the ripple of their canoes and the

that possessed its banks. For the messengers, who announced the subjection of the Iroquois, a magnificent festival was prepared of hominy and fish and the choicest viands from the prairies.

After six days' delay, and invitations to new visits, the chieftain of the tribe, with hundreds of warriors, attended the strangers to their canoes; and, selecting a peace-pipe embellished with the head and neck of brilliant birds, and all feathered over with plumage of various hues, they hung round Marquette the sacred¹⁰ calumet, the mysterious arbiter¹¹ of peace and war, a safeguard among the nations.

The little group proceeded onward. "I did not fear death," says Marquette, in July; "I should have esteemed it the greatest happiness to have died for the glory of God." They passed the perpendicular rocks, which wore the appearance of monsters; they heard at a distance the noise of the waters of the Missouri,¹² known to them by its Algonquin name of Pekitanoni; and, when they came to the grandest confluence¹³ of rivers in the world—where the swifter Missouri rushes like a conqueror into the calmer Mississippi, dragging it, as it were, hastily to the sea—the good Marquette resolved in his heart one day to ascend the mighty river to its source; to cross the ridge that divides the oceans, and,¹⁴ descending a westerly flowing stream, to publish the gospel to all the people of this New World.

In a little less than forty leagues, the canoes floated past the Ohio, which was then, and long afterwards, called the Wabash. Its banks were tenanted by numerous villages of the peaceful Shawnees, who quailed under the incursions of the Iroquois.

The thick canes begin to appear so close and strong that the buffalo could not break through them; the in-

sects become intolerable; as a shelter against the suns of July, the sails are folded into an awning. The prairies vanish; and forests of whitewood, admirable for their vastness and height, crowd even to the skirts of the pebbly shore. It is also observed that, in the land of the Chickasas, the Indians have guns.

Near the latitude of thirty-three degrees, on the western bank of the Mississippi, stood the village of Mitchigamea, in a region that had not been visited by Europeans since the days of De Soto. "Now," thought Marquette, "we must, indeed, ask the aid of the Virgin." Armed with bows and arrows, with clubs, axes, and bucklers, amid continual whoops, the natives embark in boats made out of the trunks of huge hollow trees; but, at the sight of the mysterious peace-pipe held aloft, they threw down their bows and quivers and prepared a hospitable welcome.

The next day, a long wooden canoe, containing ten men, escorted the discoverers, for eight or ten leagues, to the village of Akansea, the limit of their voyage. They had left the region of the Algonquins, and, in the midst of the Dakotas and Chickasas, could speak only by an interpreter. A half league above Akansea, they were met by two boats, in one of which stood the commander, holding in his hand the peace-pipe, and singing as he drew near. After offering the pipe, he gave bread of maize." The wealth of his tribe consisted in buffalo skins; their weapons were axes of steel—a proof of commerce with Europeans.

Having descended below the entrance of the Arkansas, and having become certain that the father of rivers⁷ went not to the Gulf of California, but was undoubtedly the river of the Spiritu Santo of the Spaniards, which pours its flood of waters into the Gulf of Mexico, on the

seventeenth of July Marquette and Joliet left Akansea, and ascended the Mississippi, having the greatest difficulty in stemming its currents.

At the thirty-eighth degree of latitude they entered the river Illinois, which was broad and deep and peaceful in its flow. Its banks were without a paragon¹⁰ for its prairies and its forests, its buffaloes and deer, its turkeys and geese, and many kinds of game, and even beavers; and there were many small lakes and rivulets. "When I was told of a country without trees," wrote¹⁰ Joliet, "I imagined a country that had been burned over, or of a soil too poor to produce anything; but we have remarked just the contrary, and it would be impossible to find a better soil for grain, for vines, or any fruits whatever." He held the country on the Illinois River¹¹ to be the most beautiful and the most easy to colonize. "There is no need," he said, "that an emigrant should employ ten years in cutting down the forest and burning it. On the day of his arrival the emigrant could put the plow into the earth." The tribe of the Illinois entreated Marquette to come and reside among them. One of their chiefs, with their young men, guided the party to the portage, which, in spring and the early part of summer, was but half a league long, and they easily reached the lake. "The place" at which we entered the¹² lake," to use the words of Joliet, "is a harbor very convenient to receive ships, and to give them protection against the wind." Before the end of September the explorers were safe in Green Bay; but Marquette was exhausted by his labors.¹³

In 1675, Marquette, who had been delayed by his failing health for more than a year, rejoined the Illinois on their river. Assembling the tribe, whose chiefs and men were reckoned at two thousand, he raised before

them pictures of the Virgin Mary, spoke to them of one who had died on the cross for all men, and built an altar and said mass in their presence on the prairie. Again celebrating the mystery of the Eucharist," on Easter Sunday he took possession of the land in the name of Jesus Christ, and there founded a mission. This work being accomplished, his health failed him, and he began a journey through Chicago to Mackinaw. On the way, feeling himself arrested by the approach of death, he entered a little river in Michigan, and was set on shore that he might breathe his last in peace. He repeated in solitude all his acts of devotion of the preceding days. When after a little while his companions returned to him, they found him passing gently away near the stream that has taken his name. On its highest bank the canoemen dug his grave. To a city, a county, and a river, Michigan has given his name.

II.

THE HIGH SOCIETY OF INQUIRY.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.¹

It must have been three weeks or a month after I entered the school that, on a rainy holiday, I was met by two boys who ordered me peremptorily to "halt." Both had staves in their hands, taller than themselves, and one of them addressed me with the words: "Arthur Bonnicastle," you are arrested in the name of The High Society of Inquiry, and ordered to appear before that august tribunal, to answer for your sins and misdemeanors. Right about face!"

The movement had so much the air of mystery and romance that I was about equally pleased and scared. Marching between the two officials, I was led directly to my own room, which I was surprised to find quite full of boys, all of whom were grave and silent. I looked from one to another, puzzled beyond expression, though I am sure I preserved an unruffled manner, and a confident and even smiling face. Indeed, I supposed it to be some sort of a lark,¹⁰ entered upon for passing away the time while confined to the house.

"We have secured the offender," said one of my captors, "and now have the satisfaction of presenting him before this honorable Society."

"The prisoner will stand in the middle of the room and look at me," said the presiding officer, in a tone of dignified severity.

I was accordingly marched into the middle of the room and left alone, where I stood with folded arms, as became the grand occasion.

"Arthur Bonnicastle," said the officer before mentioned, "you are brought before The High Society of Inquiry on a charge of telling so many lies that no dependence whatever can be placed upon your words. What have you to reply to this charge? Are you guilty or not guilty?"²⁰

"I am not guilty. Who says I am?" I exclaimed, indignantly.

"Henry Hulm, advance!" said the officer.

Henry rose, and walking by me, took a position near the officer at the head of the room.³⁰

"Henry Hulm, you will look upon the prisoner and tell the Society whether you know him."

"I know him well. He is my chum," replied Henry.

"What is his character?"

"He is bright and very amiable."

"Do you consider him a boy of truth and veracity?"

"I do not."

"Has he deceived you?" inquired the officer. "If he has, please to state the occasion and circumstances."

"No, your Honor. He has never deceived me. I always know when he lies and when he speaks the truth."

"Have you ever told him of his crimes, and warned him to desist from them?"

"I have," replied Henry, "many times."

"Has he shown any disposition to mend?"

"None at all, your Honor."

"What is the character of his falsehood?"

"He tells," replied Henry, "stunning stories about himself. Great things are always happening to him, and he is always performing the most wonderful deeds."

I now began, with great shame and confusion, to realize that I was to be exposed to ridicule. The tears came into my eyes and dropped from my cheeks, but I would not yield to the impulse either to cry or to attempt to fly.

"Will you give us some specimens of his stories?" said the officer.

"I will," responded Henry, "but I can do it best by asking him some questions."

"Very well," said the officer, with a polite bow. "Pursue the course you think best."

"Arthur," said Henry, addressing me directly, "did you ever tell me that, when you and your father were on the way to this school, your horse went so fast that he ran down a black fox in the middle of the road, and cut off his tail with the wheel of the chaise, and that you sent that tail to one of your sisters to wear in her winter hat?"

"Yes, I did," I responded, with my face flaming and painful with shame.

"And did your said horse really run down said fox in the middle of said road, and cut off said tail; and did you send home said tail to said sister to be worn in said hat?" inquired the judge, with a low, grum voice.

"The prisoner will answer so that all can hear."

"No," I replied, and, looking for some justification of my story, I added: "But I did see a black fox—a real black fox, as plain as day!"¹⁰

"Oh! oh! oh!" ran around the room in chorus. "He did see a black fox, a real black fox, as plain as day!"

"The witness will pursue his inquiries," said the officer.¹⁵

"Arthur," Henry continued, "did you or did you not tell me that when on the way to this school you overtook Mr. and Mrs. Bird in their wagon, that you were invited into the wagon by Mrs. Bird, and that one of Mr. Bird's horses chased a calf on the road, caught it²⁰ by the ear, and tossed it over the fence, and broke its leg?"

"I s'pose I did," I said, growing desperate.

"And did said horse really chase said calf, and catch him by said ear, and toss him over said fence, and break²⁵ said leg?" inquired the officer.

"He didn't catch him by the ear," I replied, doggedly, "but he really did chase a calf."

"Oh! oh! oh!" chimed in the chorus. "He didn't catch him by the ear, but he really did chase a calf!"³⁰

"Witness," said the officer, "you will pursue your inquiries." . . .

"Did you or did you not," said Henry, turning to me again, "tell me that one day, when dining at your aunt's,

you saw a magic portrait of a boy upon the wall, that came and went, and came and went, like a shadow or a ghost?"

As Henry asked this question he stood between two windows, while the lower portion of his person was hidden by a table behind which he had retired. His face was lighted by a half-smile, and I saw him literally in a frame, as I had first seen the picture to which he had alluded.

In a moment I became oblivious to everything around me except Henry's face. The portrait was there again before my eyes. Every lineament and even the peculiar pose of the head were recalled to me. I was so much excited that it really seemed as if I were looking again upon the picture I had seen in Mrs. Sanderson's dining room. Henry was disconcerted, and even distressed by my intent look. He was evidently afraid that the matter had been carried too far, and that I was growing wild with the strange excitement. Endeavoring to recall me to myself, he said, in a tone of friendliness:

"Did you or did you not tell me the story about the portrait, Arthur?"

"Yes," I responded, "and it looked just like you. Oh! it did, it did, it did! There—turn your head a little more that way—so! It was a perfect picture of you, Henry. You never could imagine such a likeness."

"You are a little blower, you are," volunteered Jack Linton from a corner.

"Order! order! order!" swept around the room.

"Did said portrait," broke in the voice of the officer, "come and go on said wall, like said shadow or said ghost?"

"It went, but it didn't come," I replied, with my eyes still fixed on Henry.

"Oh! oh! oh!" resumed the chorus. "It went, but it didn't come!"

"Please stand still, Henry! Don't stir!" I said. "I want to go nearer to it. She wouldn't let me."

I crept slowly towards him, my arms still folded. He grew pale, and all the room became silent. The presiding officer and the members of The High Society of Inquiry were getting scared. "It went, but it didn't come," I said. "This one comes, but it doesn't go. I should like to kiss it."

I put out my hands towards Henry, and he sank down behind the table as if a ghost were about to touch him. The illusion was broken, and I started as if awakened suddenly from a dream. Looking around upon the boys, and realizing what had been done and what was in progress, I went into a fit of hearty crying, that distressed them quite as much as my previous mood had done. Nods and winks passed from one to another, and Hulm was told that no further testimony was needed. They were evidently in a hurry to conclude the case, and felt themselves cut short in their forms of proceeding. At this moment a strange silence seized the assembly. All eyes were directed towards the door, upon which my back was turned. I wheeled around to find the cause of the interruption. There, in the doorway, towering above us all, and looking questioningly down upon the little assembly, stood Mr. Bird.

"What does this mean?" inquired the master.

I flew to his side and took his hand.

The officer who had presided being the largest boy, explained that they had been trying to break Arthur Bonnicastle of lying, and that they were about to order

him to report to the master for confession and correction.

Then Mr. Bird took a chair, and patiently heard the whole story.

Without a reproach further than saying that he thought me much too young for experiments of the kind they had instituted in the case, he explained to them and to me the nature of my misdemeanors.

"The boy has a great deal of imagination," he said, "and a strong love of approbation. Somebody has flattered his power of invention, probably, and to secure admiration he has exercised it until he has acquired the habit of exaggeration. I doubt whether the lad has done much that was consciously wrong. It is more a fault of constitution and character than a sin of the will; and now that he sees that he does not win admiration by telling that which is not true, he will become truthful. I am glad if he has learned, even by the severe means which have been used, that if he wishes to be loved and admired he must always tell the exact truth, neither more nor less. If you had come to me, I could have told you all about the lad, and instituted a better mode of dealing with him. But I venture to say that he is cured. Aren't you, Arthur?" And he stooped and lifted me to his face and looked into my eyes.

"I don't think I shall do it any more," I said.

Bidding the boys disperse, he carried me down stairs into his own room, and charged me with kindly counsel. I went out from the interview humbled and without a revengeful thought in my heart towards the boys who had brought me to my trial. I saw that they were my friends, and I was determined to prove myself worthy of their friendship.

III.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

BY R. H. STODDARD.¹

Nor what we would, but what we must,²
Makes up the sum of living;
Heaven is both more and less than just
In taking and in giving.
Swords cleave³ to hands that sought the plow,
And laurels⁴ miss the soldier's brow.

Me,⁵ whom the city holds, whose feet
Have worn its stony highways,
Familiar with its loneliest street—
Its ways were never my ways.
My cradle was beside the sea,
And there I hope my grave⁶ will be.

Old homestead! In that old gray town,
Thy vane is seaward blowing,
Thy slip of garden stretches down
To where the tide is flowing;
Below they lie, their sails all furled,
The ships that go about the world.

Dearer that little country house,
Inland, with pines beside it;
Some peach trees, with unfruitful boughs,
A well, with weeds to hide it:

No flowers, or only such as rise
Self-sown, poor things, which all despise.

Dear country home! Can I forget
The least of thy sweet trifles?
The window vines that clamber yet,
Whose blooms the bee still rifles?
The roadside blackberries growing ripe,
And in the woods the Indian pipe.

Happy the man who tills his field,
Content with rustic labor;
Earth does to him her fulness yield,
Hap' what may to his neighbor.
Well days, sound nights—oh, can there be
A life more rational and free?

Dear country life of child and man!
For both the best, the strongest,
That with the earliest race began,
And hath outlived the longest.
Their cities perished long ago;
Who the first farmers were we know.

Perhaps our Babels^o too will fall.
If so, no lamentations,
For Mother Earth will shelter all,
And feed the unborn nations;
Yes, and the swords that menace now
Will then be beaten to the plow.

IV.

AN OCTOBER EVENING'S RAMBLE.

BY CHARLES C. ABBOTT.¹

THE last rays of the sun to-day—a handful of golden arrows²—were shot through the beeches at 5 P.M., and the last of the roostward³-flying crows passed over ten minutes later. An hour afterwards the night had set in, breezy, cold, clear, and moonlit. Does an October night need anything else? I walked up through the cornfield to the lone oak in the upland clover, and after standing a while I was fortunate enough to see an old grizzly opossum start on his nocturnal rounds. The exit of an opossum from his home-tree is an artistic proceeding.¹⁰ With only his head projecting beyond the opening, he took a long observation. Just of what is not easy even to guess, but very possibly only of the weather. Then placing his fore-feet on the rim of the hole, which was ten feet from the ground, the animal looked downward¹⁵ and sidewise for fully ten minutes. Wrapped in gray, and hidden in tall weeds, I do not think he saw me. Then slipping his fore-feet down the trunk of the tree, the opossum held on by his hind-feet and tail, and in this upside down position again scanned the neighbor-²⁰hood closely, or listened for suspicious sounds, or both. This was but for a few moments, and then the downward climb commenced. Once at the foot of the tree the opossum broke into a jog trot, and was directly out of sight and hearing.²⁵

We are all familiar with the fact that rattlesnakes,

prairie dogs, and burrowing owls are sometimes found in the same subterranean retreat. Such cases of associated animals of widely different character are not so very uncommon, after all. From the same great hollow in the old oak, or from another section of it, if it is divided, this same night, and within half an hour, came a beautiful barn owl, and directly afterwards another.

Unlike the opossum, they did not wait for preliminary observations, but sailed away in the moonlight without a moment's pause. I tarried a while, hoping they would return, but they did not, and being too cool to sit up until late for their reappearance, I turned my face homeward, pausing at times to listen to the notes of birds, if such they were—half-uttered cries, as though the birds were dreaming. Thinking of them as I continued my walk, I wondered if owls were ever attracted by such sounds, and so were led to the roosting places of sparrows and tits. Let us hope not. Owls are seemingly only mouse-hunters, and as such the world should welcome and protect them.

Even yet migratory birds are dropping in every hour of the day and night. As I passed by the maples in the lane there was a faint chirping that came from a score of throats, and seemed afar off and directly overhead. I stood but for a moment, when a flock of small birds settled in the trees, and I recognized them as pinefinches. Usually, I doubt not, birds on their migratory journey, when flying at night, do not stop until dawn; but, of course, it happens otherwise at times, as was the case to-night. All was quiet within a minute, and happy birds they, to be able to fall asleep the moment they closed their eyes.

Probably only the hot-headed tribe of wrens are troubled with insomnia. Wrens are hatched mad. Turned

out of their shells by an impatient parent, they never know anything but high-tempered activity, and die, I suppose, of sudden collapse. In the woods all day there have been a half-dozen winter wrens spider hunting along the worm fence;' but not one of them has spoken to another audibly,' nor sung a single note—some sudden freak, to be atoned for to-morrow by a wasteful wealth of music.

Charming as are the upland fields, the hillside woods, and level meadows by moonlight, the creek offers attractions on such a night that are not elsewhere to be found. What though ice is forming and a cutting east wind blows! There are sheltered nooks where one may stand, as cosily fixed as at home, and see all that is going on in the little world of Poaetquissings;' for although¹⁵ but a week is left of this month, wherein the last of the summer visitants are supposed to depart, there yet remain the herons and bitterns of the past summer, and half the kingfishers. The muskrats seem to love just such a night as this, and a dozen of them rippled the²⁰ quiet waters, as they frolicked, uttering a peculiar cry at times which might readily be mistaken for the chirp of a bird. Take the same stand by day, and every day for a month, and the chances are you would never imagine that such a creature as a muskrat dwelt in the²⁵ banks of the creek before you.

Moonlight is not wholly satisfactory to man in which to view the movements of various small and timid animals; but the naturalist Rambler must not overlook the fact that, to a considerable extent, the creatures he wishes most to see are nocturnal. Curious as it may seem, very many animals are more strictly nocturnal than those which are ordinarily referred to as such. Thus we speak of owls and bats as nocturnal. In real-

ity they are crepuscular," for they do not keep on the wing all night, unless it is moonlight; while muskrats, weasels, opossums, 'coons," and mice are often on the go from the setting of the sun until dawn.

V.

THE BLIND PREACHER.

BY WILLIAM WIRT.¹

It was one Sunday, as I traveled through the county of Orange,² that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous old wooden house in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before in traveling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of¹⁰ religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with¹⁵ his preternatural³ appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shriveled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me⁴ that he was perfectly blind.²⁰

The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato⁵ were never more worthy of a prognostic⁶ swarm of bees than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the²⁵

administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human, solemnity in his air and manner which made my blood run cold and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion, and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored. It was all new; and I seemed to hear it then for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate that his voice trembled on every syllable, and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison.¹⁰ His peculiar phrases had that force of description that the original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the mob; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet: my soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven, his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force

of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious, standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher; for I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But no; the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates" died like a philosopher, but JESUS CHRIST like a God!"

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes" meant by laying such stress on *delivery*. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton," and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then the few minutes of portentous, deathlike silence which

reigned throughout the house; the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears) and, slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher"—then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both clasped together with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his sightless eyes to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ like a God!" If he had been in deed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon," or the force of Bourdaloue," had fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence. The blood, which just before had rushed in a hurricane upon my brain, and in the violence and agony of my feelings had held my whole system in suspense, now ran back into my heart with a sensation which I cannot describe—a kind of shuddering delicious horror! The paroxysm of blended pity and indignation, to which I had been transported subsided into the deepest self-abasement, humility, and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy for our Saviour as a fellow-creature; but now, with fear and trembling, I adored him as—"God!"

If this description give you the impression that this incomparable minister had anything of shallow, theatrical trick in his manner, it does him great injustice. I have never seen in any other orator such a union of simplicity and majesty. He has not a gesture, an attitude, or an accent to which he does not seem forced by the sentiment which he is expressing. His mind is too serious, too earnest, too solicitous, and, at the same time, too dignified, to stoop to artifice. Although as far re-

moved from ostentation as a man can be, yet it is clear, from the train, the style and substance of his thoughts, that he is not only a very polite scholar, but a man of extensive and profound erudition. I was forcibly struck with a short yet beautiful character which he drew of our learned and amiable countryman Sir Robert Boyle : " he spoke of him as if " his noble mind had, even before death, divested herself of all influence from his frail tabernacle of flesh ;" and called him, in his peculiarly emphatic and impressive manner, " a pure intelligence ; the link between men and angels."

This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau ; a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. In short, he seems to be altogether a being of a former age, or of a totally different nature from the rest of men.

As I recall, at this moment, several of his awfully striking attitudes, the chilling tide with which my blood begins to pour along my arteries reminds me of the emotions produced by the first sight of Gray's¹⁸ introductory picture of his bard :

" On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air),
And with a poet's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre."

VI.

THE SPANIARDS' RETREAT FROM MEXICO.

BY WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.¹

THERE was no longer any question as to the expediency of evacuating the capital.² The only doubt was as to the time of doing so, and the route. The Spanish commander called a council of officers to deliberate on these matters. It was his purpose to retreat on Tlascalala,³ and in that capital to decide, according to circumstances, on his future operations. After some discussion they agreed on the causeway of Tlacopan⁴ as the avenue by which to leave the city. It would, indeed, take them back by a circuitous route, considerably longer than either of those by which they had approached the capital. But for that reason it would be less likely to be guarded, as least suspected; and the causeway itself, being shorter than either of the other entrances, would sooner place the army in comparative security on the mainland.⁵

The general's first care was to provide for the safe transportation of the treasure. Many of the common soldiers had converted their share of the prize into gold chains, collars, or other ornaments, which they easily carried about their persons. But the royal fifth, together with that of Cortés⁶ himself, had been converted into bars and wedges of solid gold, and deposited in one of the strong apartments of the palace. Cortés delivered the share belonging to the Crown to the royal officers, assigning them one of the strongest horses and a

guard of Castilian^a soldiers to transport it. Still much of the treasure, belonging both to the Crown and to individuals, was necessarily abandoned, from the want of adequate means of conveyance. The metal lay scattered in shining heaps along the floor, exciting the cupidity of the soldiers. "Take what you will of it," said Cortés to his men. "Better you should have it than these Mexican hounds. But be careful not to overload yourselves. He travels safest in the dark night who travels lightest." . . .

The general had already superintended the construction of a portable bridge to be laid over the open canals in the causeway. This was given in charge to an officer named Magarino, with forty soldiers under his orders, all pledged to defend the passage to the last extremity. The bridge was to be taken up when the entire army had crossed one of the breaches, and transported to the next. There were three of these openings in the causeway, and most fortunate would it have been for the expedition if the foresight of the commander had provided the same number of bridges. But the labor would have been great, and the time was short.

At midnight the troops were under arms, in readiness for the march. Mass was performed by Father Olmedo, who invoked the protection of the Almighty through the awful perils of the night. The gates were thrown open, and on the 1st of July, 1520, the Spaniards for the last time sallied forth from the walls of the ancient fortress, the scene of so much suffering and such indomitable courage.

The night was cloudy, and a drizzling rain, which fell without intermission, added to the obscurity. The great square before the palace was deserted, as, indeed, it had been since the fall of Montezuma.' Steadily, and

as noiselessly as possible, the Spaniards held their way along the great street of Tlacopan, which so lately had resounded with the tumult of battle. All was now hushed in silence, and they were only reminded of the past by the occasional presence of some solitary corpse or a dark heap of the slain, which too plainly told where the strife had been hottest. As they passed along the lanes and alleys which opened into the great street, or looked down the canals, whose polished surface gleamed with a sort of ebon luster through the obscurity of night, they easily fancied that they discerned the shadowy forms of their foe lurking in ambush and ready to spring upon them. But it was only fancy; and the city slept undisturbed even by the prolonged echoes of the tramp of the horses and the hoarse rumbling of the artillery and baggage trains. At length a lighter space beyond the dusky line of buildings showed the van of the army that it was emerging on the open causeway. They might well have congratulated themselves on having thus escaped the dangers of an assault in the city itself, and that a brief time would place them in comparative safety on the opposite shore. But the Mexicans were not all asleep.

As the Spaniards drew near the spot where the street opened on the causeway, and were preparing to lay the portable bridge across the uncovered breach, which now met their eyes, several Indian sentinels, who had been stationed at this, as at the other approaches to the city, took the alarm and fled, rousing their countrymen by their cries. The priests, keeping their night watch on the summit of the *teocallis*, instantly caught the tidings and sounded their shells, while the huge drum in the desolate temple of the war god sent forth those solemn tones which, heard only in seasons of calamity, vibrated

through every corner of the capital. The Spaniards saw that no time was to be lost. The bridge was brought forward and fitted with all possible expedition. Sandoval was the first to try its strength, and riding across, was followed by his little body of cavalry, his infantry, and Tlascalan allies, who formed the first division of the army. Then came Cortés and his squadrons, with the baggage, ammunition wagons, and a part of the artillery. But before they had time to defile across the narrow passage, a gathering sound was heard,¹⁰ like that of a mighty forest agitated by the winds. It grew louder and louder, while on the dark waters of the lake was heard a plashing noise, as of many oars. Then came a few stones and arrows striking at random among the hurrying troops. They fell every moment,¹¹ faster and more furious, till they thickened into a terrible tempest, while the very heavens were rent with the yells and war cries of myriads of combatants, who seemed all at once to be swarming over land and lake.

The Spaniards pushed steadily on through this arrowy sleet, though the barbarians, dashing their canoes against the sides of the causeway, clambered up and broke in upon their ranks. But the Christians, anxious only to make their escape, declined all combat except for self-preservation. The cavaliers, spurring forward,¹² their steeds, shook off their assailants and rode over their prostrate bodies, while the men on foot, with their good swords or the butts of their pieces, drove them headlong again down the sides of the dike.

But the advance of several thousand men, marching,¹³ probably, on a front of not more than fifteen or twenty abreast, necessarily required much time, and the leading files had already reached the second breach in the causeway before those in the rear had entirely trav-

ersed the first. Here they halted, as they had no means of effecting a passage, smarting all the while under the unintermitting volleys from the enemy, who were clustered thick on the waters around this second opening. Sorely distressed, the vanguard sent repeated messages to the rear to demand the portable bridge. At length the last of the army had crossed, and Magarino and his sturdy followers endeavored to raise the ponderous framework. But it stuck fast in the sides of the dike. In vain they strained every nerve. The weight of so many men and horses, and, above all, of the heavy artillery, had wedged the timbers so firmly in the stones and earth that it was beyond their power to dislodge them. Still they labored amid a torrent of missiles, until, many of them slain, and all wounded, they were obliged to abandon the attempt.

The tidings soon spread from man to man, and no sooner was their dreadful import comprehended than a cry of despair arose, which for a moment drowned all the noise of conflict. All means of retreat were cut off. Scarcely hope was left. The only hope was in such desperate exertions as each could make for himself. Order and subordination were at an end. Intense danger produced intense selfishness. Each thought only of his own life. Pressing forward, he trampled down the weak and the wounded, heedless whether it were friend or foe. The leading files, urged on by the rear, were crowded on the brink of the gulf. Sandoval, Ordaz, and the other cavaliers dashed into the water. Some succeeded in swimming their horses across. Others failed, and some, who reached the opposite bank, being overturned in the ascent, rolled headlong with their steeds into the lake. The infantry followed pell-mell, heaped promiscuously on one another, frequently

pierced by the shafts or struck down by the war clubs of the Aztecs ;* while many an unfortunate victim was dragged half stunned on board their canoes, to be reserved for a protracted but more dreadful death.

The carnage raged fearfully along the length of the causeway. Its shadowy bulk presented a mark of sufficient distinctness for the enemy's missiles, which often prostrated their own countrymen in the blind fury of the tempest. Those nearest the dike, running their canoes alongside, with a force that shattered them to pieces, leaped on the land, and grappled with the Christians, until both came rolling down the sides of the causeway together. But the Aztec fell among his friends, while his antagonist was borne away in triumph to the sacrifice. The struggle was long and deadly. The Mexicans were recognized by their white cotton tunics,* which showed faint through the darkness. Above the combatants rose a wild and discordant clamor, in which horrid shouts of vengeance were mingled with groans of agony, with invocations of the saints and the blessed Virgin, and with the screams of women ; for there were several women, both natives and Spaniards, who had accompanied the Christian camp.

The opening in the causeway, meanwhile, was filled up with the wreck of matter which had been forced into it, ammunition wagons, heavy guns, bales of rich stuffs scattered over the waters, chests of solid ingots, and bodies of men and horses, till over this dismal ruin a passage was gradually found, by which those in the rear were enabled to clamber to the other side. Cortés,** it is said, found a place that was fordable, where, halting, with the water up to his saddle-girths, he endeavored to check the confusion, and lead his followers by a safer path to the opposite bank. But his voice was lost

in the wild uproar, and finally, hurrying on with the tide, he pressed forward with a few trusty cavaliers, who remained near his person, to the van. Here he found Sandoval and his companions halting before the third and last breach, endeavoring to cheer on their followers to surmount it. But their resolution faltered. It was wide and deep; though the passage was not so closely beset by the enemy as the preceding ones. The cavaliers again set the example by plunging into the water. Horse and foot followed as they could, some swimming, others with dying grasp clinging to the manes and tails of the struggling animals. Those fared best, as the general had predicted, who traveled lightest; and many were the unfortunate wretches who, weighed down by the fatal gold which they loved so well, were buried with it in the salt floods of the lake. Cortés, with his gallant comrades, still kept in the advance, leading his broken remnant off the fatal causeway. The din of battle lessened in the distance; when the rumor reached them that the rear guard would be wholly overwhelmed without speedy relief. It seemed almost an act of desperation; but the generous hearts of the Spanish cavaliers did not stop to calculate danger when the cry for succor reached them. Turning their horses' bridles, they galloped back to the theatre of action, worked their way through the press, swam the canal, and placed themselves in the thick of the *mêlée* on the opposite bank.

The first gray of the morning was now coming over the waters. It showed the hideous confusion of the scene which had been shrouded in the obscurity of night. The dark masses of combatants, stretching along the dike, were seen struggling for mastery, until the very causeway on which they stood appeared to

tremble, and reel to and fro, as if shaken by an earthquake; while the bosom of the lake, as far as the eye could reach, was darkened by canoes crowded with warriors, whose spears and bludgeons, armed with blades of "volcanic glass," gleamed in the morning light.

The artillery, in the earlier part of the engagement had not been idle, and its iron shower, sweeping along the dike, had mowed down the assailants, then in possession of the rear of the causeway, by hundreds. But nothing could resist their impetuosity. The front¹⁰ ranks, pushed on by those behind, were at length forced up to the pieces, and, pouring over them like a torrent, overthrew men and guns in one general ruin. The resolute charge of the Spanish cavaliers, who had now arrived, created a temporary check, and gave time for¹⁵ their countrymen to make a feeble rally. But they were speedily borne down by the returning flood. Cortés and his companions were compelled to plunge again into the lake—though all did not escape. They rode forward to the front, where the troops, in a loose, dis-²⁰orderly manner, were marching off the fatal causeway. A few only of the enemy hung on their rear, or annoyed them by occasional flights of arrows from the lake. The attention of the Aztecs was diverted by the rich spoil that strewed the battle ground; fortunately for²⁵ the Spaniards, who, had their enemy pursued with the same ferocity with which he had fought, would, in their crippled condition, have been cut off, probably, to a man. But little molested, therefore, they were allowed to defile through the adjacent village, or suburbs it³⁰ might be called, of Popotla.

The Spanish commander then dismounted from his jaded steed, and sitting down on the steps of an Indian temple, gazed mournfully on the broken files as they

passed before him. What a spectacle did they present! The cavalry, most of them dismounted, were mingled with the infantry, who dragged their feeble limbs along with difficulty; their shattered mail and tattered garments dripping with the salt ooze, showing through their rents many a bruise and ghastly wound; their bright arms soiled, their proud crests and banners gone, the baggage, artillery—all, in short, that constitutes the pride and panoply" of glorious war—forever lost. Cortés, as he looked wistfully on their thin and disorder-¹⁰ed ranks, sought in vain for many a familiar face, and missed more than one dear companion who had stood side by side with him through all the perils of the conquest. Though accustomed to control his emotions, or, at least, to conceal them, the sight was too¹¹ much for him. He covered his face with his hands, and the tears which trickled down too plainly showed the anguish of his soul.

VII.

THE OWL-CRITIC.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.¹

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop;²⁰
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;²⁵
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous' each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck .
is—

In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!
I make no apology';
I've learned owl-eology,
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,"
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskillful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down, " "
Or you'll soon be the laughingstock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've *studied* owls,
And other night fowls, " "
And I tell you
What I know to be true:
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world " "
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude. " "
He can't *do* it, because
'Tis against all bird laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches.

An owl has a toe
That *can't* turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed *him* don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists' should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon's scream,
And John Burroughs' laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down:
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather."
Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the current situation and what needs to be changed.

2. The second step is to set goals. These should be specific, measurable, achievable, relevant, and time-bound.

3. The third step is to develop a plan. This involves determining the steps that need to be taken to achieve the goals.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the plan into action and monitoring progress.

5. The fifth step is to evaluate the results. This involves assessing whether the goals have been achieved and what lessons can be learned.

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THE
NEWS
WEEK

and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish by a year at Gilmanton Academy.

After journeying on foot from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade and await the coming up of the stagecoach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh bubbling spring that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David¹⁰ Swan. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet rise from the road,¹¹ after the heavy rain of yesterday; and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky overhead; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths,¹² fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide-awake and passed to and fro afoot,¹³ on horse-back, and in all sorts of vehicles along the sunny road,¹⁴ by his bedchamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way, without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept; and several, whose hearts were¹⁵ brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous superfluity on David Swan. A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young fellow looked

charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse, as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the roadside. But censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference were all one, or rather all nothing, to David Swan.

He had slept only a few moments when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled easily along, and was brought to a stand-still nearly in front of David's resting-place. A linchpin' had fallen out, and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight, and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage.

While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown, lest David should start up all of a sudden.

"How soundly he sleeps!" whispered the old gentleman. "From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that, brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would suppose health, and an untroubled mind."

"And youth besides," said the lady. "Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like his than our wakefulness."

The longer they looked the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth to whom the wayside and the maple shade were as a secret cham-

ber, with the rich gloom of damask^e curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside so as to intercept it. And having done this little act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry.¹⁰ Shall we waken him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating. "We know nothing of the youth's character."

"That open countenance!" replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. "This innocent¹⁵ sleep!"

While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest. Yet Fortune was bending over him,¹ just ready to let fall a burden²⁰ of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth, except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases, people sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man to splendor who fell asleep in²⁵ poverty.

"Shall we not waken him?" repeated the lady, persuasively.

"The coach is ready, sir," said the servant, behind.

The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away,³⁰ mutually wondering that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so very ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum^e for unfort-

unate men of business. Meanwhile, David Swan enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two when a pretty young girl came along, with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. Perhaps it was this merry kind of motion that caused—is there any harm in saying it?—her garter to slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth, if silk it were, was relaxing its hold, she turned aside into the shelter of the maple trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring! Blushing, as red as any rose, that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bedchamber, and for such a purpose too, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead—buzz, buzz, buzz—now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As free-hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished, with quickened breath, and a deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger^{as} for whom she had been battling with a dragonⁱⁿ the air.

"He is handsome!" thought she, and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong^{as} within him that, shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why, at least, did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face? She was come, the maid whose

soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Her, only, could he love with a perfect love—him, only, could she receive into the depths of her heart—and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain by his side; should it pass away, its happy luster would never gleam upon his life again.

“How sound he sleeps!” murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came. Now, this girl’s father was a thriving country merchant in the neighborhood, and happened, at that identical time, to be looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a wayside acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father’s clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here, again, had good Fortune—the best of fortunes—stolen so near, that her garments brushed against him; and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals, who got their living by whatever the devil sent them, and now, in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villany on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But, finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow:

“Hist! Do you see that bundle under his head?”

The other villain nodded, winked, and leered.

“I’ll bet you a horn of brandy,” said the first, “that the chap has either a pocketbook or a snug little hoard

of small change stowed away among his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloons pocket."

"But how if he wakes?" said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

"So be it!" muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David, and while one pointed the dagger towards his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces, grim, wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt and fear,¹⁰ bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends, should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves as reflected there. But David Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect,¹⁵ even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," whispered one.

"If he stirs, I'll strike," muttered the other.

But, at this moment, a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple trees, and gazed alternately²⁰ at each of these wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"Pshaw!" said one villain. "We can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind."

"Let's take a drink, and be off," said the other.²⁵

The man with the dagger thrust back the weapon into his bosom, and drew forth a pocket pistol, but not of that kind which kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor, with a block-tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram, and left³⁰ the spot, with so many jests, and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that

the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity.¹¹ As for David Swan, he still slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched from his elastic frame the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now he stirred—now moved his lips, without a sound¹⁰—now talked, in an inward tone, to the noonday specters of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber—and there was the stagecoach. He started up, with all his ideas about¹² him.

"Halloo, driver! Take a passenger?" shouted he.

"Room on top!" answered the driver.

Up mounted David, and bowled away merrily towards Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that¹⁰ fountain of dream-like vicissitude. He knew not that a phantom of Wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters, nor that one of Love had sighed softly to their murmur, nor that one of Death had threatened to crimson them with his blood—all in the brief hour since he¹⁵ lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the fairy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superintending Providence, that, while viewless and unexpected events thrust themselves continually athwart our path, there should still be regu-²⁰larly enough in mortal life to render foresight even partially available?

IX.

SCENERY OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

BY THOMAS STARR KING.¹

A FRESH impression of the marvels of nature always awakens a religious emotion. I thought of this more seriously than ever before, when I first looked down from the Mariposa² trail into the tremendous fissure of the Sierras.³ The place is fitly called "Inspiration Point." The shock to the senses there, as one rides out from the level and sheltered forest, up to which our horses had been climbing two days, is scarcely less than if he had been instantly borne to a region where the Creator reveals more of himself in His works than can be learned from the ordinary scenery of this world.

We stood, almost without warning, on the summit of the southerly wall of the valley, and obtained our first impression of its depth and grandeur by looking *down*. A vast trench,⁴ cloven by Omnipotence amid a tumult of mountains, yawned beneath us. The length of it was seven or eight miles; the sides of it were bare rock, and they were perpendicular. They did not flow or subside to the valley in charming curve-lines, such as I have seen in the wildest passes of the New England mountains. The walls were firm and sheer. A man could have found places where he could have jumped three thousand feet in one descent to the valley. More than a thousand feet beneath us was the arching head of a waterfall, that leaped another thousand before its widening spray shattered itself into finer mists in a

rocky dell. The roar of it, at our elevation, was a slight murmur. On the wall opposite, about a mile across the gulf, a brook was pouring itself to the valley. Although it was slipping down more than half a mile of undisturbed depth, it appeared to be creeping at its own will and leisure. We could not believe that the awful force of gravitation was controlling it.

“ But like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall, and pause, and fall, did seem.”

Noble trees of two hundred feet stature, by the river-side below, were tiny shrubs. The river itself lay like a bow of glass upon the curved green meadow which nestled so peacefully under the shadow of the Egyptian walls.⁵ And off from the northernmost cliff, retreating a mile or two from it, soared a bare, wedge-like summit¹² of one of the Sierras—ashy in hue, springing above a vast field of snow which could not cling to its steep smoothness, but lay quietly melting to feed the foam and music of a cataract.

So far as we know, the Yosemite Valley offers the most stupendous specimens of natural masonry to be seen on our globe. Switzerland has no gorge that compares with it. The desolate and splintered walls of Sinai⁶ and Horeb⁷ are not a quarter so high. No explored district of the highest Andes displays such masses¹¹ of clean, abrupt rock. The Himalayas⁸ alone can furnish competitors for its falls and turrets.

But in the Yosemite, a man may ride close to a crag whose summit, as he holds his head back to discern it, is more than three thousand feet above him. He may¹⁰ stand in the spray of a waterfall and see, forty-three hundred feet over his head, the edge of a mountain wall that shields the water from the early afternoon sun.

He may look up to a tower, which resembles an incomplete spire of a Gothic minster,* and see its broken edges, softened by more than three-quarters of a mile of distance, directly above his eyes. He may sit at an evening, when the sun has retreated from every portion of the valley, and look at the "South Dome," a vast globe of bold rock almost a full mile in height, while the sunset is sheathing it with impalpable gold. Or he may lie at noon beneath a tree at the base of one wall of the valley, and allow his eye to wander up at leisure to the magnificent battlement called "El Capitan." It is not so high as some of the others I have named, for it is a little less than four thousand feet. But there is not a crevice in it where anything green can lodge and grow. There is no mark or line of stratification. It is one piece of solid, savage granite.

But what words shall describe the beauty of one of the waterfalls, as we see it plunging from the brow of a cliff nearly three thousand feet high, and clearing fifteen hundred feet in one leap? It is comparatively narrow at the top of the precipice; but it widens as it descends, and curves a little as it widens, so that it shapes itself, before it reaches its first bowl of granite, into the charming figure of the comet that glowed on our sky some years ago. But more beautiful than the comet, you can see the substance of this watery loveliness ever renew itself, and ever pour itself away. And all over its white and swaying mistiness, which now and then swings along the mountain-side, at the persuasion of the wind, like a pendulum of lace, and now and then is whirled round and round by some eddying breeze as though the gust meant to see if it could wring it dry—all over its surface, as it falls, are shooting rockets of water which spend themselves by the time they

half reach the bottom, and then reform, for the remaining descent—thus fascinating the gazer so that he could lie for hours never tired, but ever hungry for more of the exquisite witchery of liquid motion and grace.

How little we *see* of nature! How utterly powerless⁵ are our senses to take any measure or impression of the actual grandeur of what we do see! Think of being moved religiously by looking at a pinnacle or bluff four thousand feet high, and then think what the earth contains which might move us! What if one of the Him-¹⁰ alayas could be cloven from its topmost tile of ice to its torrid base, so that we could look up a sheer wall of twenty-eight thousand feet—the equator at the bottom, and at the apex perpetual polar frost! And then think that the loftiest Himalaya is only a slight excrescence¹⁵ on the planet. What if we could have a vision, for a moment, of the earth's diameter, from a point where we could look each way along all its strata and its core of fire, in lines each four thousand miles in their stretch! And then, remember, that this is nothing—this is not a²⁰ unit-inch towards measuring the diameter of the Earth's orbit, and that Earth and orbit both are invisible and undreamed of from the Pole Star or Sirius,²¹ which is the apex of a reach of space that we can write in figures, but which we could not have counted off yet if we had²⁵ begun six thousand years ago and given each second to a mile! Or what if we could turn from delight at seeing a waterfall of fifteen hundred feet, which looks like the tail of a comet, and could get a sensuous impression of the actual trail of that light upon the sky, a cataract³⁰ of luminous spray, steady and true, a hundred and twenty millions of miles in extent—more than the distance between us and the sun! And yet this is but one spot upon the dark immensity!

X.

MANNERS.

BY T. T. MUNGER.¹

IF truth is the foundation and kindness is the superstructure of the gentleman, *honor* is his atmosphere—a hard thing to define, but a very real thing as we see it, or the lack of it. It is akin to truth, but is more—its aroma, its flower, its soul. It is that which makes a gentleman's word as good as his bond. We get its exact meaning when it is used in connection with female virtue. It may be defined as an exquisite and imperative self-respect. Honor is an absolute and ultimate thing. It knows nothing of abatement, or change, or degree. It governs with a noble and inexorable necessity. The man of honor dies sooner than break its lightest behest. To those who do not know it it is less than the summer cloud; to those who have it adamant is not so solid. The man of honor may be trusted to the uttermost; he does not know temptation. It is a mail that prevents even the aiming of arrows. Charles Sumner² thought there was but little bribery in Washington; he had never seen anything of it. The man of honor has no price. Mr. Smiles,³ in one of his admirable books, says that Wellington⁴ was once offered half a million for a state secret not of any special value to the Government, but the keeping of which was a matter of honor. "It appears you are capable of keeping a secret," he said to the official. "Certainly," he replied. "Then so am I," said the general, and bowed him out.

Honor is offended even at the thought of its violation.
It is the poetry of noble manhood,—

“That away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.”

Unhappy is he who comes to years of manhood and finds it weak and dull; unhappier still is he who has lost it by some deliberate act. He can never again be quite the same man. Tarnished honor in man or woman is the one stain that cannot be washed out. The best word upon it in all literature, I think, is in that fine poem of Burns’s, “Epistle to a Young Friend :”—

“But where ye feel your honor grip,
Let that aye be your border;
Its slightest touches, instant pause;
Debar a’ side pretences,
And resolutely keeps its laws,
Uncaring consequences.”

We put next *delicacy*—fineness of fiber. It is made up of quick perception and fine feeling. It leads one to see instantly the line beyond which he may not go; to detect the boundary between friendliness and familiarity, between earnestness and heat, between sincerity and intolerance in pressing your convictions, between style and fussiness, between deference and its excess. It is the critic and mentor of the gentlemanly character. It tells him what is coarse and unseemly and rude and excessive. It warns him away from all doubtful acts and persons. It gives little or no reason—it is too fine for analysis and logical process—but acts like a divine instinct, and is to be heeded as divine. A man may be good without it, but he will lack a nameless grace; he will fail of highest respect; he will miss the best companionship; he will make blunders that hurt him without his knowing why; he will feel a reproach that he cannot under-

stand. It is this quality more than any other that draws the line in all rational society. . . . It is this quality that decides matters of dress, the length and frequency of visits; that discriminates between the shadow and the substance in all matters of etiquette. It determines the nature and number of questions one may ask of another, and sees everywhere and always the invisible boundary that invests personality.

I name next *respect and consideration for others*—something more than kindness and less ethereal than delicacy, but entering quite as largely and imperatively into the everyday life of the gentleman. You perceive at once that it is of the very nature of our faith—not self, but another. To consider tenderly the feelings, opinions, circumstances, of others—what is this but Christian? "

There is one respect in which our Anglo-Saxon race—especially when the Norman' strain is thin—is simply brutal in its manners, namely, its treatment of the ludicrous when it involves pain. A mistake, a peculiarity, an accident, often involves a ludicrous element, but it is well to remember that a sense of the ludicrous is not the loftiest of emotions. The simple question in such cases is not, How does the looker-on feel? but, How does the other person feel? The word *vulgar* will not often be found in these pages, but we would like to gather up all the meaning and emphasis lodged in it and pour them upon this habit of inconsiderate laughter at the misfortunes of others.

The great historical illustration of this grace of consideration, never to be passed by, is that of Sidney, at the battle of Zutphen, handing the cup of water, for which he longed with dying thirst, to the wounded soldier beside him: "He needs it more than I."

"How far that little candle throws his beams!"

Like it is the incident of Sir Ralph Abercrombie"—told by Smiles—who, when mortally wounded, found under his head the blanket of a private soldier. "Whose blanket is this?" "Duncan Roy's." "See that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night," said Sir Ralph, and died without its comfort. Mr. Smiles gives another fine instance of this divine grace, all the better for its spontaneity. Two English navvies" in Paris saw one rainy day a hearse, with its burden, winding along the streets unattended by a single mourner. Falling in behind, they¹⁰ followed it to the cemetery. It was only sentiment, but it was fine and true. Such sentiment leads a captain to go down with his ship; the fireman to pass through flame; the soldier to go on the forlorn hope. When spontaneous, it shows that our nature is sound at¹¹ the core; when wrought into a conscious habit, it reveals the divine glory that every life may take on.

One imbued with this high quality never sees personal deformity or blemish. A lame man could easily classify his friends as to their breeding by drawing a¹² line between those who ask *how it happened* and those who refrain from all question. I say distinctly, the gentleman never *sees* deformity. He will not talk to a beggar of his rags, nor boast of his health before the sick, nor speak of his wealth among the poor; he will¹³ not seem to be fortunate among the hapless, nor make any show of his virtue before the vicious. He will avoid all painful contrast, always looking at the thing in question from the standpoint of the other person.

The gentleman is largely dowered with forbearance.¹⁴ The preacher will not dogmatize nor indulge in personalities since his audience has no chance to reply. The lawyer will not browbeat the witness—no, not even to win his case—if he is a gentleman. The physician is as

delicate as purity itself, and as secretive as the grave. There is no finer touchstone" of the gentleman than the forbearing use of power or advantage over another: the employer to his men, the husband to his wife, the creditor to his debtor, the rich to the poor, the educated to the ignorant, the teacher to pupils, the prosperous to the unfortunate.

"Oh, it is excellent

To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous

To use it like a giant." . . .

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. . . If one is centrally true, kind, honorable, delicate, and considerate, he will almost without fail have manners that will take him into any circle where culture and taste prevail over folly. Still this inward seed needs training. It should levy on all graceful forms, on practice and discipline, on observation, on fashion even, and make them subserve its native grace. Watch those of excellent reputation in manners. Keep your eyes open when you go to the metropolis, and learn its grace; or, if you live in the city, when you go to the country, mark the higher quality of simplicity. Catch the temper of the great masters of literature: the nobility of Scott," the sincerity of Thackeray, the heartiness of Dickens, the tenderness of Macdonald, the delicacy of Tennyson, the grace of Longfellow, the repose of Shakespeare."

Manners in this high sense and so learned take one far on in the world. They are irresistible. If you meet the king he will recognize you as a brother. They are a defence against insult. All doors fly open when he who bears them approaches. They cannot be bought. They cannot be learned as from a book; they cannot pass from lip to lip; they come from within, and from a *within* that is grounded in truth, honor, delicacy, kindness, and consideration."

XI.

THE LAND OF SOULS.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.¹

THERE was once a beautiful girl, who died suddenly on the day she was to have been married to a handsome young hunter. He had also proved his bravery in war, so that he enjoyed the praises of his tribe; but his heart was not proof against this loss. From the hour she was buried, there was no more joy or peace for him. He went often to visit the spot where the women had buried her, and sat musing there, when, it was thought by some of his friends, he would have done better to try to amuse himself in the chase, or by diverting his thoughts in the warpath. But war and hunting had lost their charms for him. His heart was already dead within him. He wholly neglected both his war club and his bow and arrows.

He had heard the old people say that there was a path that led to the land of souls, and he determined to follow it. He accordingly set out, one morning, after having completed his preparations for the journey. At first he hardly knew which way to go. He was only guided by the tradition that he must go south. For a while he could see no change in the face of the country. Forests and hills, and valleys and streams, had the same looks which they wore in his native place. There was snow on the ground when he set out, and it was sometimes seen to be piled and matted on the thick trees.

and bushes. At length it began to diminish, and, as he walked on, finally disappeared. The forest assumed a more cheerful appearance, the leaves put forth their buds, and before he was aware of the completeness of the change, he found he had left behind him the land of snow and ice. The air became pure and mild, the dark clouds had rolled away from the sky, a pure field of blue was above him, and as he went forward in his journey he saw flowers beside his path, and heard the song of birds. By these signs he knew that he was going the right way, for they agreed with the traditions of his tribe. At length he spied a path. It took him through a grove, then up a long and elevated ridge, on the very top of which he came to a lodge. At the door stood an old man, with white hair, whose eyes, though deeply sunk, had a fiery brilliancy. He had a long robe of skins thrown loosely around his shoulders, and a staff in his hands.

The young man began to tell his story, but the venerable chief arrested him before he had proceeded to speak ten words. "I have expected you," he replied, "and had just risen to bid you welcome to my abode. She whom you seek passed here but a short time since, and, being fatigued with her journey, rested herself here. Enter my lodge and be seated, and I will then satisfy your inquiries, and give you directions for your journey from this point." Having done this, and refreshed himself by rest, they both issued forth from the lodge door. "You see yonder gulf," said the chief, "and the wide-stretching plain beyond. It is the land of souls. You stand upon its borders, and my lodge is the gate of entrance. But you cannot take your body along. Leave it here with your bow and arrows, your bundle, and your dog. You will find them safe upon

your return." So saying, he reëntered the lodge, and the freed traveler bounded forward, as if his feet had suddenly been endowed with the power of wings. But all things retained their natural colors and shapes. The woods and leaves, and streams and lakes, were only more bright and comely than he had ever witnessed. Animals bounded across his path with a freedom and a confidence which seemed to tell him there was no bloodshed there. Birds of beautiful plumage inhabited the groves and sported in the waters. There was but one thing in which he saw a very unusual effect. He noticed that his passage was not stopped by trees or other objects. He appeared to walk directly through them. They were, in fact, but the images or shadows of material trees. He became sensible that he was in the land of souls.

When he had traveled half a day's journey, through a country which was continually becoming more attractive, he came to the banks of a broad lake, in the center of which was a large and beautiful island. He found a canoe of white shining stone tied to the shore. He was now sure that he had come the right path, for the aged man had told him of this. There were also shining paddles. He immediately entered the canoe, and took the paddles in his hands, when, to his joy and surprise, on turning round he beheld the object of his search in another canoe, exactly its counterpart in everything. It seemed to be the shadow of his own. She had exactly imitated his motions, and they were side by side.

They at once pushed out from the shore and began to cross the lake. Its waves seemed to be rising, and, at a distance, looked ready to swallow them up; but just as they entered the whitened edge of them they seemed to

melt away, as if they were but the images of waves. But no sooner was one wreath of foam passed than another, more threatening still, rose up. Thus they were in perpetual fear; but what added to it was the clearness of the water, through which they could see heaps of bones of beings who had perished before.

The Master of Life had, however, decreed to let them pass, for the thoughts and acts of neither of them had been bad. But they saw many others struggling and sinking in the waves. Old men and young men, males, and females, of all ages and ranks, were there: some passed and some sank. It was only the little children whose canoes seemed to meet no waves. At length every difficulty was gone, as in a moment, and they both leaped out on the happy island. They felt that the very air was food. It strengthened and nourished them. They wandered together over the blissful fields, where everything was formed to please the eye and the ear. There were no tempests; there was no ice, nor chilly winds; no one shivered for the want of warm clothes; no one suffered for hunger; no one mourned for the dead. They saw no graves. They heard of no wars. Animals ran freely about, but there was no blood spilled in hunting them; for the air itself nourished them. Gladly would the young warrior have remained there forever, but he was obliged to go back for his body. He did not see the Master of Life, but he heard his voice, as if it were a soft breeze. "Go back," said the voice, "to the land from whence you came. Your time has not yet come. The duties for which I made you, and which you are to perform, are not yet finished. Return to your people, and accomplish the acts of a good man. You will be the ruler of your tribe for many days. The rules you will observe will

be told you by my messenger, who keeps the gate. When he surrenders back your body he will tell you what to do. Listen to him, and you shall afterwards rejoin the spirit which you have followed, but whom you must now leave behind. She is accepted, and will be ever here, as young and as happy as she was when I first called her from the land of snows."

When this voice ceased the narrator awoke. It was the fancywork of a dream, and he was still in the bitter land of snows and hunger, death and tears.

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XII.

THE RIDE OF COLLINS GRAVES.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.¹

No song of a soldier riding down
To the raging fight from Winchester town;²
No song of a time that shook the earth
With the nation's throe at the nation's birth;³
But the song of a brave man free from fear
As Sheridan's self or Paul Revere;
Who risked what they risked, free from strife,
And its promise of glorious pay—his life!

15

The peaceful valley has waked and stirred,
And the answering echoes of life are heard;
The dew still clings to the trees and grass,
And the early toilers smiling pass,
As they glance aside at the white-walled homes,
Or up the valley, where merrily comes
The brook that sparkles in diamond rills
As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills.⁴

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25

What was it that passed like an ominous breath—
Like a shiver of fear, or a touch of death?
What was it? The valley is peaceful still,
And the leaves are afire' on top of the hill.
It was not a sound—nor thing of sense—
But a pain, like the pang of the short suspense
That thrills the being of those who see
At their feet the gulf of Eternity!

The air of the valley has felt the chill:
The workers pause at the door of the mill;
The housewife, keen to the shivering air,
Arrests her foot on the cottage stair,
Instinctive taught by the mother-love,
And thinks of the sleeping ones above.
Why start the listeners? Why does the course
Of the mill stream widen? Is it a horse—
Hark to the sound of his hoofs, they say—
That gallops so wildly Williamsburg way?

Ah! what was that like a human shriek
From the winding valley? Will nobody speak?
Will nobody answer those women who cry
As the awful warnings thunder by?
Whence came they? Listen! And now they hear
The sound of the galloping horse-hoofs near:
They watch the trend of the vale, and see
The rider who thunders so menacingly,
With waving arms and warning scream
To the house-filled banks of the valley stream.

He draws no rein, but he shakes the street
With a shout and the ring of the galloping
feet;

And this the cry he flings to the wind:
"To the hills for your lives! The flood is behind!"
He cries and is gone; but they know the worst—
The breast of the Williamsburg dam has burst!
The basin that nourished their happy homes
Is changed to a demon—It comes! it comes!

A monster in aspect with shaggy front
Of shattered dwellings, to take the brunt
Of the homes they shatter—white-maned and hoarse,
The merciless terror fills the course
Of the narrow valley, and rushing raves,
With Death on the first of its hissing waves,
Till cottage and street and crowded mill
Are crumbled and crushed.

But onward still,
In front of the roaring flood is heard
The galloping horse and the warning word.
Thank God! the brave man's life is spared!
From Williamsburg town he nobly dared
To race with the flood and take the road
In front of the terrible swath' it mowed.
For miles it thundered and crashed behind,
But he looked ahead with a steadfast mind;
"They must be warned!" was all he said,
As away on his terrible ride he sped.

When heroes are called for, bring the crown
To this Yankee rider: send him down
On the stream of time with the Curtius old;
His deed as the Roman's was brave and bold,
And the tale can as noble a thrill awake,
For he offered his life for the people's sake.

XIII.

THE ARABS IN SPAIN.

BY JOHN W. DRAPER.¹

SCARCELY had the Arabs become firmly settled in Spain when they commenced a brilliant career. Adopting what had now become the established policy of the Commanders of the Faithful in Asia,² the Emirs³ of Cordova distinguished themselves as patrons of learning, and set an example of refinement strongly contrasting with the condition of the native European princes. Cordova, under their administration, at its highest point of prosperity, boasted of more than two hundred thousand houses and more than a million of inhabitants. After¹⁰ sunset, a man might walk through it in a straight line for ten miles by the light of the public lamps. Seven hundred years after this time there was not so much as one public lamp in London. Its streets were solidly paved. In Paris, centuries subsequently, whoever stepped¹⁵ over his threshold on a rainy day stepped up to his ankles in mud. Other cities, as Granada, Seville, Toledo, considered themselves rivals of Cordova. The palaces of the caliphs were magnificently decorated. Those sovereigns might well look down with supercilious contempt on the dwellings of the rulers of Germany, France, and England, which were scarcely better than stables—chimneyless, windowless, and with a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape, like the wigwams of certain Indians. The Spanish Mohammedans had brought with²⁰ them all the luxuries and prodigalities of Asia. Their

residences stood forth against the clear blue sky, or were embosomed in woods. They had polished marble balconies, overhanging orange gardens; courts with cascades of water; shady retreats provocative of slumber in the heat of the day; retiring rooms vaulted with stained glass, speckled with gold, over which streams of water were made to gush; the floors and walls were of exquisite mosaic. Here, a fountain of quicksilver shot up in a glistening spray, the glittering particles falling with a tranquil sound like fairy-bells; there, apartments into which cool air was drawn from the flower gardens in summer, by means of ventilating towers, and in winter through earthen pipes, or caleducts,⁴ embedded in the walls—the hypocaust,⁵ in the vaults below, breathing forth volumes of warm and perfumed air through these¹⁵ hidden passages. The walls were not covered with wainscot, but adorned with arabesques,⁶ and paintings of agricultural scenes and views of Paradise. From the ceilings, corniced with fretted gold, great chandeliers hung, one of which, it is said, was so large that it contained¹⁸ eighteen hundred and four lamps. Clusters of frail marble columns surprised the beholder with the vast weights they bore. In the boudoirs of the sultanas they were sometimes of verd antique, and incrustated with lapis-lazuli.⁷ The furniture was of sandal and citron wood,¹² inlaid with mother-of-pearl, ivory, silver, or relieved with gold and precious malachite. In orderly confusion were arranged vases of rock crystal, Chinese porcelains, and tables of exquisite mosaic.⁸ The winter apartments were hung with rich tapestry; the floors were covered with²⁰ embroidered Persian carpets. Pillows and couches of elegant forms were scattered about the rooms, perfumed with frankincense. It was the intention of the Saracen⁹ architect, by excluding the view of the external land-

scape, to concentrate attention on his work; and since the representation of the human form was religiously forbidden, and that source of decoration denied, his imagination ran riot with the complicated arabesques he introduced, and sought every opportunity of replacing the prohibited works of art by the trophies and rarities of the garden. For this reason, the Arabs never produced artists; religion turned them from the beautiful, and made them soldiers, philosophers, and men of affairs. Splendid flowers and rare exotics ornamented the court-¹⁰ yards and even the inner chambers. Great care was taken to make due provision for the cleanliness, occupation, and amusement of the inmates. Through pipes of metal, water, both warm and cold, to suit the season of the year, ran into baths of marble; in niches, where the¹⁵ current of air could be artificially directed, hung dripping alcarrazas. There were whispering galleries for the amusement of the women; labyrinths and marble play courts for the children; for the master himself, grand libraries. The caliph Alhakem's was so large²⁰ that the catalogue alone filled forty volumes. He had also apartments for the transcribing, binding, and ornamenting of books. A taste for caligraphy²⁰ and the possession of splendidly illuminated manuscripts seems to have anticipated in the caliphs, both of Asia and Spain,²⁵ the taste for statuary and paintings among the later popes of Rome.

Such were the palace and gardens of Zehra, in which Abderrahman III.¹¹ honored his favorite sultana. The edifice had twelve hundred columns of Greek, Italian,²⁰ Spanish, and African marble. Its hall of audience was incrustated with gold and pearls. The ladies of the harem¹⁹ were the most beautiful that could be found. To that establishment alone sixty-three hundred persons were at-

tached. The bodyguard of the sovereign was composed of twelve thousand horsemen, whose cimeters and belts were studded with gold. This was that Abderrahman who, after a glorious reign of fifty years, sat down to count the number of days of unalloyed happiness he had experienced, and could only enumerate fourteen. "O man!" exclaimed the plaintive caliph, "put not thy trust in this present world."

No nation has ever excelled the Spanish Arabs in the beauty and costliness of their pleasure gardens. To¹⁰ them we owe the introduction of very many of our most valuable cultivated fruits, such as the peach. Retaining the love of their ancestors for the cooling effect of water in a hot climate, they spared no pains in the superfluity of fountains, hydraulic works, and artificial lakes in¹⁵ which fish were raised for the table. Into such a lake, attached to the palace of Cordova, many loaves were cast each day to feed the fish. There were also menageries of foreign animals; aviaries of rare birds; manufactories in which skilled workmen, obtained from for-²⁰ eign countries, displayed their art in textures of silk, cotton, linen, and all the miracles of the loom; in jewelry and filigree-work," with which they ministered to the female pride of the ladies of the palace. Under the shade of cypresses cascades disappeared; among²⁵ flowering shrubs there were winding walks, bowers of roses, seats cut out of the rock, and crypt-like grottos hewn in the living stone. Nowhere was ornamental gardening better understood; for not only did the artist try to please the eye as it wandered over the pleasant³⁰ gradation of vegetable color and form, he also boasted his success in the gratification of the sense of smell by the studied succession of perfumes from beds of flowers.

To these Saracens we are indebted for many of our

personal comforts. Religiously cleanly, it was not possible for them to clothe themselves, according to the fashion of the natives of Europe, in a garment unchanged till it dropped to pieces of itself. No Arab who had been a minister of state, or the associate or antagonist of a sovereign, would have offered such a spectacle as the corpse of Thomas à Becket¹⁴ when his haircloth shirt was removed. They taught us the use of the often-changed and often-washed undergarment of linen or cotton, which still passes among ladies under its old Arabic¹⁵ name.¹⁶ But to cleanliness they were not unwilling to add ornament. Especially among women of the higher classes was the love of finery a passion. Their outer garments were often of silk, embroidered and decorated with gems and woven gold. So fond were the Moorish¹⁷ women of gay colors and the luster of chrysolites,¹⁸ hyacinths, emeralds, and sapphires, that it was quaintly said that the interior of any public building in which they were permitted to appear looked like a flower meadow in the spring besprinkled with rain.¹⁹

In the midst of all this luxury, which cannot be regarded by the historian with disdain, since in the end it produced a most important result in the south of France, the Spanish caliphs, emulating the example of their Asiatic compeers, were not only the patrons but the personal cultivators of all the branches of human learning. One of them was himself the author of a work on polite literature in not less than fifty volumes; another wrote a treatise on algebra. When Zaryab, the musician, came from the East to Spain, the caliph Abderrahman rode²⁰ forth to meet him in honor. The College of Music in Cordova was sustained by ample Government patronage, and produced many illustrious professors. . . .

The caliphs of Spain established libraries in all their

chief towns; it is said that not fewer than seventy were in existence. To every mosque was attached a public school, in which the children of the poor were taught to read and write, and instructed in the precepts of the Koran." For those in easier circumstances there were academies, usually arranged in twenty-five or thirty apartments, each calculated for accommodating four students; the academy was presided over by a rector. In Cordova, Granada, and other great cities, there were universities frequently under the superintendence of Jews; the Mohammedan maxim being that the real learning of a man is of more public importance than any particular religious opinions he may entertain. In the universities some of the professors of polite literature gave lectures on Arab classical works; others taught rhetoric, or composition, or mathematics, or astronomy. From these institutions many of the practices observed in our colleges were derived. They held Commencements, at which poems were read and orations delivered in presence of the public. They had also, in addition to these schools of general learning, professional ones, particularly for medicine.

With a pride perhaps not altogether inexcusable, the Arabians boasted of their language as being the most perfect spoken by man. In their schools, great attention was paid to the study of language, and many celebrated grammarians were produced. By these scholars dictionaries similar to those now in use were composed; their copiousness is indicated by the circumstance that one of them consisted of sixty volumes, the definition of each word being illustrated or sustained by quotations from Arab authors of acknowledged repute. They had also lexicons of Greek, Latin, Hebrew; and cyclopædias such as the Historical Dictionary of Sciences of Moham-

med Ibn Abdallah, of Granada. In their highest civilization and luxury they did not forget the amusements of their forefathers—listening to the tale-teller, who never failed to obtain an audience in the midst of Arab tents. Around the evening fires in Spain the wandering literati exercised their wonderful powers of Oriental invention, edifying the eager listeners by such narrations as those that have descended to us in the “Arabian Nights’ Entertainments.” The sober and higher efforts of the educated were, of course, directed to pulpit eloquence, in conformity with the example of all the great Oriental caliphs, and sanctified by the practice of the Prophet himself. The poetical productions embraced all the modern minor forms—satires, odes, elegies, etc., but they never produced any work in the higher walks of poesy, no epic, no tragedy. Perhaps this was due to their false fashion of valuing the mechanical execution of a work. They were the authors and introducers of rhyme;” and such was the luxuriance and abundance of their language that in some of their longest poems the same rhyme is said to have been used alternately from the beginning to the end. Where such mechanical triumphs were popularly prized, it may be supposed that the conception and spirit would be indifferent. Even among the Spanish women there were not a few who achieved reputation in these compositions; and some of them were daughters of caliphs.

If fiction was prized among the Spanish Arabs, history was held in not less esteem. Every caliph had his own historian. The instincts of the race are perpetually peeping out; not only were there historians of the Commanders of the Faithful, but also of celebrated horses and illustrious camels. In connection with history, statistics were cultivated. Many of their learned men were

travelers and voyagers, constantly moving about for the acquisition or diffusion of knowledge, their acquirements being a passport to them wherever they went, and a sufficient introduction to any of the African or Asiatic courts. They were thus continually brought in contact with men of affairs, soldiers of fortune, statesmen, and became imbued with much of their practical spirit; and hence the singularly romantic character which the biographies of many of these men display, wonderful turns of prosperity, violent deaths. The scope of their literary labors offers a subject well worthy of meditation; it contrasts with the contemporary ignorance of Europe. Some wrote on chronology; some on numismatics; some on pulpit oratory; some on agriculture and its allied branches, as the art of irrigation. Not one of the purely mathematical, or mixed, practical sciences was omitted.

XIV.

PRINCE YOUSUF AND THE ALCAYDE.

A MOORISH BALLAD.

BY CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.¹

IN Granada² reigned Mohammed,
Sixth who bore the name was he;
But the rightful King, Prince Yousuf,
Pined in long captivity:

20

Yousuf, brother to Mohammed,
Him the king had seized and sent
Prisoner to a Moorish castle,
Where ten years his life was spent.

25

Ill and feeble, now the usurper
Felt his death was hastening on,
And would fain bequeath his kingdom
And his title to his son.

Calling then a trusty servant,
He to him a letter gave—
"Take my fleetest horse, and hasten,
If my life you wish to save.

"Hie thee to the brave Alcayde"
Of my castle by the sea;
To his hands give thou this letter,
And his physician bring to me."

Then in haste his servant mounted,
And for many a league he rode,
Till he reached the court and castle
Where the captive prince abode.

There sat Yousuf and the Alcayde
In the castle, playing chess.
"What is this?" the keeper muttered.
"Some bad tidings, as I guess."

Pale he grew, and sat and trembled,
While his eye the letter scanned;
And his voice was choked and speechless,
As he dropped it from his hand.

"Now what ails thee?" cried Prince Yousuf.
"Doth the King demand my head?"
"Read it!" gasps the good Alcayde.
"Ah, my lord—would I were dead!"

Yousuf read: "When this shall reach you,
Slay my brother, and his head
Straightway by the bearer send me;
So I may be sure he's dead."

"So"—cried Yousuf. "This I looked for.
Now let us play out our game.
I was losing—you were winning
When this ugly message came."

All confused, the poor Alcayde
Played his knights and bishops' wrong;
And the prince his moves corrected.
So in silence sat they long.

In his mind Prince Yousuf pondered,
"Why this hasty message sent,
If my kind and thoughtful brother"
Were not hastening to his end?

"Surely he is ill or dying.
And if I must lose my head,
My young nephew will succeed him
O'er Granada in my stead.

"Though my keeper still is friendly,
I must gain some hours' delay.
He is poor: the King may bribe him.
He may change ere close of day."

Then aloud: "Come, good Alcayde—
One more game before I die.
And be sure you make no blunders—
I may beat you yet. I'll try."

In his lonely life the keeper
Dearly loved his game of chess:
Therefore needs he little urging,
Though sad thoughts his soul oppress.

For an hour or two they battled, 5
And the Alcayde gained amain;
For the prince, with restless glances,
Gazed beyond the windowpane.

Still the chessboard lay between them,
And the Alcayde played his best, 10
Took no note of gliding hours,
Till the sunset fired the west.

Yet he gained not, for Prince Yousuf
With a sudden checkmate^s sprang
Unforeseen—and that same moment— 15
Hark!—was that a bugle rang?

Through the western windows gazing
Far across the dusty plain,
Yousuf saw the flash of lances—
And the bugle rang again. 20

And two knights appeared advancing
Like two eagles on the wing.
Allah Akbar!^s From Granada
Faces flushed with joy they bring.
The King is dead! Long live King Yousuf! 25
Long lost lord—our rightful king!

XV.

THE EARLY NEW ENGLAND MINISTER.

BY MOSES COIT TYLER.¹

Among the earliest official records of Massachusetts, there is a memorandum of articles needed there and to be procured from England. The list includes beans, pease, vine planters, potatoes, hop roots, pewter bottles, brass ladles, spoons, and ministers. It is but just to add, that in the original document the article here mentioned last stands first; even as in the seventeenth century, in New England, that article would certainly have stood first in any conceivable list of necessities, for this world or the world to come. An old historian, in describing¹⁰ the establishment of the colony of Plymouth, gives the true sequence in the two stages of the process when he says they "planted a church of Christ there and set up civil government."

In the year 1640 a company of excellent people resolved to found a new town in Massachusetts, the town of Woburn; but before getting the town incorporated they took pains to build a meetinghouse and a parsonage, to choose a minister, and to fix the arrangements for his support. . . . During the first sixty years New²⁰ England was a theocracy,² and the ministers were in reality the chief officers of State. It was not a departure from their sphere for them to deal with politics; for everything pertaining to the State was included in the sphere of the Church. On occasion of an exciting²⁵ popular election, in 1637, Mr. John Wilson, one of the

pastors of Boston, climbed upon the bough of a tree, and from that high pulpit, with great authority, harangued the crowd upon their political duties. . . . To speak ill of ministers was a species of sedition. In 1636 a citizen of Boston was required to pay a fine of forty pounds and to make a public apology, for saying that all the ministers but three preached a covenant⁹ of works.

The objects of so much public deference were not unaware of their authority; they seldom abused it; they never forgot it. If ever men, for real worth and greatness, deserved such preëminence, they did; they had wisdom, great learning, great force of will, devout consecration, philanthropy, purity of life. For once in the history of the world, the sovereign places were filled by the sovereign men. They bore themselves with the air¹⁰ of leadership; they had the port of philosophers, noblemen, and kings. The writings of our earliest times are full of reference to the majesty of their looks, the awe inspired by their presence, the grandeur and power of their words. ¹¹

Men like these, with such an ascendancy as this over the public, could not come before the public too often, or stay there too long; and on two days in every seven they presented themselves in solemn state to the people, and challenged undivided attention. Their pulpits were¹² erected far aloft, and as remote as possible from the congregation, typifying the awful distance and the elevation of the sacred office which there exercised its mightiest function. Below, among the pews, the people were arranged, not in families, but according to rank and age¹³ and sex; the old men in one place, the old dames in another; young men and maidens prudently seated far apart; the boys having the luxury of the pulpit stairs and the gallery. Failure to attend church was not a

thing to be tolerated, except in cases of utter necessity. People who stayed away were hunted up by the tithing-men;⁴ for one needless absence they were to be fined; for such absence persisted in four weeks, they were to be set in the stocks⁵ or lodged in a wooden cage. Within the meetinghouse the entire congregation, but especially the boys, were vigilantly guarded by the town constables, each one being armed with a rod, at one end of which was a hare's foot, and at the other end a hare's tail. This weapon they wielded with justice tempered¹⁰ by gallantry; if a woman fell asleep, it was enough to tingle her face gently with the bushy end of the rod; but if the sleeper were a boy, he was vigorously thumped awake by the hard end of it.

In the presence of God and his appointed ministers,¹⁵ it was not for man to be impatient; and the modern frailty that clamors for short prayers and short sermons had not invaded their sanctuaries or even their thoughts. When they came to church, they settled themselves down to a regular religious siege, which was expected²⁰ to last from three to five hours. Upon the pulpit stood an hourglass; and as the sacred service of prayer and psalm and sermon moved ruthlessly forward, it was the duty of the sexton to go up hour by hour and turn the glass over. The prayers were of course extemporane-²⁵ous; and in that solemn act, the gift of long continuance was successfully cultivated; the preacher, rising into raptures of devotion and storming heaven with volleys of petitionary syllogism,³⁰ could hardly be required to take much note of the hourglass. "Mr. Torrey stood up and prayed near two hours," writes a Harvard student in the seventeenth century; "but the time obliged him to close, to our regret; and we could have gladly heard him an hour longer." Their sermons were of sim-

ilar longitude, and were evidently exhaustive—except of the desire of the people to hear more.

In his theme, in his audience, in the appointments of each sacred occasion, the preacher had everything to stimulate him to put into his sermons his utmost intellectual force. The entire community were present, constituting a congregation hardly to be equaled now for its high average of critical intelligence; trained to acute and rugged thinking by their habit of grappling day by day with the most difficult problems in theology; fond of metaphysical distinctions; fond of system, minuteness, and completeness of treatment; not bringing to church any moods of listlessness or flippancy; not expecting to find there mental diversion, or mental repose; but going there with their minds aroused for strenuous and robust work, and demanding from the preacher solid thought, not gushes of sentiment, not torrents of eloquent sound. Then, too, there was time enough for the preacher to move upon his subject carefully, and to turn himself about in it, and to develop the resources of it, amply, to his mind's content, hour by hour, in perfect assurance that his congregation would not desert him either by going out or by going to sleep. . . .

If the methods of the preacher resembled those of a theological professor, it may be added that his congregation likewise had the appearance of an assemblage of theological students; since it was customary for nearly every one to bring his notebook to church, and to write in it diligently as much of the sermon as he could take down. They had no newspapers, no theaters, no miscellaneous lectures, no entertainments of secular music or of secular oratory, none of the genial distractions of our modern life; the place of all these was filled by the sermon. The sermon was without a

competitor in the eye or mind of the community. It was the central and commanding incident in their lives; the one stately spectacle for all men and all women year after year; the grandest matter of anticipation or of memory; the theme for hot disputes on which all New England would take sides, and which would seem sometimes to shake the world to its center.

Thus were the preachers held to a high standard of intellectual work. Hardly anything was lacking that could incite a strong man to do his best continually, to the end of his days; and into the function of preaching, the supreme function at that time in popular homage and influence, the strongest men were drawn. Their pastorships were usually for life; and no man could long satisfy such listeners, or fail soon to talk himself empty in their presence, who did not toil mightily in reading and in thinking, pouring ideas into his mind even faster than he poured them out.

XVI.

RESOLUTIONS.

BY JONATHAN EDWARDS.*

1. *Resolved*, That I will do whatsoever I think to be most to the glory of God and my own good, profit, and pleasure, in the whole of my duration, without any consideration of the time, whether now, or never so many myriads' of ages hence.

2. *Resolved*, To do whatever I think to be my duty, and most for the good and advantage of mankind in general.

3. *Resolved*, Never to lose one moment of time, but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can.

4. *Resolved*, To live with all my might while I do live.

5. *Resolved*, Never to do anything which I should be afraid to do if it were the last hour of my life.

6. *Resolved*, To be endeavoring to find out fit objects of liberality and charity.

7. *Resolved*, Never to do anything out of revenge.

8. *Resolved*, Never to suffer the least motions of anger towards irrational beings.

9. *Resolved*, Never to speak evil of any one so that it shall tend to his dishonor, more or less, upon no account except for some real good.

10. *Resolved*, That I will live so as I shall wish I had done when I come to die.

11. *Resolved*, To live so at all times, as I think is best in my most devout frames, and when I have the clearest notions of the things of the gospel and another world.

12. *Resolved*, To maintain the strictest temperance in eating and drinking.

13. *Resolved*, Never to do anything which, if I should see in another, I should count a just occasion to despise him for, or to think any way the more meanly of him.

14. *Resolved*, To study the Scriptures so steadily, constantly, and frequently as that I may find, and plainly perceive, myself to grow in the knowledge of the same.

15. *Resolved*, Never to count that a prayer, nor to let that pass as a prayer, nor that as a petition of a prayer, which is so made that I cannot hope that God will answer it; nor that as a confession which I cannot hope God will accept.

16. *Resolved*, Never to say anything at all against anybody, but when it is perfectly agreeable to the highest degree of Christian honor, and of love to man-

kind, agreeable to the lowest humility and sense of my own faults and failings, and agreeable to the golden rule; often, when I have said anything against any one, to bring it to, and try it strictly by, the test of this resolution.

17. *Resolved*, In narrations, never to speak anything but the pure and simple verity.

18. *Resolved*, Never to speak evil of any, except I have some particular good call to it.

19. *Resolved*, To inquire every night, as I am going to bed, wherein I have been negligent—what sin I have committed—and wherein I have denied myself; also, at the end of every week, month, and year.

20. *Resolved*, Never to do anything of which I so much question the lawfulness as that I intend, at the same time, to consider and examine afterwards whether it be lawful or not; unless I as much question the lawfulness of the omission.

21. *Resolved*, To inquire every night, before I go to bed, whether I have acted in the best way I possibly could with respect to eating and drinking.

22. *Resolved*, Never to allow the least measure of any fretting or uneasiness at my father and mother. *Resolved*, to suffer no effects of it, so much as in the least alteration of speech, or motion of my eye; and to be especially careful of it with respect to any of our family.

23. On the supposition that there never was to be but one individual in the world, at any one time, who was properly a complete Christian, in all respects of a right stamp, having Christianity always shining in its true luster, and appearing excellent and lovely, from whatever part and under whatever character viewed: *Resolved*, to act just as I would do if I strove with all my might to be that one, who should live in my time.

XVII.

THE RIVER.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.¹

["Man's life is like a River, which likewise hath its Seasons, or phases of progress: first, its Spring rise, gentle and beautiful; next, its Summer, of eventful maturity, mixed calm and storm, followed by Autumnal decadence and mists of Winter, after which cometh the all-embracing Sea, type of that mystery we call Eternity!"]

Up among the dew-lit fallows
Slight but fair it took its rise,
And through rounds of golden shallows
Brightened under broadening skies;
While the delicate wind of morning
Touched the waves to happier grace,
Like a breath of love's forewarning,
Dimpling o'er a virgin face—
Till the tides of that rare river
Merged and mellowed into one,
Flashed the shafts from sundown's quiver,
Backward to the sun.

Royal breadths of sky-born blushes
Burned athwart its billowy breast—
But beyond those roseate flushes
Shone the snow-white swans at rest;
Round in graceful flights the swallows
Dipped and soared, and soaring sang,
And in bays and reed-bound hollows,
How earth's wild, sweet voices rang!

Till the strong, swift, glorious river
Seemed with mightier pulse to run,
Thus to roll and rush forever,
Laughing in the sun.

Nay; a something born of shadow
Slowly crept the landscape o'er—
Something weird o'er wave and meadow,
Something cold o'er stream and shore;
While on birds that gleamed or chanted,
Stole gray gloom and silence grim, 10
And the troubled wave-heart panted,
And the smiling heavens waxed dim
And from far strange spaces seaward,
Out of dreamy cloudlands dun,
Came a low gust moaning leaward, 15
Chilling leaf and sun.

Then, from gloom to gloom intenser,
On the laboring streamlet rolled,
Where from cloud-racks' gathered denser
Hark! the ominous thunder knolled! 20
While like ghosts that flit and shiver,
Down the mists from out the blast,
Spectral pinions' crossed the river—
Spectral voices wailing passed!
Till the fierce tides rising starkly, 5
Blended, towering into one
Nightly wall of blackness, darkly
Quenching sky and sun!

Thence, to softer scenes it wandered,
Scents of flowers and airs of balm, 30
And methought the streamlet pondered,
Conscious of the blissful calm;

Slow it wound now, slow and slower
 By still beach and ripply bight,
 And the voice of waves sank lower,
 Laden, languid with delight;
 In and out the cordial river
 Strayed in peaceful curves that won
 Glory from the great Life-giver,
 Beauty from the sun!

Thence again with quaintest ranges,
 On the fateful streamlet rolled
 Through unnumbered, nameless changes,
 Shade and sunshine, gloom and gold,
 Till the tides, grown sad and weary,
 Longed to meet the mightier main,
 And their low-toned *miserere*
 Mingled with his grand refrain;
 Oh, the languid, lapsing river,
 Weak of pulse and soft of tune—
 Lo! the *sun* hath set forever,
 Lo! the ghostly moon!

But thenceforth through moon and starlight
 Sudden-swift the streamlet's sweep;
 Yearning for the mystic far light,
 Pining for the solemn deep;
 While the old strength gathers o'er it,
 While the old voice rings sublime,
 And in pallid mist before it
 Fade the phantom shows of time—
 Till, with one last, eddying quiver,
 All its checkered journey done,
 Seaward breaks the ransomed river,
 Goal and grave are won!

XVIII.

SPEECH ON A RESOLUTION TO PUT VIRGINIA INTO
A STATE OF DEFENCE.BY PATRICK HENRY.¹

MR. PRESIDENT,—No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the House. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining, as I do, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty towards the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of

wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so

long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm¹⁰ which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated¹ ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been¹¹ slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and

when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely* on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that¹⁰ which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The bat-¹⁵tle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are²⁰ forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable — and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace!—but there is no peace. The²⁵ war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or³⁰ peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

XIX.

BOOKS.

BY EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.¹

WHAT words can declare the immeasurable worth of books—what rhetoric set forth the importance of that great invention which diffused them over the whole earth to glad its myriads of minds? The invention of printing added a new element of power to the race. From that hour, in a most especial sense, the brain and not the arm, the thinker and not the soldier, books and not kings, were to rule the world; and weapons, forged in the mind, keen-edged and brighter than the sunbeam, were to supplant the sword and battle-ax. The conflicts of the world were not to take place altogether on the tented field; but Ideas, leaping from a world's awakened intellect, and burning all over with indestructible life, were to be marshaled against principalities and powers. The great and the good, whose influence before had been chiefly over individual minds, were now to be possessed of a magic, which, giving wings to their thoughts, would waft them, like so many carrier doves, on messages of hope and deliverance to the nations.

Words, springing fresh and bright from the soul of a master spirit, and dropping into congenial hearts like so many sparks of fire, were no longer to lose their being with the vibrations of the air they disturbed, or molder with the papyrus² on which they were written, but were to be graven in everlasting characters, and rouse,

strengthen, and illumine the minds of all ages. There was to be a stern death grapple between Might and Right—between the heavy arm and the ethereal thought—between that which *was* and that which *ought to be*; for there was a great spirit abroad in the world, whom dungeons could not confine, nor oceans check, nor persecutions subdue—whose path lay through the great region of ideas, and whose dominion was over the mind.

If such were the tendency of that great invention which leaped or bridged the barriers separating mind¹⁰ from mind and heart from heart, who shall calculate its effect in promoting private happiness? Books—lighthouses erected in the great sea of time—books, the precious depositories of the thoughts and creations of genius—books, by whose sorcery time past becomes time¹⁵ present, and the whole pageantry of the world's history moves in solemn procession before our eyes—these were to visit the firesides of the humble, and lavish the treasures of the intellect upon the poor. . . . Precious and priceless are the blessings which books scatter around²⁰ our daily paths. We walk, in imagination, with the noblest spirits, through the most sublime and enchanting regions—regions which, to all that is lovely in the forms and colors of earth,

“ . . . add the gleam,

The light that never was on sea or land,

The consecration, and the Poet's dream.”

A motion of the hand brings all Arcadia' to sight. The war of Troy can, at our bidding, rage in the narrowest chamber.' Without stirring from our firesides,²⁰ we may roam to the most remote regions of the earth, or soar into realms where Spenser's' shapes of unearthly beauty flock to meet us, where Milton's angels peal in our ears the choral hymns of Paradise.' Science, art,

literature, philosophy—all that man has thought, all that man has done—the experience that has been bought with the sufferings of a hundred generations—all are garnered up for us in the world of books. There, among realities, in a “substantial world,” we move with the crowned kings of thought. There our minds have a free range, our hearts a free utterance. Reason is confined within none of the partitions which trammel it in life. The hard granite of conventionalism melts away as a thin mist. We call things by their right names.¹⁰ Our lips give not the lie to our hearts. We bend the knee only to the great and good. We despise only the despicable; we honor only the honorable. In that world no divinity hedges a king, no accident of rank or fashion ennobles a dunce or shields a knave. There,¹⁵ and almost only there, do our affections have free play. We can select our companions from among the most richly gifted of the sons of God, and they are companions who will not desert us in poverty or sickness or disgrace. When everything else fails—when fortune²⁰ frowns, and friends cool, and health forsakes us—when this great world of forms and shows appears a “two-edged lie, which *seems* but *is* not”—when all our earth-clinging hopes and ambitions melt away into nothingness,

“Like snow-falls on a river,
One moment white, then gone forever,”²⁵

we are still not without friends to animate and console us—friends, in whose immortal countenances, as they look out upon us from books, we can discern no change;³⁰ who will dignify low fortunes and humble life with their kingly presence; who will people solitude with shapes more glorious than ever glittered in palaces; who will consecrate sorrow and take the sting from care;

and who, in the long hours of despondency and weakness, will send healing to the sick heart, and energy to the wasted brain. Well might Milton exclaim, in that impassioned speech for Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, where every word leaps with intellectual life,⁹ "Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden upon the earth; but a good book is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose for a life beyond life!"

XX.

WHALE FISHING IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

BY HERMAN MELVILLE.¹

THE day was exceedingly still and sultry, and, with nothing special to engage them, the crew of our ship could hardly resist the spell of sleep induced by such a vacant sea; for this part of the Indian Ocean through which we then were voyaging is not what whalers call a lively ground—that is, it affords fewer glimpses of porpoises, dolphins, flying fish, and other vivacious denizens of more stirring waters than those off the Rio de la Plata or the inshore ground off Peru.¹⁰

It was my turn to stand at the foremast-head; and, with my shoulders leaning against the slackened royal shrouds,³ to and fro I idly swayed in what seemed an enchanted air. No resolution could withstand it; in that dreamy mood losing all consciousness, at last my soul went out of my body; though my body still con-

tinued to sway as a pendulum will long after the power which first moved it is withdrawn.

Ere forgetfulness altogether came over me, I had noticed that the seamen at the main and mizzen masts were already drowsy; so that at last all three of us lifelessly swung from the spars, and for every swing that we made there was a nod from below from the slumbering helmsman. The waves, too, nodded their indolent crests; and across the wide trance of the sea, east nodded to west, and the sun over all.

Suddenly bubbles seemed bursting beneath my closed eyes; like vices my hands grasped the shrouds; some invisible, gracious agency preserved me; with a shock I came back to life. And, lo! close under our lee, not forty fathoms off, a gigantic sperm whale lay rolling in the water like the capsized hull of a frigate, his broad, glossy back, of an Ethiopian hue, glistening in the sun's rays like a mirror. But lazily undulating in the trough of the sea, and ever and anon tranquilly spouting his vapory jet, the whale looked like a portly burgher smoking his pipe of a warm afternoon. But that pipe, poor whale, was thy last. As if struck by some enchanter's wand, the sleepy ship and every sleeper in it all at once started into wakefulness; and more than a score of voices from all parts of the vessel, simultaneously with the three notes from aloft, shouted forth the accustomed cry, as the great fish slowly and regularly spouted the sparkling brine into the air.

"Clear away the boats! Luff!" cried Ahab. And, obeying his own order, he dashed the helm down before the helmsman could handle the spokes.

The sudden exclamations of the crew must have alarmed the whale; and ere the boats were down, majestically turning, he swam away to the leeward, but

with such a steady tranquillity, and making so few ripples as he swam, that, thinking after all he might not as yet be alarmed, Ahab gave orders that not an oar should be used, and no man must speak but in whispers. So, seated like Ontario Indians on the gunwales of the boats, we swiftly but silently paddled along; the calm not admitting of the noiseless sails being set. Presently, as we thus glided in chase, the monster perpendicularly flirted his tail forty feet into the air, and then sank out of sight like a tower swallowed up.

"There go flukes!" was the cry, an announcement immediately followed by Stubb's producing his match and igniting his pipe, for now a respite was granted. After the full interval of his sounding had elapsed, the whale rose again, and being now in advance of the smoker's boat, and much nearer to it than to any of the others, Stubb counted upon the honor of the capture. It was obvious, now, that the whale had at length become aware of his pursuers. All silence of cautiousness was therefore no longer of use. Paddles were dropped and oars came loudly into play. And, still puffing at his pipe, Stubb cheered on his crew to the assault.

Yes, a mighty change had come over the fish. All alive to his jeopardy, he was going "head out;" that part obliquely projecting from the mad yeast which he brewed.

"Start her, start her, my men! Don't hurry yourselves; take plenty of time—but start her; start her like thunderclaps, that's all," cried Stubb, spluttering out the smoke as he spoke. "Start her now; give 'em the long and strong stroke, Tashtego. Start her!"

"Woo-hoo! Wa-hee!" screamed the Gay-Header in reply, raising some old war whoop to the skies, as every oarsman in the strained boat involuntarily bounced for-

ward with the one tremendous leading stroke which the eager Indian gave.

But his wild screams were answered by others quite as wild. "Kee-hee! Kee-hee!" yelled Daggoo, straining forward and backward on his seat, like a pacing tiger in his cage.

"Ka-la! Koo-loo!" howled Queequeg, as if smacking his lips over a mouthful of grenadier's steak. And thus with oars and yells the keels cut the sea. Meanwhile, Stubb, retaining his place in the van, still encouraged his men to the onset, all the while puffing the smoke from his mouth. Like desperadoes they tugged and they strained, till the welcome cry was heard, "Stand up, Tashtego! —give it to him!" The harpoon was hurled. "Stern all!" The oarsmen backed water; the same moment something went hot and hissing along every one of their wrists. It was the magical line. An instant before, Stubb had swiftly caught two additional turns with it round the loggerhead," whence, by reason of its increasing rapid circlings, a hempen blue smoke now jetted up and mingled with the steady fumes from his pipe. As the line passed round and round the loggerhead, so, also, just before reaching that point, it blisteringly passed through and through both of Stubb's hands, from which the handcloths, or squares of quilted canvas sometimes worn at these times, had accidentally dropped. It was like holding an enemy's sharp two-edged sword by the blade, and that enemy all the time striving to wrest it out of your clutch.

"Wet the line! wet the line!" cried Stubb to the tub oarsman (him seated by the tub), who, snatching off his hat, dashed the sea water into it. More turns were taken, so that the line began holding its place. The boat now flew through the boiling water like a shark all

fins. Stubb and Tashtego here changed places—stem for stern—a staggering business, truly, in that rocking commotion.

From the vibrating line extending the entire length of the upper part of the boat, and from its now being more tight than a harp string, you would have thought the craft had two keels—one cleaving the water, the other the air—as the boat churned on through both opposing elements at once. A continual cascade played at the bows, a ceaseless whirling eddy in her wake; and at the slightest motion from within, even but of a little finger, the vibrating, cracking craft canted over her spasmodic gunwale into the sea. Thus they rushed, each man with might and main clinging to his seat, to prevent being tossed to the foam, and the tall form of Tashtego at the steering oar crouching almost double, in order to bring down his center of gravity. Whole Atlantics and Pacifics seemed passed as they shot on their way, till at length the whale somewhat slackened his flight.

“Haul in—haul in!” cried Stubb to the bowsman; and facing round towards the whale, all hands began pulling the boat up to him, while yet the boat was being towed on. Soon ranging up by his flank, Stubb, firmly planting his knee in the clumsy cleat, darted dart after dart into the flying fish; at the word of command the boat alternately sterning out of the way of the whale’s horrible wallow, and then ranging up for another fling.

The red tide now poured from all sides of the monster like brooks down a hill. His tormented body rolled in blood, which bubbled and seethed for furlongs behind in their wake. The slanting sun playing upon this crimson pond in the sea sent back its reflection into every face, so that they all glowed to each other like red men. And

all the while, jet after jet of white smoke was agonizingly shot from the spiracle of the whale, and vehement puff after puff from the mouth of the excited headsman; as at every dart, hauling in upon his crooked lance (by the line attached to it), Stubb straightened it again and again, by a few rapid blows against the gunwale, then again and again sent it into the whale.

"Pull up—pull up!" he now cried to the bowsman, as the waning whale relaxed in his wrath. "Pull up!—close to!" and the boat ranged along the fish's flank.¹⁰ Then, reaching far over the bow, Stubb slowly churned his long, sharp lance into the fish, and kept it there, carefully churning and churning, as if cautiously seeking to feel after some gold watch that the whale might have swallowed, and which he was fearful of breaking ere he¹¹ could hook it out. But that gold watch he sought was the innermost life of the fish. And now it is struck; for, starting from his trance into that unspeakable thing called his "flurry," the monster horribly wallowed in his blood, overwrapped himself in impenetrable, mad,¹² boiling spray, so that the imperilled craft, instantly dropping astern, had much ado blindly to struggle out from that frenzied twilight into the clear air of the day.

And now, abating in his flurry, the whale once more rolled out into view, surging from side to side, with¹³ sharp, cracking, agonized respirations. At last, gush after gush of clotted red gore, as if it had been the purple lees¹⁴ of red wine, shot into the frightened air, and, falling back again, ran dripping down his motionless flanks into the sea. His heart had burst!

"He's dead, Mr. Stubb," said Daggoo.²⁰

"Yes; both pipes smoked out!" and withdrawing his own from his mouth, Stubb scattered the dead ashes over the water.

XXI.

PEASANT LIFE IN AFRICA.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.¹

To behold the full perfection of African manhood and beauty, one must visit the regions of Equatorial Africa, where one can view the people under the cool shade of plantains, and amid the luxuriant plenty which those lands produce. The European traveler, after noting the great length and wondrous greenness of the banana fronds, the vastness of their stalks, and the bulk and number of the fruit, the fatness of the soil and its inexhaustible fertility, the perpetual spring-like verdure of the vegetation, and the dazzling sunshine, comes to notice that the inhabitants are in fit accord with these scenes, and as perfect of their kind as the bursting-ripe mellow bananas hanging above their heads.

Their very features seem to proclaim, "We live in a land of butter and wine and fulness, milk and honey, fat meads and valleys." The vigor of the soil, which knows no Sabbath, appears to be infused into their veins. Their beaming, lustrous eyes — restless and quick-glancing — seem to have caught rays of the sun. Their bronze-colored bodies, velvety-smooth and unctuous with butter, their swelling sinews, reveal the hot, lusty life which animates them. Let me try to sketch one of these robust people, a Kopi, or peasant, of Uganda, at home.

Were it not for one thing, it might be said that the peasant of Uganda realizes the ideal happiness all

men aspire after and would be glad to enjoy. He may be indolent, if you please, but not so indolent as to be unmindful of his own interests. For his gardens are thriving, his plants are budding, and his fields are covered with grain. His house has just been built, and needs no repairs, and the fenced courts round it are all in good condition. Roll the curtain up and regard him in his surroundings!

He steps forth from his hut, a dark-brown-colored man, in the prime and vigor of manhood, a cleanly, decent creature, dressed, after the custom of his country, in a clay-colored robe of bark cloth, knotted at the shoulder and depending to his feet—apparently a contented, nay, an extremely happy man, for a streak of sunshine having caught his face, we have a better view of it, and are assured it reflects a felicitous contentment. He saunters to his usual seat near the gate of the outer court, above which a mighty banana towers, shading it with its far-reaching fronds.

In the foreground, stretched before him, is his garden, which he views with placid satisfaction. It is laid out in several plats, with curving paths between. In it grow large sweet potatoes, yams, green peas, kidney beans, some crawling over the ground, others clinging to supporters, field beans, vetches,⁷ and tomatoes. The garden is bordered by castor oil, manioc,⁴ coffee, and tobacco plants. On either side are small patches of millets, sesamum,⁶ and sugar cane. Behind the house and courts, and infolding them, are the more extensive banana and plantain plantations and grain crops, which furnish his principal food, and from one of which he manufactures his wine and from the other his potent pombé.⁵ Interspersed among the bananas are the umbrageous fig trees, from the bark of which he manufact-

ures his cloth. Beyond the plantations is an extensive tract left for grazing, for the common use of his own and his neighbors' cattle and goats.

It is apparent that this man loves privacy and retirement, for he has surrounded his own dwelling, and the huts of his family—the cones of which are just visible above—with courts inclosed by tall fences of tough cane. While we leave the owner contemplating his garden, let us step within and judge for ourselves of his mode of life.

Within the outer court we come to a small, square hut, sacred to the genius of the family, the household *Muzimu*.⁷ This genius, by the dues paid to him, seems to be no very exacting or avaricious spirit, for the simplest things, such as snail shells, molded balls of clay,¹¹ certain compounds of herbs, small bits of juniper wood, and a hartbeest⁸ horn, pointed with iron and stuck into the earth, suffice to propitiate him.

Proceeding from the outer court, we enter the inner one by a side entrance, and the tall, conical hut, neatly¹⁰ constructed, with its broad eaves overshadowing the curving doorway, which has a torus,⁹ consisting of fagots of cane, running up and round it, stands revealed.

It is of ample circumference, and cosy. On first entering we find it is rather dark, but as the eye becomes accustomed to the darkness, we begin to distinguish objects. That which first arrests observation is the multitude of poles with which the interior is crammed for the support of the roof, until it resembles a gloomy den in the middle of a dense forest. These poles, however, serve to guide the owner to his cane bunk, but their number would confuse a nocturnal marauder¹⁰ or intruding stranger. The rows of poles form, in fact, avenues

by which the inmates can guide themselves to any particular spot or object.

The hut, we observe also, is divided into two apartments, front and rear, by a wall of straight canes, parted in the center, through which the peasant can survey—himself being unseen—any person entering. In the rear apartment are bunks arranged round the walls, for the use of himself and family. Over the doorway of the hut within may be observed a few charms, into whose care and power the peasant commits the guardianship of his house and effects.

A scarcity of furniture is observable, and the utensils are few in number and of poor quality. Under the former title may be classed a couple of carved stools and a tray for native backgammon; under the latter, some half-dozen earthenware pots and a few wicker and grass basins. Some bark cloth, a few spears, a shield, a drum, a billhook or two, a couple of hoes, some knob-sticks and pipe-stems, and a trough for the manufacture of banana wine complete the inventory of the household effects.

Behind the peasant's own dwelling are two huts of humbler pretensions, also surrounded by courts, where we may behold the females of the family at work. Some are busy kneading the bananas to extract their juice, which, when fermented, is called *maramba*—delicious in flavor when well made; others are sorting herbs for broth-food, medicines, or some cunning charm; others, again, are laying out tobacco leaves to dry, while the most elderly are engaged in smoking from long-stemmed pipes, retailing between the leisure-drawn draughts of smoke the experiences of their lives.

Such is the Kopi at home. If the picture is not a faithful one of all his class, it may be attributed to his

own indolence, or to some calamity lately befallen him. From it will be seen that the average native of Uganda has an abundance and a variety of good food, that he is comfortably lodged, as far as his wants require, is well and often married, and is secure from enemies so far as a powerful sovereign and warlike multitudes can command security. Still, there is one thing more that is necessary for his happiness—protection from his sovereign.

XXII.

JOHN BULL AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

BY JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.¹

JOHN BULL was a choleric² old fellow, who held a good manor in the middle of a great mill pond, and which, by reason of its being quite surrounded by water, was generally called "Bullock Island." Bull was an ingenious man, an exceedingly good blacksmith, a dexterous cutler, and a notable weaver besides. He was, in fact, a sort of Jack-at-all-trades, and good at each. In addition to these, he was a hearty fellow, a jolly companion, and passably honest, as the times go. But what tarnished all these qualities was an exceedingly quarrelsome, overbearing disposition, which was always getting him into some scrape or other. The truth is, he never heard of a quarrel going on among his neighbors but his fingers itched to take a part in it; so that he was hardly ever seen without an arm in a sling or a bruised eye. Such was Squire Bull, as he was commonly called by the country people, his neighbors—one of those odd, testy, grumbling, boasting old fellows that never get

credit for what they are, because they are always pretending to be what they are not. The squire was as hard a hand to deal with indoors as out, sometimes treating his family as if they were not the same flesh and blood, when they happened to differ with him in certain matters.

One day he got into a dispute with his youngest son, Jonathan, who was familiarly called Brother Jonathan, whether churches ought to be called *churches* or *meetinghouses*, and whether steeples were not an abomination. The squire, either having the worst of the argument or being naturally impatient of contradiction—I can't tell which—fell into a great passion, and declared he would drive such notions out of the boy's head. So he went to some of his doctors, and had them draw up a prescription made of thirty-nine different articles, many of them bitter enough to some palates.¹ This he tried to make Jonathan swallow; and, finding he made wry faces, and would not do it, fell upon him and beat him soundly. After this he made the house so disagreeable to him that Jonathan, though as hard as a pine knot and as tough as leather, could bear it no longer. Taking his gun and ax, he put himself into a boat and paddled over the mill pond to some new lands, to which the squire pretended to have some sort of claim.²⁵ Jonathan intended to settle the lands, and build a meetinghouse without any steeple as soon as he grew rich enough.

When he got over, he found that the land was quite in a state of nature, covered with wood, and inhabited only by wild beasts. But, being a lad of spirit, he took his ax on one shoulder and his gun on the other, marched into the thickest of the wood, and clearing a place, built a log hut. Pursuing his labors, and hand-

ling his ax like a notable woodman, he in a few years cleared the land, which he laid out into *thirteen good farms*;⁴ and building himself a large house, which he partly furnished, began to be quite snug and comfortable.

But Squire Bull, who was getting old and stingy, and besides was in great want of money, on account of his having lately been made to pay heavy damages for assaulting his neighbors and breaking their heads—the squire, I say, finding Jonathan was getting well to do in¹⁰ the world, began to be very much troubled about his welfare; so he demanded that Jonathan should pay him a good rent for the land which he had cleared and made good for something. He made up I know not what claim against him, and under different pretences¹⁵ managed to pocket all Jonathan's honest gains. In fact, the poor lad had not a shilling left for holiday occasions; and had it not been for the filial respect he felt for the old man, he would certainly have refused to submit to such impositions.

But for all this, in a little time Jonathan grew up to be very large of his age, and became a tall, stout, double-jointed, broad-footed cub of a fellow, awkward in his gait and simple in his appearance, but having a lively, shrewd look, and giving the promise of great strength²⁵ when he should get his growth. He was rather an odd-looking chap, in truth, and had many queer ways: but everybody who had seen John Bull saw a great likeness between them, and declared he was John's own boy, a true chip of the old block. Like the old squire,³⁰ he was apt to be blustering and saucy, but in the main was a peaceable sort of careless fellow, that would quarrel with nobody if you let him alone. He used to dress in homespun trousers, and always wore a linsey-

woolsey^a coat, the sleeves of which were so short that his hand and wrist came out beyond them, looking like a shoulder of mutton; all of which was in consequence of his growing so fast that he outgrew his clothes.

While Jonathan was coming up in this way, John Bull kept on picking his pockets of every penny put into them; till at last, one day when the squire was even more than usually pressing in his demands, which he accompanied with threats, Jonathan started up in a passion, and threw a teakettle^a at the old man's head.¹⁰ The choleric squire was hereupon exceedingly enraged, and after calling the poor lad an undutiful, ungrateful, rebellious rascal, seized him by the collar, and forthwith a furious scuffle ensued. This lasted a long time; for the squire, though in years, was a capital boxer. At¹⁵ last, however, Jonathan got him under, and before he would let him up, made him sign a paper giving up all claim to the farms, and acknowledging the fee simple^a to be in Jonathan forever.

XXIII.

SAINT JONATHAN.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.¹

THERE'S many an excellent Saint:

St. George^a with his dragon and lance:

St. Nicholas, so jolly and quaint;

St. Vitus, the saint of the dance;

St. Denis, the saint of the Gaul;^a

St. Andrew, the saint of the Scot;

But Jonathan, youngest of all,

Is the mightiest saint of the lot!

He wears a most serious face,
Well worthy a martyr's possessing ;
But it isn't all owing to grace,
But partly to thinking and guessing.
In sooth, ' our American Saint
Has rather a secular bias,
And I never have heard a complaint
Of his being excessively pious !

He's fond of financial improvement,
And is always extremely inclined
To be starting some practical movement
For mending the morals and mind.
Do you ask me what wonderful labors
St. Jonathan ever has done
To rank with his calendar neighbors ?
Just listen a moment to one :

One day when a flash in the air
Split his meetinghouse fairly asunder,
Quoth Jonathan, " Now—I declare—
They're dreadfully careless with thunder !"
So he fastened a rod to the steeple ;
And now when the lightning comes round
He keeps it from building and people
By running it into the ground !

Reflecting, with pleasant emotion,
On the capital job he had done,
Quoth Jonathan, " I have a notion
Improvements have barely begun ;
If nothing's created in vain
(As ministers often inform us),
The lightning that's wasted, 'tis plain,
Is really something enormous !"

While ciphering over the thing,
At length he discovered a plan
To catch the Electrical King
And make him the servant of man !
And now, in an orderly way,
He flies on the fleetest of pinions,
And carries the news of the day
All over his master's dominions !

One morning while taking a stroll
He heard a lugubrious' cry,
Like the shriek of a suffering soul
In a hospital standing near by ;
Anon' such a terrible groan
Saluted St. Jonathan's ear,
That his bosom—which wasn't of stone—
Was melted with pity to hear.

That night he invented a charm
So potent that folks who employ it,
In losing a leg or an arm,
Don't suffer, but rather enjoy it !
A miracle, you must allow,
As good as the best of his brothers',
And blessed St. Jonathan now
Is patron of cripples and mothers.

There's many an excellent Saint :
St. George with his dragon and lance ;
St. Nicholas, so jolly and quaint ;
St. Vitus, the saint of the dance ;
St. Denis, the saint of the Gaul ;
St. Andrew, the saint of the Scot ;
But Jonathan, youngest of all,
Is the mightiest saint of the lot !

XXIV.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

BY ROBERT COLLYER.¹

CHARLES LAMB² died in 1834, as the year was closing, at Edmonton by London, a place known to you and me through the diverting history of John Gilpin.³ And, if we could have gone there in the fall of that year, the chances are we should have seen Mr. Lamb, as the neighbors called him, wandering along the lanes while the leaves were turning brown on the trees, and the mists were falling far and wide; for the splendid pillars of golden fire our maples rear against the azure here are not seen in the mother land, and if you had the maples⁴ there you would not have the azure in which ours are framed. . . .

A short and slender person you would have seen in those lanes, with what Thomas Hood⁵ called a pair of immaterial legs; a head of wonderful beauty, if you⁶ could see it bare, well set on the bent shoulders, with black curly hair in plenty, threaded through with gray; eyes of soft brown, like that you see in some gentle animals, but not quite of the same color—odd eyes, you would call them; and a face of the finest Hebrew type⁷ rather than the Saxon. “But who shall describe his face,” an old friend says, “or catch its quivering sweetness? Deep thought, shot through with humor, and lines of suffering wreathed with mirth.” He would be dressed in black, also, of an old fashion, though the time⁸ was when he favored a decent gray; and when a friend

asked him once why he wore such queer old clothes, he answered, very simply, "Because they are all I have, my boy."

He would have a dog with him, also ; a creature which answered, or rather did *not* answer, to the name of Dash, and would rush away wherever his wayward fancy led him, while he who should have been his master would stand still in deep dismay, calling to him, fearing he would get lost, and resolving to teach him better manners ; only when the rogue did return in an hour or so, his victim would be so glad he could not bear even to scold him, and so he had to send him away at last in sheer despair. So the gentle old man would walk about the lanes in those days, with Dash to torment him ; turn in, perhaps, to the Bell, where John Gilpin should have dined, for a glass of ale ; and then go home to the lodgings where he lived with his sister.

This sister depended on her brother so that he said very tenderly to her one day when he came home, "You must die first, Mary" ; and she answered, with a cheerful little laugh, "Yes, Charles, I must die first." But on a day not long after, as I make out, he fell, as he was walking alone, and was much bruised and shaken. He had said in a letter not long before, "God help me when I come to put off these snug relations, and get abroad in the world to come." And long before, "A new state of things staggers me. Sun, sky, and breeze, solitary walks and summer holidays, the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, society and its good cheer, candlelight and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities and jests, and irony itself—do we lose these with life? Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides? And you, my folios, must I part with you? Must knowledge come to me, if it comes at all, by some

awkward turn of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading? Shall I enjoy friendship there, wanting the smiles and the faces I know, and the sweet assurance of a look?"

So he lived, this gentle and most sensitive spirit, all his life subject to bondage and the fear of death, as we have known others live of his noble and delicate mold. But after he got his hurt he did not know what had befallen him, and was only dreaming pleasant dreams of old friends and of some little festival he had in his mind; and so he passed away, and did not see death, for God took him, while the sister who was to have gone first survived him almost twelve years.

He was born in London, as your fathers were blowing at the fires which flamed up at Lexington and Bunker's Hill.'

His father was a lawyer's clerk in the Temple,* where the boy passed the first seven years of his life close to the great tides that set in, as he tells us, from the east and west, in the very heart of the great city he came to love so well that he told Wordsworth* once his mountains and lakes might hang for all he cared, and, when at last he went to look at them, found he was composing his mind and staying his heart, not all on their glory and beauty, but on a famous ham and beef shop³⁵ he knew of in the Strand.

He has drawn a portrait of his father as a man of "an incorruptible and losing honesty," and not only clerk to the old lawyer, but his good servant, dresser, friend, guide, stop watch, and treasurer. The liveliest little fellow breathing, he says, with a face as gay as Garrick's;¹⁰ a man Izaak Walton would have loved to go with a-fishing," and clever with his hands though he was small. For once when he saw a man of quality, so called, insult-

ing a woman, and came to her rescue, and the brute drew his sword on him, the little fellow wrenched the sword out of his hand, and mauled him soundly with the hilt.

They were very poor, these Lambs; and the undercurrent of rumor, which may go for what it is worth, is that the children were neglected. But no word of this comes from Lamb, like those we have from another humorist, who shames himself and his genius by telling the story of his own hard lot as a child, and then draws the portrait of his father in Micawber" very much after the manner of one in the Scriptures who mocked at his father's weakness and shame. He went to a sort of charity school for his education, Christ's Hospital," so called, a place in those days, of the old brutal British type, where they never spared the rod to spoil the child; stayed there seven years, learning what they used to call the humanities. . . .

When Lamb was about fourteen, they could afford to keep him at school no longer; so he had to turn out, and help make the living, for the years had brought no release from the bitter pinch of poverty. There was a brother much older than Charles, who was doing well in the world and had only himself to care for; but he only cared for himself, being a man of fine tastes," and left the family to its doom. So the boy of fourteen found work to do and became presently the head of the household and its staff and stay. Then in the course of time he saw the maid he could dream of as his wife, and worship from afar until it should please God to open the way to his great desire. And then, when he was just coming of age, a great tragedy opened, and changed the whole plan and purpose of his life.

They were living in a poor little place, to which they

had moved for poverty's sake—the old father, who was passing into his second childhood, the mother, who was an invalid and helpless also, and the sister Mary, who was ten years older than Charles. Mary was so burdened with the care and sorrow of it all that one day, in a sudden fit of insanity, she clutched a knife, and before the brother could reach her stabbed her mother to the heart, wounded the poor old father also, and then was secured at a great risk of the brother's own life. It was insanity, the jury said at once at the inquest; and the family knew this better than the jury, for Lamb himself had been touched by it not long before, and shut up in an asylum. So Mary was sent there for her life, if it must be so, but it was found presently that these fits were fitful, coming and going with a certain premonition; and so she need not stay there, if those to whom she belonged would take her home and take care of her. The elder brother, who was thirty or so then, and well to do, with no one to care for still but himself, stood aloof. The youth rising towards twenty-one, and earning about a hundred pounds a year, stepped quietly to the front, and said: "I will take care of my sister. Let me have her home." And she came home; and the boy turned away from the shy, sweet dream of Alice, which had nestled in his heart, and took up the burden he was to bear for thirty-eight years to come, and wrote presently to a friend: "If Mary and the rest of us cannot live on what we have, we deserve to burn at a slow fire; and I almost would sooner do that than let her go back to the asylum." . . .

And twenty years after this, he says, speaking of Mary and himself: "We two house together, old bachelor and old maid, in a sort of double singleness; while I, for one, find no disposition to go out upon the mountains

with the King's rash offspring, to bewail my celibacy. And we agree very well, too; but once when I spoke to her in a kinder voice than usual, she burst into tears, and said I was much altered (for the worse). I read my old Burton," and she reads stories with plenty of life in them, good and bad. She hath also been much cast among freethinkers; but that which was good and venerable to her in her childhood she loves still, and will play no tricks with her understanding or her heart."

So it came to pass, when the old father and Hester,¹⁰ the servant, were dead, and they were left alone, that the cross would change now and then into a crown, and joy take the place of the deep sorrow, which indeed was hidden away by those who knew of it and loved them, and was never mentioned again until they were both¹¹ dead. Mary Lamb, also, was a woman of rare and beautiful gifts. Hazlitt¹² says she was the only woman he ever met who knew how to reason; but Hazlitt's experience of women was not fortunate. Wordsworth, with a finer ear, says, "I dwell not only on her genius,¹³ but on her rare delicacy and refinement." . . .

One who was Lamb's friend and is ours, sings:

"There is no music in the life
That sounds with empty laughter wholly;
There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in melancholy."

23

Well, this is the secret of the humor which scalds like tears. The wind was tempered to the shorn Lambs, but now and then it smote them very sore." Mary was never cured from that awful threat of insanity which went and came, while the shadow stayed always on their house and their life. So he could not leave her when he would take a holiday; it was so shameful, he said, to leave her, and go off and enjoy himself alone. So Mary

would pack her trunk, and go with him, and always packed her strait-waistcoat to be ready for what might happen. And if they were at home they knew when the shadows began to deepen; and, like those children in the story we have all wept over in our day," it would befall that

"When they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried."

Then the brother would busk" himself up bravely in his best, put on airs as of one who was on pleasure bent,¹⁰ and ask for a holiday; and I think they were delicate with him, and wise, and asked no questions. Then he would go home to Mary, and friends say they have met them stealing along by-paths towards the asylum, hand in hand, and weeping both of them, while Charles would¹¹ be carrying the strait-jacket, and sometimes Mary would urge him to a run on those small immaterial legs, for she was aware that it might be midnight madness in a few moments, and so they would come to the doors quite out of breath. Then Mary would get well again,¹² come home, and begin her housekeeping as if nothing had befallen. And in the Temple once, when they had taken rooms there, they lighted on a bit of rare good-fortune Lamb would enjoy above all men. It was a small place and cheap; and mousing round, they found¹³ a blind-door locked fast, managed to open the door, and then found some rooms beyond which nobody had ever heard of or suspected, took possession of these also, and so lived in great state, and were never able to pay any rent for them because they could not find any landlord¹⁴ to take it.

This is the story of Charles and Mary Lamb, until at last on a day we see the old man in the lanes of Edmon-
ton with his dog Dash . . . as grand and touching a

story—not as I tell it, but as the brother and sister lived it—as was ever written with a pen; the story of the boy and man

“ Whom neither shape of danger could dismay,
Nor dream of tender happiness betray ;
Who, doomed to walk in company with pain,
Turned the necessity to glorious gain.”

XXV.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.¹

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power. 10
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror ;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard ;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring ; 15
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king ;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris' ranged his Suliote' band, 20
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's' thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
In old Plataea's' day ; 25

And now, there breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires who conquered there,
 With arms to strike, and soul to dare
 As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on ; the Turk awoke ;
 That bright dream was his last ;
 He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
 "To arms ! They come—the Greek ! the Greek !"
 He woke to die 'midst flame and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,
 And death shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain cloud,
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band :
 "Strike, till the last armed foe expires !
 Strike, for your altars and your fires !
 Strike, for the green graves of your sires—
 God, and your native land !"

They fought, like brave men, long and well ;
 They piled the ground with Moslem^s slain ;
 They conquered, but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
 And the red field was won ;
 Then saw in death his eyelids close,
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Bozzaris ! with the storied brave^s
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee ! there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.

We tell thy doom without a sigh,
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's--
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

XXVI.

A TEMPEST AT SEA.

BY JOHN HUGHES.¹

AFTER a breeze of some sixty hours from the north and northwest, the wind died away about four o'clock yesterday afternoon. The calm continued until about nine o'clock in the evening. The mercury in the barometer fell, in the meantime, at an extraordinary rate; and the captain predicted that we should encounter a ¹⁰ gale from the southeast. I did not hear the prediction, or I should not have gone to bed. The gale came on, however, at about eleven o'clock; not violent at first, but increasing every moment. I slept soundly until after five in the morning, and then awoke with a confused recollection of a good deal of rolling and thumping through the night, which was occasioned by the dashing of the waves against the ship.

There was an unusual trampling and shouting, or rather screaming, on deck, and soon after a crash upon the cabin floor, followed by one of the most unearthly screams I ever heard. The passengers, taking the alarm, sprang from their berths, and without stopping to dress, ran about asking questions without waiting for or receiving any answers. Hurrying on my clothes, I found that the shriek proceeded from the second steward, who

had, by a lurch of the ship, been thrown in his sleep from his sofa, some six feet to the cabin floor.

By this time I found such of the passengers as could stand, at the doors of the hurricane house, "holding on," and looking out in the utmost consternation. This, I exclaimed mentally, is what I wanted, but I did not expect it so soon. It was still quite dark. Four of the sails were already in ribbons. The winds whistled through the cordage; the rain dashed furiously and in torrents; the noise and spray were scarcely less than I found them under the great sheet at Niagara. And in the midst of all this, the captain with his speaking trumpet, the officers, and the sailors, screaming to each other in efforts to be heard, and mingling their oaths and curses with the angry voice of the tempest—this, all this, in the darkness which precedes the dawning of the day, and with the fury of the hurricane, combined to form as much of the *terribly* sublime as I ever wish to witness concentrated in one scene.

The passengers, though silent, were filled with apprehension. What the extent of danger, and how all this would terminate, were questions which arose in my own mind, although unconscious of fear or trepidation. But to such questions there were no answers, for this knowledge resides only with Him who "guides the storm and directs the whirlwind." We had encountered, however, as yet only the commencement of a gale, whose terrors had been heightened by its suddenness, by the darkness, and by the confusion. It continued to blow furiously for twenty-four hours; so that during the whole day I enjoyed a view which, apart from its dangers, would be worth a voyage across the Atlantic.

The ship was driven madly through the raging waters, and even when it was impossible to walk the decks

without imminent risk of being lifted up and carried away by the winds, the poor sailors were kept aloft, tossing and swinging about the yards and in the tops, clinging by their bodies, feet, and arms, with mysterious tenacity, to the spars, while their hands were employed in taking in and securing sail. On deck, the officers and men made themselves safe by ropes; but how the gallant fellows aloft kept from being blown out of the rigging was equally a matter of wonder and admiration. However, at about seven o'clock they had taken in what canvas had not been blown away, except the sails by means of which the vessel is kept steady. At nine o'clock the hurricane had acquired its full force. There was now no more work to be done. The ship lay to, and those who had her in charge only remained on deck to be prepared for whatever disaster might occur. The breakfast hour came and passed, unheeded by most of the passengers; though I found my own appetite quite equal to the spare allowance of a fast day.

By this time the sea was rolling up its tremendous waves; and that I might not lose the grandeur of such a view, I fortified myself against the rain and spray in winter overcoat and cork-soled boots, and, in spite of the fierceness of the gale, planted myself in a position favorable for a survey of all around me, and in safety, so long as the ship's strong works might hold together. I had often seen paintings of a storm at sea, but here was the original. These imitations are often graphic and faithful, so far as they go. But they are necessarily deficient in accompaniments which painting cannot supply, and are therefore feeble and ineffective.

You have upon canvas the ship and the sea, but as they come from the hands of the artist, so they remain. The universal *motion* of both are thus arrested and made

stationary. There is no subject in which the pencil of the painter acknowledges more its indebtedness to the imagination than in its attempts to delineate the sea storm. But even could the attempt be successful, so far as the eye is concerned, there would still be wanting the rushing of the hurricane, the groaning of the masts and yards, the quick, shrill rattling of the cordage, and the ponderous dashing of the uplifted deep. All these were numbered among the advantages of my position, as, firmly planted, I opened eyes and ears, heart¹⁰ and soul, to the beautiful frightfulness of the tempest around and the ocean above me.

At this time the hurricane was supposed to be at the top of its fury, and it seemed to me quite impossible for winds to blow more violently. Our noble ship had been¹⁵ reduced in the scale of proportion by this sudden transformation of the elements, into dimensions apparently insignificant. She had become a mere boat to be lifted up and dashed down by the caprice of wave after wave.

The weather, especially along the surface of the sea,²⁰ was so thick and hazy that you could not see more than a mile in any direction. But within that horizon the spectacle was one of majesty and power. Within that circumference there were mountains and plains, the alternate rising and sinking of which seemed like²⁵ the action of some volcanic power beneath. You saw immense masses of uplifted waters emerging from the darkness on one side, and rushing and tumbling across the valleys that remained after the passage of their predecessors, until, like them, they rolled away into³⁰ similar darkness on the other side. These waves were not numerous, nor rapid in their movements; but in massiveness and elevation they were the legitimate offspring of a true tempest.

It was their elevation that imparted the beautifully pale and transparent green to the billows, from the summit of which the toppling white foam spilled itself over and came falling down towards you with the dash of a cataract. Not less magnificent than the waves themselves were the varying dimensions of the valleys that remained between them. You would expect to see these ocean plains enjoying, as it were, a moment of repose, but during the hurricane's frenzy this was not the case. Their waters had lost for a moment the onward motion of the billows, but they were far from being at rest. They preserved the green hues and foamy scarfs of the mighty insurgents that had passed over them.

The angry aspect that they presented to the eye that gazed, almost vertically, upon their boiling eddies, wheeling about in swift currents, with surface glowing and hissing as if in contact with heated iron; all this showed that their depths were not unvisited by the tempest, but that its spirit had descended beneath the billows to heave them up presently in all the rushing, convulsive violence of the general commotion. Both mountain and plain of the infuriated waters were covered with the white foam of the water against which the winds first struck, and which, from high points, was lifted up into spray; but in all other places, was hurled along with the intense rapidity of its motion, until the whole prospect, on the lee side of the ship, seemed one field of drifting snow, dashed along furiously to its dark borders by the howling storm.

In the mean time our ship gathered herself up into the compactness and buoyancy of a duck—and except the feathers that had been plucked from her wings before she had time to fold her pinions—she rode out of the storm without damage, and in triumph. It was not the

least remarkable, and by far the most comfortable circumstance in this combination of all that is grand and terrible, that, furious as were the winds, towering and threatening as were the billows, our glorious bark preserved her equilibrium against the fury of the one, and her buoyancy in despite of the alternate precipice and avalanche of the other.

True it is, she was made to whistle through her cordage, to creak and moan through all her timbers, even to her masts. True it is, she was made to plunge and rear,¹⁰ to tremble and reel and stagger; still she continued to scale the watery mountain, and ride on its very summit, until, as it rolled onward from beneath her, she descended gently on her pathway, ready to triumph again and again over each succeeding wave. At such a moment it was a matter of profound deliberation which most to admire, the majesty of God exhibited in the winds and waves, or his goodness and wisdom in enabling his creatures to contend with and overcome the elements even in the fierceness of their anger! To cast one's eyes abroad in the scene that surrounds me at this moment, and to think man should have said to himself, "I will build myself an ark in the midst of you, and ye shall not prevent my passage—nay, ye indomitable waves shall bear me up; and ye winds shall waft me onward!" And yet there we were in the fullness of this fearful experiment!

I had never believed it possible for a vessel to encounter such a hurricane without being dashed or torn to pieces, at least in all her masts and rigging; for I am persuaded that had the same tempest passed as furiously over a town, during the same length of time, it would have left scarcely a house standing. The yielding character of the element in which the vessel is launched is

the great secret of safety on such occasions. Hence, when gales occur on the wide ocean, there is but little danger; but when they drive you upon breakers on a lee shore, when the keel comes in contact with "the too solid earth," then it is impossible to escape shipwreck. I never experienced a sensation of fear on the ocean; but the tempest has increased my confidence tenfold, not only in the sea, but in the ship. It no longer surprises me that few vessels are lost at sea—for they and their element are made for each other. 10

XXVII.

THE BELL OF LIBERTY.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.¹

THE representatives of the people assembled in solemn conclave, and long and anxiously surveyed the perilous ground on which they were treading. To recede was now impossible; to go on seemed fraught with terrible consequences. The result of the long and fearful conflict that must follow was more than doubtful. For twenty days Congress was tossed on a sea of perplexity. At length Richard Henry Lee,² shaking off the fetters that galled his noble spirit, arose, on the 7th of June, and in a clear, deliberate tone, every accent of which rang to the farthest extremity of the silent hall, proposed the following resolution: "*Resolved*, That these United Colonies are, and ought to be, free and independent States, and all political connection between us and the States of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

John Adams,* in whose soul glowed the burning future, seconded the resolution in a speech so full of impassioned fervor, thrilling eloquence, and prophetic power that Congress was carried away before it, as by a resistless wave. The die was cast, and every man was now compelled to meet the issue. The resolution was finally deferred till the 1st of July, to allow a committee, appointed for that purpose, to draft a Declaration of Independence.

When the day arrived the Declaration was taken up and debated article by article. The discussion continued for three days, and was characterized by great excitement. At length, the various sections having been gone through with, the next day, July 4th, was appointed for action. It was soon known throughout the city; and in the morning, before Congress assembled, the streets were filled with excited men, some gathered in groups, engaged in eager discussion, and others moving towards the Statehouse. All business was forgotten in the momentous crisis which the country had now reached. No sooner had the members taken their seats than the multitude gathered in a dense mass around the entrance. The bellman mounted to the belfry, to be ready to proclaim the joyful tidings of freedom as soon as the final vote was passed. A bright-eyed boy was stationed below to give the signal. Around the bell, brought from England, had been cast, more than twenty years before, the prophetic motto:

“PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND UNTO ALL
THE INHABITANTS THEREOF.”

30

Although its loud clang had often sounded over the city, the proclamation engraved on its iron lip had never yet been spoken aloud.

It was expected that the final vote would be taken without delay; but hour after hour wore on, and no report came from the mysterious hall where the fate of a continent was in suspense. The multitude grew impatient; the old man leaned over the railing, straining his eye downward, till his heart misgave him and hope yielded to fear. But at length, about two o'clock, the door of the hall opened, and a voice exclaimed, "It has passed." The word leaped like lightning from lip to lip, followed by huzzas that shook the building. The boy-sentinel turned to the belfry, clapped his hands, and shouted, "Ring! ring!" The desponding bellman, electrified into life by the joyful news, seized the iron tongue, and hurled it backward and forward with a clang that startled every heart in Philadelphia like a bugle blast. "Clang! clang!" the bell of Liberty resounded on higher and clearer and more joyous, blending in its deep and thrilling vibrations, and proclaiming in loud and long accents over all the land, the motto that encircled it.

Glad messengers caught the tidings as they floated out on the air, and sped off in every direction to bear them onward. When they reached New York the bells rang out the glorious news, and the excited multitude, surging hither and thither, at length gathered around the Bowling Green, and seizing the leaden statue of George III., which stood there, tore it in fragments. These were afterwards run into bullets, and hurled against his Majesty's troops. When the Declaration arrived in Boston, the people gathered to old Faneuil Hall to hear it read; and as the last sentence fell from the lips of the reader, a loud shout went up, and soon from every fortified height and every battery the thunder of cannon reëchoed the joy.

XXVIII.

PREDICTIONS CONCERNING FOURTH OF JULY.*

BY JOHN ADAMS.¹*(Extract from a letter to Mrs. Adams.)*

PHILADELPHIA, July 3, 1776.

HAD a declaration of independence been made seven months ago, it would have been attended with many great and glorious effects. We might, before this hour, have formed alliance with foreign States. We should have mastered Quebec, and been in possession of Canada. s

You will, perhaps, wonder how such a declaration would have influenced our affairs in Canada; but, if I could write with freedom, I could easily convince you that it would, and explain to you the manner how. Many gentlemen in high stations, and of great influence, 10 have been duped, by the ministerial bubble of commissioners, to treat; and in real, sincere expectation of this event, which they so fondly wished, they have been slow and languid in promoting measures for the reduction of that province. Others there are in the colonies 15 who really wished that our enterprise in Canada would be defeated; that the colonies might be brought into danger and distress between two fires, and be thus induced to submit. Others really wished to defeat the expedition to Canada, lest the conquest of it should ele- 20

* July 2d the vote was taken upon the question of independence, and nine of the colonies voted for the resolution.

vate the minds of the people too much to hearken to those terms of reconciliation which they believed would be offered us. These jarring views, wishes, and designs occasioned an opposition to many salutary measures which were proposed for the support of that expedition, and caused obstructions, embarrassments, and studied delays which have finally lost us the province.

All these causes, however, in conjunction, would not have disappointed us, if it had not been for a misfortune which could not have been foreseen, and perhaps could not have been prevented—I mean the prevalence of the smallpox among our troops. This fatal pestilence completed our destruction. It is a frown of Providence upon us, which we ought to lay to heart.

But, on the other hand, the delay of this declaration to this time has many great advantages attending it. The hopes of reconciliation which were fondly entertained by multitudes of honest and well-meaning, though shortsighted and mistaken people, have been gradually, and at last totally, extinguished. Time has been given for the whole people maturely to consider the great question of independence, and to ripen their judgment, dissipate their fears, and allure their hopes, by discussing it in newspapers and pamphlets—by debating it in assemblies, conventions, committees of safety and inspection—in town and county meetings, as well as in private conversations! so that the whole people, in every colony, have now adopted it as their own act. This will cement the union, and avoid those heats, and perhaps convulsions, which might have been occasioned by such a declaration six months ago.

But the day is past. The second day of July, 1776, will be a memorable epocha' in the history of America. I am apt' to believe that it will be celebrated by succeed-

ing generations, as the great Anniversary Festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward forever.

You may think me transported with enthusiasm ; but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this declaration, and support and defend these States. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of light and glory ; I can see that the end is more than worth all the means, and that posterity will triumph, although you and I may rue, which I hope we shall not.

XXIX.

ABSALOM.

BY N. P. WILLIS.¹

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low 15
 On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
 Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
 Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
 The reeds bent down the stream ; the willow leaves,
 With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide, 20
 Forgot the lifting winds ; and the long stems,
 Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
 Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
 And leaned in graceful attitudes to rest.
 How strikingly the course of nature tells, 25
 By its light heed of human suffering,
 That it was fashioned for a happier world !

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem;* and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest,
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh, when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor, common words of courtesy
Are such an empty mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He prayed for Israel; and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
Whose love had been his shield; and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But oh! for Absalom—
For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
The proud, bright being who had burst away
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him—for him he poured,
In agony that would not be controlled,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness. . . .

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave; and as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair^a was yet unshorn, and silken curls

Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
 To the admitted air, as glossy now
 As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
 The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.
 His helm was at his feet; his banner, soiled
 With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
 Reversed, beside him; and the jeweled hilt,
 Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
 Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.
 The soldiers of the King trod to and fro,
 Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
 The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
 And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
 As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
 A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
 As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
 Of David entered, and he gave command,
 In a low tone, to his few followers,
 And left him with his dead. The King stood still
 Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
 The sackcloth* from his brow, and laying back
 The pall from the still features of his child,
 He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
 In the resistless eloquence of woe:

"Alas, my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!
 Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
 That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
 And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
 How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
 My proud boy, Absalom?

"Cold is thy brow, my son, and I am chill
 As to my bosom I have tried to press thee!

How I was wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet '*My father!*' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung—
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!"

"And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!"

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;
And thy dark sin! Oh, I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

XXX.

HORSESHOE ROBINSON'S RUSE.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

BY JOHN P. KENNEDY.¹

ON the morning that succeeded the night in which Horseshoe Robinson² arrived at Musgrove's, the stout and honest sergeant³ might have been seen, about eight o'clock, leaving the main road from Ninety Six⁴ at the point where that leading to David Ramsay's separated from it, and cautiously urging his way into the deep forest by the more private path into which he had entered. The knowledge that Innis was encamped along the Ennoree,⁵ within a short distance of the mill, had compelled him to make an extensive circuit to reach Ramsay's dwelling, whither he was now bent; and he had experienced considerable delay in his morning journey, by finding himself frequently in the neighborhood of small foraging parties of Tories,⁶ whose motions he was obliged to watch for fear of an encounter. He had once already been compelled to use his horse's heels in what he called "fair flight," and once to ensconce⁷ himself a full half-hour under cover of the thicket afforded him by a swamp. He now, therefore, according to his own phrase, "dived into the little road that scrambled⁸ down through the woods towards Ramsay's, with all his eyes about him, looking out as sharply as a fox on a foggy morning," and, with this circumspection, he was not long in arriving within view of Ramsay's house. Like a practiced soldier, whom frequent frays have⁹

taught wisdom, he resolved to reconnoiter before he advanced upon a post that might be in possession of an enemy. He therefore dismounted, fastened his horse in a fence corner, where a field of corn concealed him from notice, and then stealthily crept forward until he came immediately behind one of the outhouses.

The barking of a house dog brought out a negro boy, to whom Robinson instantly addressed the query :

"Is your master at home?"

"No, sir. He's got his horse, and gone off more than an hour ago."

"Where is your mistress?"

"Shelling beans, sir."

"I didn't ask you," said the sergeant, "what she is doing, but where she is."

"In course, she is in the house, sir," replied the negro, with a grin.

"Any strangers there?"

"There was plenty of 'em a little while ago, but they've been gone a good while."

Robinson, having thus satisfied himself as to the safety of his visit, directed the boy to take his horse and lead him up to the door. He then entered the dwelling.

"Mrs. Ramsay," said he, walking up to the dame, who was occupied at a table, with a large trencher before her, in which she was plying that household thrift which the negro described, "luck to you, ma'am, and all your house!"

"Good luck, Mr. Horseshoe Robinson!" exclaimed the matron, offering the sergeant her hand. "What has brought you here? What news? Who are with you?"

"I am alone," said Robinson, as he took off his hat and shook the water from it; "it has just begun to rain, and it looks as if it was going to give us enough of it."

You don't mind doing a little dinner-work of a Sunday, I see: shelling of beans, I suppose, is tantamount⁹ to dragging a sheep out of a pond, as the preachers allow on the Sabbath—ha, ha! Where's Davy!"

"He's gone over to the meetinghouse on Ennoree,⁸ hoping to hear something of the army at Camden."¹⁰ Perhaps you can tell us the news from that quarter?"

"Faith, that's a mistake, Mrs. Ramsay. Though at this present speaking I command the flying artillery. We have but one man in the corps—and that's myself;¹¹ and all the guns we have is this piece of ordnance that hangs in this old belt by my side" (pointing to his sword), "and that I captured from the enemy at Blackstock's. I was hoping I might find John Ramsay at home: I have need of him as a recruit."¹²

"Ah, Mr. Robinson, John has a heavy life of it over there with Sumter." We thought that he might have been here to-day; yet I am glad he didn't come, for he would have been certain to get into trouble. Who should come in this morning, just after my husband had¹³ cleverly got away on his horse, but a young ensign that belongs to Ninety Six, and four great Scotchmen with him, all in red coats; they had been out thieving, I warrant, and were now going home again. And who but they! Here they were, swaggering all about my house,¹⁴ and calling for this and calling for that, as if they owned the fee simple of everything on the plantation. And it made my blood rise, Mr. Horseshoe, to see them run out in the yard and catch up my chickens and ducks and kill as many as they could string about them, and I¹⁵ not daring to say a word: though I did give them a piece of my mind, too."

"Who is at home with you?" inquired the sergeant.

"Nobody but my youngest boy, Andrew," answered

the dame. "And then the toping rioters," she continued, exalting her voice.

"What arms have you in the house?" asked Robinson, without heeding the dame's rising anger.

"We have a rifle, and a horseman's pistol that belongs to John. They must call for drink, too, and turn my house, of a Sunday morning, into a tavern—"

"They took the route towards Ninety Six, you said, Mrs. Ramsay?"

"Yes, they went straight forward upon the road. But, look you, Mr. Horseshoe, you're not thinking of going after them?"

"Isn't there an old field, about a mile from this, on that road?" inquired the sergeant, still intent upon his own thoughts. 15

"There is," replied the dame, "with the old school-house upon it."

"A lopsided, rickety log cabin in the middle of the field. Am I right, good woman?"

"Yes." 20

"And nobody lives in it? It has no door to it?"

"There ha'n't been anybody in it these seven years."

"I know the place very well," said the sergeant, thoughtfully; "there is woods just on this side of it."

"That's true," replied the dame. "But what is it you are thinking about, Mr. Robinson?"

"How long before this rain began was it that they quitted this house?"

"Not above fifteen minutes."

"Mrs. Ramsay, bring me the rifle and pistol, both—and the powderhorn and bullets." 21

"As you say, Mr. Horseshoe," answered the dame, as she turned round to leave the room; "but I am sure I can't suspicion what you mean to do."

In a few moments the woman returned with the weapons, and gave them to the sergeant.

"Where is Andy?" asked Horseshoe.

The hostess went to the door and called her son; and almost immediately afterwards a sturdy boy, of about twelve or fourteen years of age, entered the apartment, his clothes dripping with rain. He modestly and shyly seated himself on a chair near the door, with his soaked hat flapping down over a face full of freckles, and not less rife with the expression of an open, dauntless hardihood of character.

"How would you like a scrummage," Andy, with them Scotchmen that stole your mother's chickens this morning?" asked Horseshoe.

"I'm agreed," replied the boy, "if you will tell me what to do."

"You are not going to take the boy out on any of your desperate projects, Mr. Horseshoe?" said the mother, with the tears starting instantly into her eyes. "You wouldn't take such a child as that into danger?"

"Bless your soul, Mrs. Ramsay, there isn't any danger about it! It's a thing that is either done at a blow, or not done; and there's an end of it. I want the lad only to bring home the prisoners for me, after I have taken them."

"Ah, Mr. Robinson, I have one son already in these wars—God protect him—and you men don't know how a mother's heart yearns for her children in these times. I cannot give another," she added, as she threw her arms over the shoulders of the youth and drew him to her bosom.

"Oh, it isn't anything," said Andrew, in a sprightly tone. "It's only snapping of a pistol, mother. Pooh! If I'm not afraid, you oughtn't to be."

"I give you my honor, Mrs. Ramsay," said Robinson, "that I will bring or send your son safe back in one hour, and that he sha'n't be put in any sort of danger whatsoever. Come, that's a good woman!"

"You are not deceiving me, Mr. Robinson?" asked the matron, wiping away a tear. "You wouldn't mock the sufferings of a weak woman in such a thing as this?"

"On the honesty of a soldier, ma'am," replied Horseshoe, "the lad shall be in no danger, as I said before—whatsoever." 11

"Then I will say no more," answered the mother. "But, Andy, my child, be sure to let Mr. Robinson keep before you."

Horseshoe now loaded the firearms, and, having¹⁵ slung the pouch across his body, he put the pistol into the hands of the boy; then, shouldering his rifle, he and his young ally left the room. . . .

"Now, Andy, my lad," said Horseshoe, after he had mounted his horse, "you must get up behind me. Turn²⁰ the lock of your pistol down," he continued, as the boy sprang upon the horse's back, "and cover it with the flap of your jacket, to keep the rain off. It won't do to hang fire at such a time as this."

The lad did as he was directed, and Horseshoe, hav-²⁵ing secured his rifle in the same way, put his horse up to a gallop and took the road in the direction that had been pursued by the soldiers.

As soon as our adventurers had gained a wood, at the distance of about half a mile, the sergeant relaxed his³⁰ speed and advanced at a pace a little above a walk.

"Andy," he said, "we have rather a ticklish sort of a job before us; so I must give you your lesson, which you will understand better by knowing something of

my plan. As soon as your mother told me that these villains had left her house about fifteen minutes before the rain came on, and that they had gone along upon this road, I remembered the old field up here and the little log hut in the middle of it; and it was natural to suppose that they had just got about near that hut when this rain came up; and then it was the most supposable case in the world that they would naturally go into it, as the driest place they could find. So now you see it's my calculation that the whole batch is there at this very point of time. We will go slowly along until we get to the other end of this wood, in sight of the old field; and then, if there is no one on the lookout, we will open our first trench; you know what that means, Andy?"

"It means, I suppose, that we'll go right at them," replied Andrew.

"Exactly," said the sergeant. "But listen to me. Just at the edge of the woods you will have to get down and put yourself behind a tree. I'll ride forward, as if I had a whole troop at my heels; and if I catch them, as I expect, they will have a little fire kindled, and, as likely as not, they'll be cooking some of your mother's fowls."

"Yes, I understand," said the boy, eagerly.

"No, you don't," replied Horseshoe; "but you will when you hear what I am going to say. If I get at them unawares they'll be very apt to think they are surrounded, and will bellow like fine fellows for quarters. And thereupon, Andy, I'll cry out, 'Stand fast!' as if I were speaking to my own men; and when you hear that, you must come up at once—because it will be a signal to you that the enemy has surrendered. Then it will be your business to run into the house and bring out the muskets as quick as a rat runs through a kitchen;

and when you have done that—why, all's done. But if you should hear any popping of firearms—that is, more than one shot, which I may chance to let off—do you take that for a bad sign, and get away as fast as you can heel it. You comprehend?"

"Oh yes," replied the lad, "and I'll do what you want—and more too, maybe, Mr. Robinson."

"*Captain* Robinson, remember, Andy: you must call me captain, in the hearing of these Scotchmen."

"I'll not forget that, neither," answered Andrew.

By the time that these instructions were fully impressed upon the boy, our adventurous forlorn hope, as it may fitly be called, had arrived at the place which Horseshoe had designated for the commencement of active operations. They had a clear view of the old field, and it afforded them a strong assurance that the enemy was exactly where they wished him to be when they discovered smoke arising from the chimney of the hovel. Andrew was soon posted behind a tree, and Robinson only tarried a moment to make the boy repeat the signals agreed on, in order to ascertain that he had them correctly in his memory. Being satisfied from this experiment that the intelligence of his young companion might be depended upon, he galloped across the intervening space, and in a few seconds abruptly reined in his steed in the very doorway of the hut. The party within was gathered around a fire at the farther end; and in the corner near the door were four muskets thrown together against the wall. To spring from his saddle and thrust himself one pace inside of the door was a movement which the sergeant executed in an instant, shouting at the same time:

"Halt! File off right and left to both sides of the house, and wait orders. I demand the surrender of all

here," he said, as he planted himself between the party and their weapons. "I will shoot down the first man who moves a foot."

"Leap to your arms!" cried the young officer who commanded the little party inside of the house. "Why do you stand?"

"I don't want to do you or your men any harm, young man," said Robinson, as he brought his rifle to a level, "but I will not leave one of you to be put upon a muster roll if you raise a hand at this moment!" 10

Both parties now stood for a brief space eying each other, in a fearful suspense, during which there was an expression of doubt and irresolution visible on the countenances of the soldiers as they surveyed the broad proportions and met the stern glance of the sergeant; 15 while the delay, also, began to raise an apprehension in the mind of Robinson that his stratagem would be discovered.

"Shall I let loose upon them, captain?" said Andrew Ramsay, now appearing, most unexpectedly to Robinson, 20 at the door of the hut. "Come on, boys!" he shouted, as he turned his face towards the field.

"Keep them outside of the door. Stand fast!" cried the doughty sergeant, with admirable promptitude, in the new and sudden posture of his affairs caused by 25 this opportune appearance of the boy. "Sir, you see that it's not worth while fighting five to one; so take my advice, and surrender to the Continental Congress and this scrap of its army which I command."

During this appeal the sergeant was ably seconded 30 by the lad outside, who was calling out first on one name and then on another, as if in the presence of a troop. The officer within, believing the forbearance of Robinson to be real, at length said :

"Lower your rifle, sir. In the presence of a superior force, taken by surprise and without arms, it is my duty to save bloodshed. With the promise of fair usage and the rights of prisoners of war, I surrender this little foraging party under my command."

"I'll make the terms agreeable," replied the sergeant. "Never doubt me, sir. Right-hand file, advance, and receive the arms of the prisoners!"

"I'm here, captain," said Andrew, in a conceited tone, as if it were a mere occasion of merriment; and the lad¹⁰ quickly entered the house and secured the weapons, retreating with them some paces from the door.

"Now, sir," said Horseshoe to the ensign, "your sword, and whatever else you may have about you of the ammunitions^o of war!"¹¹

The officer delivered up his sword and a pair of pocket pistols.

As Horseshoe received these tokens of victory, he asked, with a lambent smile, and what he intended to be an elegant and condescending composure, "Your name?¹²—if I may take the freedom."

"Ensign St. Jermyn, of his Majesty's Seventy-first Regiment of Light Infantry."

"Ensign, your servant," added Horseshoe, still preserving this unusual exhibition of politeness. "You¹³ have defended your post like an old soldier, although you haven't much beard on your chin; but seeing you have given up, you shall be treated like a man who has done his duty. You will walk out now, and form yourselves in line at the door. I'll engage my men shall do¹⁴ you no harm."

When the little squad of prisoners submitted to this command, and came to the door, they were stricken with equal astonishment and mortification to find, in place of

the detachment of cavalry which they expected to see, nothing but a man, a boy, and a horse. Their first emotions were expressed in curses, which were even succeeded by laughter from one or two of the number. There seemed to be a disposition, on the part of some, to resist the authority that now controlled them, and sundry glances were exchanged which indicated a purpose to turn upon their captors. The sergeant no sooner perceived this than he halted, raised his rifle to his breast, and at the same instant gave Andrew Ramsay¹⁰ an order to retire a few paces and to fire one of the captured pieces at the first man who opened his lips.

"By my hand," he said, "if I find any trouble in taking you, all five, safe away from this house, I will thin your numbers with your own muskets! And that's as good as if I had sworn to it."

"You have my word, sir," said the ensign. "Lead on."

"By your leave, my pretty gentleman, you will lead, and I'll follow," replied Horseshoe. "It may be a new¹¹ piece of drill to you, but the custom is to give the prisoners the post of honor."

Finding the conqueror determined to execute summary martial law upon the first who should mutiny, the prisoners submitted, and marched in double file from¹² the hut back towards Ramsay's—followed by Horseshoe and his gallant young auxiliary, Andrew.

"Well, I have brought you your ducks and chickens back, mistress," said the sergeant, as he halted the prisoners at the door, "and, what's more, I have brought¹³ home a young soldier that's worth his weight in gold."

"Heaven bless my child! my boy, my brave boy!" cried the mother, seizing the lad in her arms, and unheeding anything else in the present perturbation of her

feelings. "I feared ill would come of it; but Heaven has preserved him. Did he behave handsomely; Mr. Robinson? But I am sure he did."

"A little more venturesome, ma'am than I wanted him to be," replied Horseshoe. "But he did excellent service. These are his prisoners, Mrs. Ramsay; I should never have taken them if it hadn't been for Andy. Show me another boy in America that's made more prisoners than there were men to fight them with—that's all!"

10

XXXI.

ON THE BANKS OF THE TENNESSEE.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.¹

I sit by the open window,
And look to the hills away,
Over beautiful undulations
That glow with the flowers of May;
And as the lights and the shadows
With the passing moments change,
Comes many a scene of beauty
Within my vision's range.
But there is not one among them
That is half so dear to me
As an old log cabin I think of,
On the banks of the Tennessee.

15

20

Now up from the rolling meadows,
And down from the hilltops now,
Fresh breezes steal in at my window,
And sweetly fan my brow;

25

And the sounds that they gather and bring me,
From rivulet, meadow, and hill,
Come in with a touching cadence,
And my throbbing bosom fill;
But the dearest thoughts thus wakened,
And in tears brought back to me,
Cluster 'round that old log cabin
On the banks of the Tennessee.

To many a fond remembrance
My thoughts are backward cast, 10
As I sit by the open window
And recall the faded past;
For all along the windings
Of the ever-moving years
Lie wrecks of hope and of purpose, 15
That I now behold through tears;
And, of all of them, the saddest
That is thus brought back to me
Makes holy that old log cabin
On the banks of the Tennessee. 20

Glad voices now greet me daily,
Sweet faces I oft behold,
Yet I sit by the open window,
And dream of the times of old—
Of a voice that on earth is silent, 25
Of a face that is seen no more,
Of a spirit that faltered not ever
In the struggles of days now o'er;
And a beautiful grave comes pictured
For ever and ever to me, 30
From a knoll near that old log cabin
On the banks of the Tennessee.

XXXII.

AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

BY ISAAC I. HAYES.¹

DURING the absence of the captain and myself from the vessel the artists had not been idle. They had landed near the glacier, and with brush and camera² had begun their work. The day was warm, the mercury rising to 68° in the shade, and the sun, coming around to the south, blazed upon the cold, icy wall. This must have produced some difference of temperature between the ice touched by the solar rays and that of the interior, which was in all probability several degrees below the freezing point, for towards noon there was an incessant crackling along the entire front of ice. Small pieces were split off with explosive violence, and, falling to the sea, produced a fine effect as the spray and water spurted from the spot where they struck. Scarcely an instant passed without a disturbance occurring of this kind. It was like a fusillade of artillery.³ Now and then a mass of considerable size would break loose, producing an impression upon both eye and ear that was very startling.

By one o'clock everybody had come on board to dinner, and for a while we all stood on deck watching the spectacle and noting the changes that took place with interest. It was observed, among other curious phenomena, that when the ice broke off the fractured surface was deep blue, and that if any ice, as sometimes happened, came up from beneath the water, it bore the

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Gothic' spires, more or less symmetrical, gave it the appearance of a vast cathedral, fashioned by the hands of man. At the base of these spires there were several pointed arches, some of them almost perfect in form, which still further strengthened the illusion that they might be of human and not of natural creation. At the extreme point there was one spire that stood out quite detached, almost from the water's edge to its summit. This could not have been much less than two hundred feet high. ¹⁰

I had passed very near this while crossing over in the boat, and the front of it appeared to extend vertically down to the bottom. In the clear green water (for the muddy water of the southern side did not reach over so far) I could trace it a long way into the sea. I had little idea then how treacherous an object it was, or I would not have ventured so near, for I was not more than a boat's length from it.

The last and loudest report, as above mentioned, came from this wonderful spire, which was sinking down. It seemed, indeed, as if the foundations of the earth were giving way, and that the spire was descending into the yawning depths below. The effect was magnificent. It did not topple over and fall headlong, but went down bodily, and in doing so crumbled into numberless pieces. The process was not instantaneous, but lasted for the space of at least a quarter of a minute. It broke up as if it were composed of scales, the fastenings of which had given way, layer after layer, until the very core was reached and there was nothing left of it. But we could not witness this process of disintegration in detail after the first few moments, for the whole glacier almost to its summit became enveloped in spray—a semi-transparent cloud through which the crumbling of the ice could

be faintly seen. Shouts of admiration and astonishment burst from the ship's company. The greatest danger would scarcely have been sufficient to withdraw the eye from the fascinating spectacle. But when the summit of the spire began to sink away amid the great white mass of foam and mist, into which it finally disappeared, the enthusiasm was unbounded.

By this time, however, other portions of the glacier were undergoing a similar transformation, influenced, no doubt, by the shock which had been communicated by this first disruption. Other spires, less perfect in their forms, disappeared in the same manner, and great scales peeling from the glacier in various places fell into the sea with a prolonged crash, and followed by a loud hissing and crackling sound. Then, in the general confusion, all particular reports were swallowed up in one universal roar, which woke the echoes of the hills and spread consternation to the people on the *Panther's* deck.

This consternation increased with every moment; for the roar of the falling and crumbling ice was drowned in a peal, compared to which the loudest thunder of the heavens would be but a feeble sound. It seemed as if the foundations of the earth, which had given way to admit the sinking ice, were now rent asunder, and the world seemed to tremble. From the commencement of the crumbling to this moment the increase of sound was steady and uninterrupted. It was like the wind, which, moaning through the trees before a storm, elevates its voice with its multiplying strength, and lays the forest low in the crash of the tempest.

The whole glacier about the place where these disturbances were occurring was enveloped in a cloud, which rose up over the glacier as one sees the mist

rising from the abyss below Niagara, and, receiving the rays of the sun, hold a rainbow fluttering above the vortex.*

While the fearful sound was peeling forth, I saw a blue mass rising through the cloud, at first slowly, then with a bound; and now, from out the foam and mist, a wave of vast proportions rolled away in a widening semicircle. I could watch the glacier no more. The instinct of self-preservation drove me to seize the first firm object I could lay my hands upon, and grasp it¹⁰ with all my strength. The wave came down upon us with the speed of the wind. The swell occasioned by an earthquake can alone compare with it in magnitude. It rolled beneath the *Panther*, lifted her upon its crest, and swept her towards the rocks. An instant more and¹¹ I was flat upon the deck, borne down by the stroke of falling water. The wave had broken on the abrupt shore, and, after touching the rocks with its crest a hundred feet above our heads, had curled backward, and, striking the ship with terrific force, had deluged the¹² decks. The *Panther* was driven within two fathoms of the shore, but she did not strike. Thank Heaven, our anchor held, or our ship would have been knocked to pieces, or landed high and dry with the first great wave that rolled under us.

When it became evident that we were safe our thoughts naturally flew to our comrades on the shore. To our great joy, they too were safe; but they had not had time to clamber up the steep acclivity before the first wave had buried them. Flinging themselves flat¹³ upon the ground when they discovered that escape was hopeless, and clinging to each other and to the rocks, they prevented themselves from being carried off or seriously hurt. One had been lifted from his feet and

hurled with much force against a rock, but, excepting a few bruises, he was not injured, and with much fervor thanked Heaven that it was no worse. He had, indeed, abundant cause.

Had the party not been favored by the rocks, which were of such formation that they could readily spring up from ledge to ledge, they must all have perished. The wave, before it reached them, had expended much of its force. If they had been upon the beach and received the full force of the blow, they would inevitably have been killed outright or drowned in the undertow. Their implements—bottles, plates, everything—were either gone or were a perfect wreck. Fortunately their cameras were upon the hillside, and beyond the reach of the wave, where they had used them in the morning. The boat, also, was safe; she had been hauled out some distance from the shore, and by putting her head to the waves she rode in security.

I measured the iceberg afterwards and found its height above the surface of the water to be one hundred and forty feet, which, supposing the same proportions to continue all the way down, would give a total depth of eleven hundred and twenty feet, since the proportion of ice below to that above is as one to seven. Its circumference was almost a mile. The part which had been the top of the glacier had become the bottom of the iceberg. The fragment, when it broke off, had performed an entire half-revolution. Hence it was that no part of it was white. But as the day wore on the delicate hue which it first showed vanished, and before the berg finally disappeared down the fiord it wore the usual opaque white which distinguishes its older brothers who have drifted in Baffin's Bay for perhaps a score of years.

XXXIII.

THE SAVAGES OF NORTH AMERICA, 1784.

.BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.¹

SAVAGES² we call them, because their manners differ from ours, which we think the perfection of civility. They think the same of theirs. Perhaps if we could examine the manners of different nations with impartiality, we should find no people so rude as to be without any rules of politeness, nor any so polite as not to have some remains of rudeness.

The Indian men, when young, are hunters and warriors; when old, counselors; for all their government is by counsel of the sages; there is no force, there are¹⁰ no officers to compel obedience or inflict punishment. Hence, they generally study oratory—the best speaker having the most influence. The Indian women till the ground, dress the food, nurse and bring up the children, and preserve and hand down to posterity the memory¹⁵ of public transactions. The employments of men and women are accounted natural and honorable; having few artificial wants, they have abundance of leisure for improvement by conversation. Our laborious manner of life, compared with theirs, they esteem slavish and²⁰ base, and the learning on which we value ourselves they regard as frivolous and useless.

An instance of this occurred at the treaty of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, in 1744, between the Government of Virginia and the Six Nations.²⁵ After the principal business was settled, the commissioners from Virginia ac-

quainted the Indians by a speech that there was at Williamsburg^a a college, with a fund for educating youth; and that, if the Six Nations would send half a dozen of their young lads to that college, the Government would take care they should be well provided for, and instructed in all the learning of the white people. It is one of the rules of Indian politeness not to answer a public proposition on the same day that it is made; they think it would be treating it as a light matter, and that they should show it respect by taking time to consider as of a matter important. They therefore deferred their answer till the day following, when their speaker began by expressing their deep sense of the kindness of the Virginian Government in making them that offer. "For we know," said he, "that you highly esteem the kind of learning taught in those colleges, and that the maintenance of our young men with you would be very expensive to you. We are convinced, therefore, that you mean to do us good by your proposal, and we thank you heartily. But you, who are wise, must know that different nations have different conceptions of things, and you will therefore not take it amiss if our ideas of this kind of education happen not to be the same with yours. We have had some experience of it; several of our young people were formerly brought up at the colleges of the northern provinces; they were instructed in all your sciences, but when they came back to us they were bad runners, ignorant of every means of living in the woods, unable to bear either cold or hunger, knew neither how to build a cabin, take a deer, nor kill an enemy, spoke our language imperfectly, were therefore neither fit for hunters, warriors, nor counselors; they were totally fit for nothing. We are, therefore, not the less obliged by your kind offer, though we decline ac-

cepting it; and to show our grateful sense of it, if the gentlemen of Virginia will send us a dozen of their sons, we will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know, and *make men of them.*"

Having frequent occasions to hold public councils, they have acquired great order and decency in conducting them. The old men sit in the foremost ranks, the warriors in the next, and the women and children in the hindermost. The business of the women is to take exact notice of what passes, imprint it in their memories (for they have no writing) and communicate it to their children. They are the records of the council, and they preserve traditions of the stipulations in treaties one hundred years back, which, when we compare with our writings, we always find exact. He that would speak rises—the rest observe a profound silence. When he has finished and sits down, they leave him five or six minutes to recollect, that if he has omitted anything he intended to say, or has anything to add, he may rise again and deliver it. To interrupt another even in common conversation is reckoned highly indecent. How different this is from the conduct of a polite British House of Commons, where scarce a day passes without some confusion that makes the Speaker hoarse in calling to order! and how different from the mode of conversation in the polite companies of Europe, where, if you do not deliver your sentence with great rapidity, you are cut off in the middle of it by the impatient loquacity of those you converse with, and never suffered to finish it!

The politeness of these savages in conversation is indeed carried to excess, since it does not permit them to contradict or deny the truth of what is asserted in their presence. By this means they indeed avoid disputes; but then it becomes difficult to know their minds, or

what impression you make upon them. The missionaries who have attempted to convert them to Christianity all complain of this as one of the greatest difficulties of their mission. The Indians hear with patience the truths of the Gospel explained to them, and give their usual tokens of assent or approbation; you would think they were convinced. No such matter—it is mere civility.

When any of them come into our towns, our people are apt to crowd round them, gaze upon them, and incommode them where they desire to be private; this they esteem great rudeness, and the effect of want of instruction in the rules of civility and good manners. “We have,” say they, “as much curiosity as you, and when you come into our towns we wish for opportunities of looking at you; but for this purpose we hide ourselves behind bushes where you are to pass, and never intrude ourselves into your company.”

Their manner of entering one another's villages has likewise its rules. It is reckoned uncivil in traveling³⁰ for strangers to enter a village abruptly, without giving notice of their approach. Therefore, as soon as they arrive within hearing, they stop and halloo, remaining there till invited to enter. Two old men usually come out to them, and lead them in. There is, in every village, a vacant dwelling called the stranger's house. Here they are placed while the old men go round from hut to hut, acquainting the inhabitants that strangers are arrived, who are probably hungry and weary, and every one sends them what he can spare of victuals, and skins to repose on. When the strangers are refreshed, pipes and tobacco are brought; and then, not before, conversation begins, with inquiries who they are, whither bound, what news, etc.; and it usually ends with offers

of service, if the strangers have occasion for guides, or any necessities for continuing their journey; and nothing is exacted for the entertainment.

The same hospitality esteemed among them as a principal virtue is practiced by private persons, of which Conrad Weiser, our interpreter, gave me the following instance: He had been naturalized among the Six Nations, and spoke well the Mohawk language. In going through the Indian country, to carry a message from our governor to the council at Onondaga, he called at the habitation of Canasetego, an old acquaintance, who embraced him, spread furs for him to sit on, placed before him some boiled beans and venison, and mixed some rum and water for his drink. When he was well refreshed, and had lit his pipe, Canasetego began to converse with him; asked him how he had fared the many years since they had seen each other, whence he then came, what occasioned the journey, etc. Conrad answered all his questions, and when the discourse began to flag, the Indian, to continue it, said: "Conrad, you have lived long among the white people, and know something of their customs. I have been sometimes at Albany, and have observed that once in seven days they shut up their shops, and assemble all in the great house; tell me, what is it for?" "They meet there," said Conrad, "to hear and learn good things."

"I do not doubt," said the Indian, "that they tell you so. They have told me the same; but I doubt the truth of what they say; I will tell you my reasons. I went lately to Albany to sell some skins, and buy blankets, powder, rum, etc. You know I used generally to deal with Hans Hanson, but I was a little inclined this time to some other merchants. However, I called first upon Hans, and asked him what he would give for beaver.

He said he would not give more than four shillings a pound; 'but,' said he, 'I cannot talk business now; this is the day when we meet together to learn good things, and I am going to the meeting.' So I thought to myself, since we cannot do any business to-day, I may as well go to the meeting too; and I went with him. There stood up a man in black, and began to talk to the people very angrily. I did not understand what he said; but perceiving that he looked much at me and at Hanson, I imagined he was angry at seeing me there;¹⁰ so I went out, sat down near the house, struck fire, and lit my pipe, waiting till the meeting broke up. I thought too that the man had mentioned something of beaver, and I suspected it might be the subject of their meeting. So, when they came out, I accosted my merchant:¹⁵ 'Well, Hans,' said I, 'I hope you have agreed to give more than four shillings a pound!' 'No,' said he, 'I cannot give so much; I cannot give more than three shillings and sixpence.'

"I then spoke to several other dealers, but all sung²⁰ the same song—'three and sixpence, three and sixpence.' This made it clear to me that my suspicion was right; and that, whatever they pretend of meeting to learn good things, the real purpose is to consult how to cheat Indians in the price of beaver. Consider but a²⁵ little, Conrad, and you must be of my opinion. If they meet so often to learn good things, they would certainly have learned some before this time; but they are still ignorant. You know our practice; if a white man, in traveling through our country, enters one of our cabins,³⁰ we all treat him as I treat you: we dry him if he is wet, we warm him if he is cold, we give him meat and drink, that he may allay his thirst and hunger, and spread soft furs for him to rest and sleep on. We de-

mand nothing in return. But, if I go into a white man's house at Albany, and ask for victuals and drink, they say, 'Where is your money?' and if I have none, they say, 'Get out, you Indian dog!' You see they have not yet learned those little things that we need no meetings to be instructed in, because our mothers taught us when we were children."

XXXIV.

NOVEMBER.

BY ELIZABETH STODDARD.¹

Much have I spoken of the faded leaf;
Long have I listened to the wailing wind,
And watched it plowing through the heavy clouds; 10
For autumn charms my melancholy mind.

When autumn comes, the poets sing a dirge:
The year must perish; all the flowers are dead;
The sheaves are gathered; and the mottled quail
Runs in the stubble, but the lark has fled! 15

Still, autumn ushers in the Christmas cheer,
The holly berries and the ivy tree:
They weave a chaplet for the Old Year's heir;
These waiting mourners do not sing for me.

I find sweet peace in depths of autumn woods, 20
Where grow the ragged ferns and roughened moss;
The naked, silent trees have taught me this—
The loss of beauty is not always loss!

XXXV.

THE SNOWSTORM.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.¹

THE sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill, no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of lifeblood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snowstorm told.
The wind blew east: we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.
Meanwhile we did our nightly chores—
Brought in the wood from out-of-doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion' rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;

While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous' challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow: 10
And, ere the early bedtime came,
The white drift piled the window frame,
And through the glass the clothesline posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.
So all night long the storm roared on; 15
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule' traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake and pellicle,'
All day the hoary meteor' fell; 20
And when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or cornerib stood, 25
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;

The bridle post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well curb has a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.'

XXXVI.

A SNOWSTORM.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.¹

THAT is a striking line with which Emerson² opens his beautiful poem of the Snowstorm:

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight."¹⁰

One seems to see the clouds puffing their cheeks as they sound the charge of their white legions. But the line is more accurately descriptive of a rain-storm, as, in both summer and winter, rain is usually preceded by wind.¹⁵ Homer, describing a snowstorm in his time, says:

"The winds are lulled."³

The preparations of a snowstorm are, as a rule, gentle and quiet; a marked hush pervades both the earth and the sky. The movements of the celestial forces are²⁰ muffled, as if the snow already paved the way of their coming. There is no uproar, no clashing of arms, no blowing of wind trumpets. These soft, feathery, exquisite crystals are formed as if in the silence and pri-

vacy of the inner cloud-chambers. Rude winds would break the spell and mar the process. The clouds are smoother and slower in their movements, with less definite outlines than those which bring rain. In fact, everything is prophetic of the gentle and noiseless meteor, that is approaching, and of the stillness that is to succeed it, when "all the batteries of sound are spiked," as Lowell' says, and "we see the movements of life as a deaf man sees it—a mere wraith' of the clamorous existence that inflicts itself on our ears when the ground is bare." After the storm is fairly launched, the winds not infrequently awake, and seeing their opportunity, pipe the flakes a lively dance. I am speaking now of the typical, full-born midwinter storm that comes to us from the north or north northeast, and piles the landscape knee-deep with snow. Such a storm came to us the last day of January—the master-storm of the winter. Previous to that date we had had but light snow. The spruces had been able to catch it all upon their arms and keep a circle of bare ground beneath them, where the birds scratched. But the day following this fall they stood with their lower branches completely buried. If the Old Man of the North had but sent us his couriers and errand boys before. The old graybeard appeared himself at our doors on this occasion, and we were all his subjects. His flag was upon every tree and roof, his seal upon every door and window, and his embargo' upon every path and highway. He slipped down upon us, too, under the cover of such a bright, seraphic' day—a day that disarmed suspicion with all but the wise ones, a day without a cloud or a film, a gentle breeze from the west, a dry, bracing air, a blazing sun that brought out the bare ground under the lee of the fences and farm buildings, and at night a spotless moon near

her full. The next morning the sky reddened in the east, then became gray, heavy, and silent. A seamless cloud covered it. The smoke from the chimneys went up with a barely perceptible slant towards the north. In the forenoon the cedar birds, purple finches, yellow-birds, nuthatches, bluebirds, were in flocks or in couples and trios about the trees, more or less noisy and loquacious. About noon a thin white veil began to blur the distant southern mountains. It was like a white dream slowly descending upon them. The first flake or flake¹⁰ let that reached me was a mere white speck that came idly circling and eddying to the ground. I could not see it after it alighted. It might have been a scale from the feather of some passing bird, or a larger mote in the air that the stillness was allowing to settle. Yet it was¹¹ the altogether inaudible and infinitesimal trumpeter that announced the coming storm, the grain of sand that heralded the desert. Presently another fell, then another; the white mist was creeping up the river valley. How slowly and loiteringly it came, and how microscopic its first siftings!

This mill is bolting^a its flour very fine, you think. But wait a little; it gets coarser by and by; you begin to see the flakes; they increase in numbers and in size, and before one o'clock it is snowing steadily. The flakes¹¹ come straight down, but in a half-hour they have a marked slant towards the north; the wind is taking a hand in the game. By mid-afternoon the storm is coming in regular pulse beats or in vertical waves. The wind is not strong, but seems steady; the pines hum,¹¹ yet there is a sort of rhythmic throb in the meteor; the air towards the winds looks ribbed with steady-moving, vertical waves of snow. The impulses travel along like undulations in a vast suspended white curtain, imparted

by some invisible hand there in the northeast. As the day declines the storm waxes, the wind increases, and the snow-fall thickens, and

"The housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

A privacy which you feel outside as well as in. Out-of-doors you seem in a vast tent of snow; the distance is shut out, near-by objects are hidden; there are white curtains above you and white screens about you, and you feel housed and secluded in storm. Your friend leaves your door and he is wrapped away in white obscurity, caught up in a cloud, and his footsteps are obliterated. Travelers meet on the road and do not see or hear each other till they are face to face. The passing train, half a mile away, gives forth a mere wraith of sound. Its whistle is deadened as in a dense wood.

Still the storm rose. At five o'clock I went forth to face it in a two-mile walk. It was exhilarating in the extreme. The snow was lighter than chaff. It had been dried in the Arctic ovens to the last degree. The foot sped through it without hinderance. I fancied the grouse and quails quietly sitting down in the open places, and letting it drift over them. With head under wing and wing snugly folded, they would be softly and tenderly buried in a few moments. The mice and the squirrels were in their dens, but I fancied the fox asleep upon some rock or log, and allowing the flakes to cover him. The hare in her form, too, was being warmly sepulchered with the rest. I thought of the young cattle and the sheep huddled together on the lee side of a haystack in some remote field, all enveloped in mantles of white—

"I thought me on the ourie¹⁰ cattle,
 Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle¹¹
 O' wintry war,
 Or thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,¹²
 Beneath a scaur.¹³

"Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing,
 That in the merry months o' spring,
 Delighted me to hear thee sing,
 What comes o' thee?
 Where wilt thou cow'r thy chittering¹⁴ wing, 10
 And close thy ee?"

As I passed the creek I noticed the white woolly masses that filled the water. It was as if somebody up above had been washing his sheep and the water had carried away all the wool, and I thought of the Psalmist's phrase,¹⁵ "He giveth snow like wool." On the river a heavy fall of snow simulates a thin layer of cotton batting. The tide drifts it along, and where it meets with an obstruction along shore, it folds up and becomes wrinkled or convoluted like a fabric, or like cotton sheeting. Attempt to row a boat through it, and it seems indeed like cotton or wool, every fiber of which resists your progress.

As the sun went down and darkness fell, the storm impulse reached its full. It became a wild conflagration of wind and snow; the world was wrapped in frost flame; it enveloped one, and penetrated his lungs and caught away his breath like a blast from a burning city. How it whipped around and under every cover and searched out every crack and crevice, sifting under the shingles in the attic, darting its white tongue under the kitchen door, puffing its breath down the chimney, roaring through the woods, stalking like a sheeted ghost across the hills, bending in white and ever-changing

forms above the fences, sweeping across the plains, whirling in eddies behind the buildings, or leaping spitefully up their walls—in short, taking the world entirely to itself and giving a loose rein to its desire.

But in the morning, behold! the world was not consumed; it was not the besom¹⁶ of destruction, after all, but the gentle hand of mercy. How deeply and warmly and spotlessly Earth's nakedness is clothed!—the “wool” of the Psalmist nearly two feet deep. And, as far as warmth and protection are concerned, there is a good deal of the virtue of wool in such a snow-fall. How it protects the grass, the plants, the roots of the trees, and the worms, insects, and smaller animals in the ground! It is a veritable fleece, beneath which the shivering earth (“the frozen hills ached with pain,” says¹⁸ one of our young poets) is restored to warmth. When the temperature of the air is at zero, the thermometer, placed at the surface of the ground beneath a foot and a half of snow, would probably indicate but a few degrees below freezing; the snow is rendered such a perfect nonconductor of heat mainly by reason of the quantity of air that is caught and retained between the crystals. Then how, like a fleece of wool, it rounds and fills out the landscape, and makes the leanest and most angular field look smooth.²⁰

The day dawned and continued as innocent and fair as the day which had preceded—two mountain peaks of sky and sun, with their valley of cloud and snow between. Walk to the nearest spring run on such a morning, and you can see the Colorado Valley and the great cañons of the West in miniature, carved in alabaster. In the midst of the plain of snow lie these chasms; the vertical walls, the bold headlands, the turrets and spires and obelisks, the rounded and towering capes, the carved

and buttressed precipices, the branch valleys and cañons, and the winding and tortuous course of the main channel are all here—all that the Yosemite or Yellowstone have to show, except the terraces and the cascades. Sometimes my cañon is bridged, and one's fancy runs nimbly across a vast arch of Parian" marble, and that makes up for the falls and the terraces. Where the ground is marshy I come upon a pretty and vivid illustration of what I have read and been told of the Florida formation. This white and brittle limestone is undermined by water. Here are the dimples and depressions, the sinks and the wells, the springs and the lakes. Some places a mouse might break through the surface and reveal the water far beneath, or the snow gives way of its own weight and you have a minute Florida well, with the truncated cone shape and all. The arched and subterranean pools and passages are there likewise.

But there is a more beautiful and fundamental geology than this in the snowstorm: we are admitted into nature's oldest laboratory and see the working of the law by which the foundations of the material universe were laid—the law or mystery of crystallization. The earth is built upon crystals; the granite rock is only a denser and more compact snow, or a kind of ice that was vapor once and may be vapor again. "Every stone is nothing else but a congealed lump of frozen earth," says Plutarch." By cold and pressure air can be liquefied, perhaps solidified. A little more time, a little more heat, and the hills are but April snow-banks. Nature has but two forms: the cell and the crystal—the crystal first, the cell last. All organic nature is built up of the cell; all inorganic of the crystal. Cell upon cell rises the vegetable, rises the animal; crystal wedded to and compacted with crystal stretches the earth beneath

them. See in the falling snow the old cooling and precipitation, and the shooting, radiating forms, that are the architects of planet and globe.

We love the sight of the brown and ruddy earth ; it is the color of life, while a snow-covered plain is the face of death ; yet snow is but the mask of the life-giving rain ; it, too, is the friend of man—the tender, sculpturesque, immaculate, warming, fertilizing snow.

XXXVII.

THE OLD-TIME THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.¹

I do not know but it is that old New England holiday of Thanksgiving which, for one of New England's birth, has most of home associations tied up with it, and most of gleeful memories. I know that they are very present ones.

We all knew when it was coming ; we all loved turkey—not Turkey on the map, for which we cared very little after we had once bounded it—by the Black Sea on the east, and by something else on the other sides—but basted² turkey, brown turkey, stuffed turkey. Here was richness !

We had scored off the days until we were sure, to a recitation mark, when it was due—well into the end of November, when winds would be blowing from the northwest, with great piles of dry leaves all down the sides of the street and in the angles of pasture walls.

I cannot for my life conceive why any one should upset the old order of things by marking it down a fortnight earlier. A man in the country wants his crops

well in and housed before he is ready to gush out with a round, outspoken Thanksgiving; but everybody knows, who knows anything about it, that the purple-tops and the cow-horn turnips are, nine times in ten, left out till the latter days of November, and husking not half over.

We all knew, as I said, when it was coming. We had a stock of empty flour barrels on Town-hill stuffed with leaves, and a big pole set in the ground, and a battered tar barrel, with its bung chopped out, to put on top of the pole. It was all to beat the last year's bonfire—and it did. The country wagoners had made their little stoppages at the backdoor. We knew what was to come of that. And if the old cook—a monstrous fine woman, who weighed two hundred if she weighed a pound—was brusque and wouldn't have us "round," we knew what was to come of that too. Such pies as hers demanded thoughtful consideration: not very large, and baked in scalloped tins, and with such a relishy flavor to them as, on my honor, I do not recognize in any pies of this generation. . . .

The sermon on that Thanksgiving (and we all heard it) was long. We boys were prepared for that too. But we couldn't treat a Thanksgiving sermon as we would an ordinary one; we couldn't doze—there was too much ahead. It seemed to me that the preacher made rather a merit of holding us in check—with that basted turkey in waiting. At last, though, it came to an end; and I believe Dick and I both joined in the doxology.

All that followed is to me now a cloud of misty and joyful expectation, until we took our places—a score or more of cousins and kinsfolk; and the turkey, and celery, and cranberries, and what-nots, were all in place.

Did Dick whisper to me as we went in, "Get next to me, old fellow?"

I cannot say ; I have a half recollection that he did. But bless me ! what did anybody care for what Dick said ?

And the old gentleman who bowed his head and said grace—there is no forgetting him. And the little golden-haired one who sat at his left—his pet, his idol—who lisped the thanksgiving after him, shall I forget her, and the games of forfeit afterwards at evening that brought her curls near to me ?

These fifty years she has been gone from sight, and is dust. What an awful tide of Thanksgivings has drifted by since she bowed her golden locks, and clasped her hands, and murmured, “ Our Father, we thank thee for this, and for all thy bounties ! ”

Who else ? Well, troops of cousins—good, bad, and indifferent. No man is accountable for his cousins, I think ; or if he is, the law should be changed. If a man can't speak honestly of cousinhood, to the third or fourth degree, what *can* he speak honestly of ? Didn't I see little Floy (who wore pea green silk) make a saucy grimace when I made a false cut at that rolypoly turkey drumstick and landed it on the tablecloth ?

There was that scamp Tom, too, who loosened his waistcoat before he went into dinner—I saw him do it. Didn't he make faces at me, till he caught a warning from Aunt Polly's uplifted finger.

How should I forget that good, kindly Aunt Polly—very severe in her turban, and with her meetinghouse face upon her, but full of a great wealth of bonbons and dried fruits on Saturday afternoons, in I know not what capacious pockets ; ample, too, in her jokes and in her laugh ; making that day a great maelstrom of mirth around her ?

H—— sells hides now, and is as rich as Croesus,* what

ever that may mean; but does he remember his venture-some foray for a little bit of crisp roast pig that lay temptingly on the edge of the dish that day?

There was Sarah, too—turned of seventeen, education complete, looking down on us all—terribly learned (I know for a fact that she kept Mrs. Hemans in her pocket); terribly self-asserting, too. If she had not married happily, and not had a little brood about her in after-years (which she did), I think she would have made one of the most terrible Sorosians' of our time. At least¹⁰ that is the way I think of it now, looking back across the basted turkey (which she ate without gravy), and across the range of eager Thanksgiving faces.

There was Uncle Ned—no forgetting him—who had a way of patting a boy on the head so that the patting¹⁵ reached clear through to the boy's heart, and made him sure of a blessing hovering over. That was the patting I liked. *That's* the sort of uncle to come to a Thanksgiving dinner—the sort that eat double filberts with you, and pay up next day by noon with a pocketknife²⁰ or a riding whip. Hurrah for Uncle Ned!

And Aunt Eliza—is there any keeping her out of mind! I never liked the name much; but the face, and the kindliness which was always ready to cover, as well as she might, what wrong we did, and to make clear²⁵ what good we did, make me enroll her now—where she belongs evermore—among the saints. So quiet, so gentle, so winning, making conquest of all of us, because she never sought it; full of dignity, yet never asserting it; queening it over all by downright kindliness of³⁰ heart. What a wife she would have made! Heigho! how we loved her, and made our boyish love of her—a Thanksgiving!

Were there oranges? I think there were, with green

spots on the peel—lately arrived from Florida. Tom boasted that he ate four. I dare say he told the truth—he looked peaked, and was a great deal the worse for the dinner next day, I remember.

Was there punch, or any strong liquors? No; so far as my recollection now goes, there was none.

Champagne?

I have a faint remembrance of a loud pop or two, which set some cousinly curls over opposite me into a nervous shake. Yet I would not like to speak positively. Good bottled cider or pop beer may possibly account for all the special phenomena I call to mind.

Was there coffee, and were there olives? Not to the best of my recollection; or, if present, I lose them in the glamour of mince pies and Marlborough puddings. 15

How we ever sidled away from that board when that feast was done I have no clear conception. I am firm in the belief that thanksgiving was said at the end, as at the beginning. I have a faint recollection of a gray head passing out at the door, and of a fleece of golden curls beside him, against which I jostle—not unkindly. 20

Dark?

Yes; I think the sun had gone down about the time when the mince pies had faded.

Did Dick and Tom and the rest of us come sauntering in afterwards when the rooms were empty, foraging 25 for any little tidbits of the feast that might be left, the tables showing only wreck under the dim light of a solitary candle, the long range of white cloth stretching athwart the hall like a great skeleton of the feast, lying there in state? 30

How we found our way with the weight of that stupendous dinner by us to the heights of Town-hill it is hard to tell. But we did, and when our barrel pile was

fairly ablaze, we danced like young satyrs⁸ round the flame, shouting at our very loudest when the fire caught the tar barrel at the top, and the yellow pile of blaze threw its lurid glare over hill and houses and town and the far-away bay and wooded hills.

Afterwards I have recollection of an hour or more in a snug square parlor, which is given over to us youngsters and our games, dimly lighted, as was most fitting; but a fire upon the hearth flung out a red glory on the floor and on the walls.

Was it a high old time, or did we only pretend that it was?

Didn't I know little Floy in that pea green silk, with my hands clasped round her waist and my eyes blinded—ever so fast? Didn't I give Dick an awful pinch in the leg, when I lay *perdu*⁹ under the sofa in another one of those tremendous games? Didn't the door that led into the hall show a little open gap from time to time—old faces peering in, looking very kindly in the red fire-light flaring on them? And didn't those we loved best look oftenest? Don't they always?

Well, well—we were fagged at last: little Floy in a snooze before we knew it; Dick, pretending not to be sleepy, but gaping in a prodigious way. But the romps and the fatigue made sleep very grateful when it came at last: yet the sleep was very broken; the turkey and the nuts had their rights, and bred stupendous Thanksgiving dreams. What gorgeous dreams they were, to be sure!

I seem to dream them again to-day.

Once again I see the old, revered gray head bowing in utter thankfulness, with the hands clasped.

Once again, over the awful tide of intervening years—so full, and yet so short—I seem to see the shimmer

of *her* golden hair—an aureole" of light blazing on the borders of boyhood: "*For this, and all thy bounties, our Father, we thank thee.*"

XXXVIII.

INTO THE BETTER LAND.

BY ABRAM J. RYAN.¹

Out of the shadows of sadness,
Into the sunshine of gladness,
 Into the light of the blest;
Out of a land very dreary,
Out of the world very weary,
 Into the rapture of rest.

Out of to-day's sin and sorrow,
Into a blissful to-morrow,
 Into a day without gloom;
Out of a land filled with sighing,
Land of the dead and the dying,
 Into a land without tomb.

Out of a life of commotion,
Tempest-swept oft as the ocean,
 Dark with the wrecks drifting o'er,
Into a land calm and quiet,
Never a storm cometh nigh it,
 Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of a land in whose bowers
Perish and fade all the flowers,
 Out of the land of decay,

Into the Eden where fairest
Of flowerets, and sweetest and rarest,
Never shall wither away.

Out of the world of the wailing,
Thronged with the anguished and ailing,
Out of the world of the sad,
Into the world that rejoices—
World of bright visions and voices—
Into the world of the glad.

Out of a life ever mournful, 10
Out of a land very lornful,
Where in bleak exile we roam,
Into a joy-land above us,
Where there's a Father to love us—
Into our home—"Sweet Home." 11

XXXIX.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

BY THOMAS JEFFERSON.¹

I THINK I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly, and were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these :

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order ; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke ;² and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or

imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in readjustment. The consequence was that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and New York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern.

Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence; never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known, no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath.

In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contribution to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one could wish, his deportment easy, erect, and noble;

the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback.

Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day.

His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history.¹⁵ His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing⁴ his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors.

On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may²⁰ truly be said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance.

For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading²⁵ the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

XL.

ORATION ON THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

BY HENRY LEE.¹

How, my fellow-citizens, shall I single¹ to your grateful hearts his preëminent worth? Where shall I begin in opening to your view a character throughout sublime? Shall I speak of his warlike achievements, all springing from obedience to his country's will—all directed to his country's good?

Will you go with me to the banks of the Monongahela, to see our youthful Washington supporting in the dismal hour of Indian victory the ill-fated Braddock,² and saving, by his judgment and his valor, the remains¹⁰ of a defeated army, pressed by the conquering savage foe? Or when, oppressed America nobly resolving to risk her all in defence of her violated right, he was elevated by the unanimous vote of Congress to the command of her armies? Will you follow him to the high¹⁵ grounds of Boston, where to an undisciplined, courageous, and virtuous yeomanry⁴ his presence gave the stability of system and infused the invincibility of love of country? Or shall I carry you to the painful scenes of Long Island, York Island,⁵ and New Jersey, when, combating superior and gallant armies, aided by powerful fleets and led by chiefs high in the roll of fame, he stood the bulwark of our safety, undismayed by disasters, unchanged by change of fortune? Or will you view him in the precarious fields⁶ of Trenton, where deep gloom,¹² unnerving every arm, reigned triumphant through our

thinned, worn-down, unaided ranks, to himself unknown? Dreadful was the night. It was about this time of winter; the storm raged; the Delaware, rolling furiously with floating ice, forbade the approach of man. Washington, self-collected, viewed the tremendous scene. His country called; unappalled by surrounding dangers, he passed to the hostile shore; he fought, he conquered. The morning sun cheered the American world. Our country rose on the event, and her dauntless chief, pursuing his blow, completed in the lawns of Princeton, what his vast soul had conceived on the shores of the Delaware.

Thence to the strong grounds of Morristown he led his small but gallant band; and through an eventful winter, by the high effort of his genius, whose matchless force was measurable only by the growth of difficulties, he held in check formidable hostile legions, conducted by a chief experienced in the arts of war, and famed for his valor on the ever-memorable Heights of Abraham,* where fell Wolfe, Montcalm,* and since our much lamented Montgomery,¹⁰ all covered with glory. In this fortunate interval, produced by his masterly conduct, our fathers, ourselves, animated by his resistless example, rallied around our country's standard, and continued to follow her beloved chief through the various and trying scenes to which the destinies of our union led.

Who is there that has forgotten the vales of Brandywine, the fields of Germantown, or the plains of Monmouth? Everywhere present, wants of every kind obstructing, numerous and valiant armies encountering, himself a host, he assuaged our sufferings, limited our privations, and upheld our tottering Republic. Shall I display to you the spread of the fire of his soul, by rehearsing the praises of the hero of Saratoga and his

much-loved compeer of the Carolinas?¹¹ No; our Washington wears not borrowed glory. To Gates, to Greene, he gave without reserve the applause due to their eminent merit; and long may the chiefs of Saratoga and of Eutaw receive the grateful respect of a grateful people.

Moving in his own orbit, he imparted heat and light to his most distant satellites; and combining the physical and moral force of all within his sphere, with irresistible weight, he took his course, commiserating folly, disdaining vice, dismaying treason, and invigorating despondency; until the auspicious hour arrived when, united with the intrepid forces of a potent and magnanimous ally,¹² he brought to submission the since conqueror¹³ of India; thus finishing his long career of military glory with a luster corresponding to his great name, and in¹⁴ this, his last act of war, affixing the seal of fate to our nation's birth. . . .

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,¹⁴ he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere, uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was edifying to all around him, as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals he was condescending; to his inferiors, kind; and to the dear object of his affections, exemplarily tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues. His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life. Although in extreme pain, not a sigh,¹⁵ not a groan, escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well spent life. Such was the man America has lost! Such was the man for whom our nation mourns!

XLI.

THE BISON TRACK.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.¹

STRIKE the tent! the sun has risen; not a vapor
streaks the dawn,
And the frosted prairie brightens to the westward far
and wan:
Prime afresh' the trusty rifle—sharpen well the hunt-
ing-spear—
For the frozen sod is trembling, and a noise of hoofs
I hear!

Fiercely stamp the tethered horses, as they snuff the
morning's fire;
Their impatient heads are tossing, and they neigh¹⁰
with keen desire.
Strike the tent! the saddles wait us—let the bridle-
reins be slack,
For the prairie's distant thunder has betrayed the
bison's' track.

See! a dusky line approaches: hark, the onward-surg-
ing roar,
Like the din of wintry breakers on a sounding wall
of shore!
Dust and sand behind them whirling, snort the fore-
most of the van,
And their stubborn horns are clashing through the
crowded caravan.²⁰

Now the storm is down upon us: let the maddened
horses go!
We shall ride the living whirlwind, though a hundred
leagues it blow!
Though the cloudy manes should thicken, and the
red eyes' angry glare
Lighten round us as we gallop through the sand and
rushing air!

Myriad hoofs will scar the prairie, in our wild, resist-
less race,
And a sound, like mighty waters, thunder down the
desert space:
Yet the rein may not be tightened, nor the rider's
eye look back—
Death to him whose speed should slacken, on the
maddened bison's track!

Now the trampling herds are threaded, and the chase
is close and warm
For the giant bull that gallops in the edges of the
storm:
Softly hurl the whizzing lasso—swing your rifles as
we run:
See! the dust is red behind him—shout, my comrades,
he is won!

Look not on him as he staggers—'tis the last shot he
will need!
More shall fall, among his fellows, ere we run the
mad stampede—
Ere we stem the brindled breakers, while the wolves,
a hungry pack,
Howl around each grim-eyed carcass on the bloody
bison track

XLII.

THE BUFFALO HERD.

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.¹

"THERE are both scents and sounds in the air, though my miserable senses are not good enough to hear the one or to catch the taint of the other," said the trapper.

"There is nothing to be seen," cried Middleton, who kept close at his side. "My eyes and my ears are good, and yet I can assure you that I neither hear nor see anything."

"Your eyes are good! and you are not deaf!" returned the other, with a slight air of contempt; "no, lad, no; they may be good to see across a church, or to hear a town-bell, but afore you had passed a year in these prairies you would find yourself taking a turkey for a buffalo, or conceiting fifty times that the roar of a buffalo bull was the thunder of the Lord! There is a deception of natur' in these naked plains in which the air throws up the images like water," and then it is hard to tell the prairies from the sea. But yonder is a sign that a hunter never fails to know!"

The trapper pointed to a flight of vultures that were sailing over the plain at no great distance. At first Middleton could not distinguish the small dark objects that were dotting the dusky clouds; but as they came swiftly onward, first their forms and then their heavy waving wings became distinctly visible.

"Listen!" said the trapper, when he had succeeded in making Middleton see the moving column of birds.

"Now you hear the buffaloes—or bisons, as your knowing doctor sees fit to call them, though buffaloes is their name among all the hunters of these regions. And I conclude that a hunter is a better judge of a beast and of its name," he added, winking to the young soldier, "than any man who has turned over the leaves of a book instead of traveling over the face of the 'arth, in order to find out the natures of its inhabitants."

"Of their habits, I will grant you," cried the naturalist, who rarely missed an opportunity to agitate any¹¹ disputed point in his favorite studies. "That is, provided always deference is had to the proper use of definitions, and that they are contemplated with scientific eyes."

"Eyes of a mole! As if any man's eyes were not as¹² good for names as the eyes of any other creatur'! Who named the works of His hand? Can you tell me that, with your books and college wisdom? Was it not the first man in the Garden,¹³ and is it not a plain consequence that his children inherit his gifts?"¹⁴

"That is certainly the Mosaic account of the event," said the doctor, "though your reading is by far too literal."

"My reading! Nay, if you suppose that I have wasted my time in schools, you do such a wrong to my¹⁵ knowledge as one mortal should never lay to the door of another without sufficient reason. If I have ever craved the art of reading, it has been that I might better know the sayings of the book you name, for it is a book which speaks in every line according to human¹⁶ feelings, and therein according to reason."

"And do you believe," said the doctor, a little provoked by the dogmatism of his adversary, and perhaps secretly too confident in his own more liberal, though

scarcely as profitable attainments—"do you then believe that all these beasts were literally collected in a garden to be enrolled in the nomenclature' of the first man?"

"Why not? I understand your meaning; for it is not needful to live in towns to hear all the devilish devices that the conceit of man can invent to upset his own happiness. What does it prove—except, indeed, it may be said to prove that the garden He made was not after the miserable fashions of our times, thereby directly giving the lie to what the world calls its civilizing? No, no; the garden of the Lord was the forest then, and is the forest now, where the fruits do grow and the birds do sing, according to his own wise ordering. Now, lady, you may see the mystery of the vultures! There come the buffaloes themselves, and a noble herd it is!" . . .

Every eye was now drawn to the striking spectacle that succeeded. Even the timid Inez hastened to the side of Middleton to gaze at the sight, and Paul summoned Ellen from her culinary' labors to become a witness of the lively scene.

A few enormous bison bulls were first observed, scouring along the most distant roll of the prairie, and then succeeded long files of single beasts, which, in their turns, were followed by a dark mass of bodies, until the dun-colored herbage of the plain was entirely lost in the deeper hue of their shaggy coats. The herd, as the column spread and thickened, was like the endless flocks of the smaller birds, whose extended flanks are often seen to heave up out of the abyss of the heavens, until they appear as countless as the leaves in those forests over which they wing their endless flight. Clouds of dust shot up in little columns from the center of the mass, as some animal, more furious than the rest,

plowed the plain with his horns, and from time to time a deep, hollow bellowing was borne along on the wind, as if a thousand throats vented their plaints in discordant murmuring.

A long and musing silence reigned in the party as they gazed on this spectacle of wild and peculiar grandeur. It was at length broken by the trapper, who, having been long accustomed to similar sights, felt less of its influence, or, rather, felt it in a less thrilling and absorbing manner, than those to whom the scene was more novel.

"There go ten thousand oxen in one drove, without keeper or master, except Him who made them, and gave them these open plains for their pasture! Ay, it is here that man may see the proofs of his wantonness and folly! Can the proudest governor in all the States go into his fields and slaughter a nobler bullock than is here offered to the meanest hand? And when he has gotten his sirloin^e or his steak, can he eat it with as good a relish as he who has sweetened his food with wholesome toil, and earned it according to the law of nature, by honestly mastering that which the Lord hath put before him?"

"If the prairie platter is smoking with a buffalo's hump, I answer, no," interrupted the luxurious bee-hunter.

"Ay, boy, you have tasted, and you feel the genuine reasoning of the thing! But the herd is heading a little this way, and it behooves us to make ready for their visit. If we hide ourselves altogether, the horned brutes will break through the place, and trample us beneath their feet, like so many creeping worms; so we will just put the weak ones apart, and take post, as becomes men and hunters, in the van."

As there was but little time to make the necessary arrangements, the whole party set about them in good earnest. Inez and Ellen were placed in the edge of the thicket on the side farthest from the approaching herd. Asinus, the doctor's donkey, was posted in the center, in consideration of his nerves; and then the old man, with his three male companions, divided themselves in such a manner as they thought would enable them to turn the head of the rushing column, should it chance to approach too nigh their position. By the vacillating movements of some fifty or a hundred bulls that led the advance, it remained questionable, for many moments, what course they intended to pursue. But a tremendous and painful roar, which came from behind a cloud of dust that rose in the center of the herd, and which was horridly answered by the screams of the carrion birds that were greedily sailing directly above the flying drove, appeared to give a new impulse to their flight, and at once to remove every symptom of indecision. As if glad to seek the smallest signs of the forest, the whole of the affrighted herd became steady in its direction, rushing in a straight line towards the little cover of bushes.

The appearance of danger was now, in reality, of a character to try the stoutest nerves. The flanks of the dark moving mass were advanced in such a manner as to make a concave line of the front, and every fierce eye that was glaring from the shaggy wilderness of hair in which the entire heads of the males were enveloped was riveted with mad anxiety on the thicket. It seemed as if each beast strove to outstrip his neighbor in gaining this desired cover, and as thousands in the rear pressed blindly on those in front, there was the appearance of an imminent risk that the leaders of the herd would be

precipitated on the concealed party, in which case the destruction of every one of them was certain. Each of our adventurers felt the danger of his situation in a manner peculiar to his individual character and circumstances. . . .

"Come forth, old trapper," shouted Paul, "with your prairie inventions, or we shall be all smothered under a mountain of buffalo humps!"

The old man who had stood all this while leaning on his rifle, and regarding the movements of the herd with ¹⁰ a steady eye, now deemed it time to strike his blow. Leveling his piece at the foremost bull, with an agility that would have done credit to his youth, he fired. The animal received the bullet on the matted hair between his horns, and fell to his knees; but shaking his head, he ¹⁵ instantly arose, the very shock seeming to increase his exertions. There was now no longer time to hesitate. Throwing down his rifle, the trapper stretched forth his arms, and advanced from the cover with naked hands directly towards the rushing column of the beasts. ²⁰

The figure of a man, when sustained by the firmness and steadiness that intellect can only impart, rarely fails of commanding respect from all the inferior animals of the creation. The leading bulls recoiled, and for a single instant there was a sudden stop to their speed, a ²⁵ dense mass of bodies rolling up in front, until hundreds were seen floundering and tumbling on the plain. Then came another of those hollow bellowings from the rear, and set the herd again in motion. The head of the column, however, divided; the immovable form of the ³⁰ trapper cutting it, as it were, into two gliding streams of life. Middleton and Paul instantly profited by his example, and extended the feeble barrier by a similar exhibition of their own persons.

For a few moments the new impulse given to the animals in front served to protect the thicket. But, as the body of the herd pressed more and more upon the open line of its defenders, and the dust thickened so as to obscure their persons, there was at each instant a renewed danger of the beasts' breaking through. It became necessary for the trapper and his companions to become still more and more alert; and they were gradually yielding before the headlong multitude, when a furious bull darted by Middleton, so near as to brush his person, and at the next instant swept through the thicket with the velocity of the wind.

"Close, and die for the ground!" shouted the old man.

All their efforts would have proved fruitless, however, against the living torrent had not Asinus, whose domains had just been so rudely entered, lifted his voice in the midst of the uproar. The most sturdy and furious of the animals trembled at the alarming and unknown cry, and then each individual brute was seen madly pressing from that very thicket which the moment before he had endeavored to reach, with the eagerness with which the murderer seeks the sanctuary.

As the stream divided, the place became clear, the two dark columns moving obliquely from the copse to unite again at the distance of a mile on its opposite side. The instant the old man saw the sudden effect which the voice of Asinus had produced, he coolly commenced reloading his rifle, indulging at the same time in a heartfelt fit of his silent and peculiar merriment.

"There they go, and no fear of their breaking their order; for what the brutes in the rear didn't hear with their ears they'll conceit they did; besides, if they change their minds, it may be no hard matter to get the donkey to sing the rest of his tune."

XLIII.

THE CITY OF IS.

BY MINOT J. SAVAGE.¹

IN the weird old days of the long ago
Rose a city by the sea;
But the fishermen woke, one startled dawn,
On the coast of Brittany,
To hear the white waves on the shingle hiss,
And roll out over the city of Is,
And play with its sad débris.

For the town had sunk in a single night!
And 'twas only yesterday
That the bride had blushed in her young delight,
That the priest had knelt to pray,
That the fisher cried his wares in the street,
And all the life of the city complete
Went on in its old-time way.

And still the city lies under the sea,
With each square and dome and spire
Distinct as some cherished fair memory
Of a vanished heart's desire,
That once like a beautiful palace stood
Rock-based to defy the wind and the flood,
Time's crumble and tempest's ire.

And as the sweet memory, buried deep,
O'erswept by the flooding years,
Will still all its shadowy old life keep
With ghosts of its joys and tears,

So still, in the wave-drowned city of Is,
The people live over, in care or bliss,
Their shadowy hopes and fears.

When the sea is rough—so the sailors say—
And the sunny waves are green,
And the winds with the whitecaps are at play,
The tips of the spires are seen,
And peering far down through the lucent deep,
They glimpses catch of the city asleep,
Agleam with its fairy sheen. 10

Or on boats becalmed, when the lazy swells
Sleep, lulled by the idle air,
They hear, sweet-toned, the low music of bells
Roll, calling the town to prayer.
So ever the shadowy joy of old 15
Rings on, and forever the bells are tolled
To echo some soul's despair.

Each life is a sea still sweeping above
Some sunken city of Is—
The long cherished dream of a cherished love 20
That only in dreams we kiss.
What yesterdays are sunk deep in the soul
Above whose lost treasures to-day's waves roll
To mock what our sad hearts miss!

Oh, the glimpses rare of the submerged past! 25
They gleam in the light a while,
To mock us with visions, that may not last,
Of faces that used to smile.
And now and then from the busy to-day
The echoing tones of the far away 30
Our listening hearts beguile.

But not in the sunken city of Is
Shall the heart its treasures see.
No pilgrims forlorn to an old-time bliss
And a vanished past are we;
For all the glad music of olden times
Is only faint echoes of grander chimes
That ring in the time to be!

XLIV.

A VISIT TO NIAGARA.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.¹

IN the car for Niagara was an Englishman of the receptive, guileless, thin type, inquisitive, and overflowing with approval of everything American—a type which has now become one of the common features of travel in this country. He had light hair, sandy side-whiskers, a face that looked as if it had been scrubbed with soap and sandpaper, and he wore a sickly yellow travelling-suit. He was accompanied by his wife, a stout, resolute matron, in heavy boots, a sensible stuff gown, with a lot of cotton lace fudged about her neck, and a broad-brimmed hat with a vegetable garden on top. The little man was always in pursuit of information, in his guide-book or from his fellow-passengers, and whenever he obtained any he invariably repeated it to his wife, who said “Fancy!” and “Now, really!” in a rising inflection that expressed surprise and expectation.

The conceited American who commonly draws himself into a shell when he travels, and affects indifference, and seems to be losing all natural curiosity, receptivity,

and the power of observation, is pretty certain to undervalue the intelligence of this class of English travelers, and get amusement out of their peculiarities instead of learning from them how to make every day of life interesting. Even King³ (who, besides his national crust of exclusiveness, was to-day wrapped in the gloom of Irene's letter) was gradually drawn to these simple, unpretending people. He took for granted their ignorance of America—ignorance of America being one of the branches taught in the English schools—and he soon discovered that they were citizens of the world. They not only knew the Continent² very well, but they had spent a winter in Egypt, lived a year in India, and seen something of China and much of Japan. Although they had been scarcely a fortnight in the United States,¹ King doubted if there were ten women in the state of New York not professional teachers who knew as much of the flora of the country as this plain-featured, rich-voiced woman. They called King's attention to a great many features of the landscape he had never noticed before, and asked him a great many questions about farming and stock and wages that he could not answer. It appeared that Mr. Stanley Stubbs, Stoke-Cruden—for that was the name and address of the present discoverers of America—had a herd of shorthorns, and that² Mrs. Stubbs was even more familiar with the herdbook than her husband. But before the fact had enabled King to settle the position of his new acquaintance satisfactorily to himself, Mrs. Stubbs upset his estimate by quoting Tennyson.

"Your great English poet is very much read here," King said, by way of being agreeable.

"So we have heard," replied Mrs. Stubbs. "Mr. Stubbs reads Tennyson beautifully. He has thought of

giving some readings while we are here. We have been told that the Americans are very fond of readings."

"Yes," said King, "they are devoted to them, especially readings by Englishmen in their native tongue. There is a great rage now for everything English; at Newport hardly anything else is spoken."

Mrs. Stubbs looked for a moment as if this might be an American joke; but there was no smile on King's face, and she only said, "Fancy! You must make a note of Newport, dear. That is one of the places we must see. Of course, Mr. Stubbs has never read in public, you know. But I suppose that would make no difference, the Americans are so kind and so appreciative."

"Not the least difference," replied King. "They are used to it."

"It is a wonderful country," said Mr. Stubbs.

"Most interesting," chimed in Mrs. Stubbs, "and so odd!"

"You know, Mr. King, we find some of the Americans so clever. We have been surprised, really. It makes us feel quite at home. At the hotels and everywhere, most obliging."

"Do you make a long stay?"

"Oh no. We just want to study the people and the Government, and see the principal places. We were told that Albany is the capital instead of New York; it's so odd, you know. And Washington is another capital. And there is Boston. It must be very confusing." King began to suspect that he must be talking with the editor of the *Saturday Review*.^a Mr. Stubbs continued: "They told us in New York that we ought to go to Paterson,^b on the island of Jersey, I believe. I suppose it is as interesting as Niagara. We shall visit it on our return. But we came over more to see Niag-

ara than anything else. And from there we shall run over to Chicago and the Yosemite.' Now we are here, we could not think of going back without a look at the Yosemite."

King said that thus far he had existed without seeing the Yosemite, but he believed that next to Chicago it was the most attractive place in the country.

It was dark when they came into the station at Niagara—dark and silent. Our American tourists, who were accustomed to the clamor of the hackmen here,¹¹ and expected to be assaulted by a horde of wild Comanches in plain clothes,⁸ and torn limb from baggage, if not limb from limb, were unable to account for this silence, and the absence of the common highwaymen, until they remembered that the state had bought the¹⁵ Falls, and the agents of the Government had suppressed many of the old nuisances. It was possible now to hear the roar of the cataract. . . .

The black mass of Goat Island appeared under the lightning flashes in the northwest sky, and whenever¹² these quick gleams pierced the gloom the frail bridge to the island was outlined for a moment, and then vanished as if it had been swept away, and there could only be seen sparks of light in the houses on the Canadian shore, which seemed very near. In this unknown, which¹³ was rather felt than seen, there was a sense of power and of mystery which overcame the mind; and in the black night the roar, the cruel haste of the rapids, tossing white gleams and hurrying to the fatal plunge, begat a sort of terror in the spectators. It was a power¹⁴ implacable, vengeful, not to be measured.

They strolled down to Prospect Park. The gate was closed; it had been the scene of an awful tragedy but a few minutes before. They did not know it, but they

knew that the air shuddered, and as they skirted the grounds along the way to the footbridge the roar grew in their stunned ears. There, projected out into the night, were the cables of steel holding the frail platform over the abyss of night and terror. Beyond was Canada. There was light enough in the sky to reveal, but not to dissipate, the appalling insecurity. What an impious thing it seemed to them, this trembling structure across the chasm! They advanced upon it. There were gleams on the mill cascades below, and on the mass of the American Fall. Below, down in the gloom, were patches of foam, slowly circling around in the eddy—no haste now, just sullen and black satisfaction in the awful tragedy of the fall. The whole was vague, fearful. Always the roar, the shuddering of the air. I think that a man placed on this bridge at night, and ignorant of the cause of the aerial agitation and the wild uproar, could almost lose his reason in the panic of the scene.

They walked on; they set foot on her Majesty's dominions; they entered the Clifton House—quite American, you know, with its new bar and office. A subdued air about everybody here, also, and the same quaking, shivering, and impending sense of irresponsible force. . . . When they returned, the moon was coming up, rising and struggling and making its way slowly through ragged masses of colored clouds. The river could be plainly seen now, smooth, deep, treacherous; the falls on the American side showed fitfully like patches of light and foam; the Horseshoe, mostly hidden by a cold silver mist, occasionally loomed up a white and ghostly mass. They stood for a long time looking down at the foot of the American Fall; the moon now showing clearly the plunge of the heavy column—a column as stiff as if it

were melted silver—hushed and frightened by the weird and appalling scene.

They did not know at that moment that there where their eyes were riveted, there at the base of the fall, a man's body was churning about, plunged down and cast up, and beaten and whirled, imprisoned in the reflux eddy. But a body was there. In the morning a man's overcoat was found on the parapet⁹ at the angle of the fall. Some one then remembered that in the evening, just before the park gate closed, he had seen a man approach the angle of the wall where the overcoat was found. The man was never seen after that. Night first, and then the hungry water, swallowed him. One pictures the fearful leap into the dark, the midway repentance, perhaps, the despair of the plunge. A body¹¹ cast in here is likely to tarry for days, eddying round and round, and tossed in that terrible maelstrom,¹⁰ before a chance current ejects it, and sends it down the fierce rapids below. King went back to the hotel in a terror of the place, which did not leave him so long¹² as he remained. His room quivered, the roar filled all the air. Is not life real and terrible enough, he asked himself, but that brides must cast this experience also into their honeymoon?

The morning light did not efface the impressions of¹³ the night, the dominating presence of a gigantic, pitiless force, a blind passion of nature, uncontrolled and uncontrollable. Shut the windows and lock the door, you could not shut out the terror of it. The town did not seem safe; the bridges, the buildings on the edge of¹⁴ the precipices with their shaking casements, the islands, might at any moment be engulfed and disappear. It was a thing to flee from. . . .

It was a day of big, broken, high-sailing clouds, with

a deep blue sky and strong sunlight. The slight bridge to Goat Island appeared more presumptuous by daylight, and the sharp slope of the rapids above it gave a new sense of the impetuosity of the torrent. As they walked slowly on, past the now abandoned paper mills and the other human impertinences, the elemental turmoil increased, and they seemed entering a world the foundations of which were broken up. This must have been a good deal a matter of impression, for other parties of sight-seers were coming and going, apparently unawed, and intent simply on visiting every point spoken of in the guidebook, and probably unconscious of the all-pervading terror. But King could not escape it, even in the throng descending and ascending the stairway to Luna Island. Standing upon the platform at the top, he realized for the first time the immense might of the downpour of the American Fall, and noted the pale green color, with here and there a violet tone, and the white cloud-mass spurting out from the solid color. On the foam-crested river lay a rainbow forming a complete circle. The little steamer *Maid of the Mist* was coming up, riding the waves, dashed here and there by conflicting currents, but resolutely steaming on—such is the audacity of man—and poking her venturesome nose into the boiling foam under the Horseshoe. On the deck are pygmy passengers in oilskin suits, clumsy figures, like arctic explorers. The boat tosses about like a chip, it hesitates and quivers, and then, slowly swinging, darts away down the current, fleeing from the wrath of the waters and pursued by the angry roar. . . .

The walk around Goat Island is probably unsurpassed in the world for wonder and beauty. The Americans have every reason to be satisfied with their

share of the fall; they get nowhere one single grand view like that from the Canada side, but infinitely the deepest impression of majesty and power is obtained on Goat Island. There the spectator is in the midst of the war of nature.

From the point over the Horseshoe Fall our friends, speaking not much, but more and more deeply moved, strolled along in the lovely forest, in a rural solemnity, in a local calm, almost a seclusion, except for the ever-present shuddering roar in the air. On the shore above the Horseshoe they first comprehended the breadth, the great sweep, of the rapids. The white crests of the waves in the west were coming out from under a black, lowering sky; all the foreground was in bright sunlight, dancing, sparkling, leaping, hurrying on, converging to the angle where the water becomes a deep emerald at the break and plunge. The rapids above are a series of shelves, bristling with jutting rocks and lodged trunks of trees, and the wildness of the scene is intensified by the ragged fringe of evergreens on the opposite shore. . . .

One seems in less personal peril on the Canadian side, and has more the feeling of a spectator, and less that of a participant in the wild uproar. Perhaps there is more sense of force, but the majesty of the scene is relieved by a hundred shifting effects of light and color. In the afternoon, under a broken sky, the rapids above the Horseshoe reminded one of the seashore on a very stormy day. Impeded by the rocks, the flood hesitated and even ran back, as if reluctant to take the final plunge! The sienna color of the water on the table contrasted sharply with the emerald at the break of the fall.

A rainbow springing out of the center of the caldron

arched clear over the American cataract, and was one moment bright and the next dimly seen through the mist, which boiled up out of the foam of waters and swayed in the wind. Through this veil darted adventurous birds, flashing their wings in the prismatic colors, and circling about as if fascinated by the awful rush and thunder. With the shifting wind and the passing clouds the scene was in perpetual change; now the American Fall was creamy white, and the mist below dark, and again the heavy mass was gray and sullen,¹⁰ and the mist like silver spray. Perhaps nowhere else in the world is the force of nature so overpowering to the mind, and as the eye wanders from the chaos of the fall to the far horizon, where the vast rivers of rapids are poured out of the sky, one feels that this force is¹⁵ inexhaustible and eternal.

If our travelers expected to escape the impression they were under by driving down to the rapids and whirlpool below, they were mistaken. Nowhere is the river so terrible as where it rushes, as if maddened by²⁰ its narrow bondage, through the cañon. Flung down the precipice and forced into this contracted space, it fumes and tosses and rages with vindictive fury, driving on in a passion that has almost a human quality in it. Restrained by the walls of stone from being de-²⁵structive, it seems to rave at its own impotence, and when it reaches the whirlpool it is like a hungry animal, returning and licking the shore for the prey it has missed. . . . The late afternoon had turned gray and cold, and dashes of rain fell as our party descend-³⁰ed to the whirlpool. They came up out of the gorge silent, and drove back to the hotel full of nervous apprehension.

XLV.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.¹

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric² of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand,
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest tramping loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers³ of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere yet the lifeblood, warm and wet, 5
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance; 10
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow; 15
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave; 20
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea 25
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given, 30
Thy stars have lit the welkin's dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

XLVI.

RICHES AND POVERTY.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.¹

WHEN justly obtained, and rationally used, riches are called a gift of God, an evidence of His favor, and a great reward. When gathered unjustly, and corruptly used, wealth is pronounced a canker, a rust, a fire, a curse. There is no contradiction, then, when the Bible persuades to industry and integrity, by a promise of riches; and then dissuades from wealth, as a terrible thing destroying soul and body.² Blessings are vindictive to abusers, and kind to rightful users; they serve us or rule us. Fire warms our dwellings, or consumes them. Steam serves man, and also destroys him. Iron,³ in the plow, the sickle, the house, the ship, is indispensable. The dirk, the assassin's knife, the cruel sword, and the spear are iron also.

The constitution of man, and of society alike, evinces the design of God. Both are made to be happier by the possession of riches; their full development and perfection are dependent, to a large extent, upon wealth. Without it, there can be neither books nor implements, neither commerce nor arts, neither towns nor cities. It is a folly to denounce that, a love of which God has placed in man by a constitutional faculty; that with which he has associated high grades of happiness; that

which has motives touching every faculty of the mind. Wealth is *AN ARTIST*—by its patronage men are encouraged to paint, to carve, to design, to build and adorn: *A MASTER MECHANIC*—it inspires man to invent, to discover, to forge, and to fashion: *A HUSBANDMAN*—under its influence men rear the flock, till the earth, plant the vineyard, the field, the orchard, and the garden: *A MANUFACTURER*—it teaches men to card, to spin, to weave, to color and dress all useful fabrics: *A MERCHANT*—it sends forth ships, and fills warehouses with their returning¹⁰ cargoes gathered from every zone. It is the scholar's *PATRON*; sustains his leisure, rewards his labor, builds the college, and gathers the library.

Is a man weak? he can buy the strong. Is he ignorant? the learned will serve his wealth. Is he rude of¹⁵ speech? he may procure the advocacy of the eloquent. The rich cannot buy honor, but honorable places they can; they cannot purchase nobility, but they may its titles. Money cannot buy freshness of heart, but it can purchase every luxury which tempts to enjoyment.²⁰ Laws are its bodyguard, and no earthly power may safely defy it, either while running in the swift channels of commerce or reposing in the reservoirs of ancient families. Here is a wonderful thing, that an inert metal, which neither thinks, nor feels, nor stirs, can set²⁵ the whole world to thinking, planning, running, digging, fashioning, and drives on the sweaty mass with never-ending labors!

Avarice seeks gold, not to build or buy therewith; not to clothe or feed itself; not to make it an instru-³⁰ment of wisdom, of skill, of friendship, or of religion. Avarice seeks to heap it up; to walk around the pile, and gloat upon it; to fondle and court, to kiss and hug to the end of life, with the homage of idolatry. .

Pride seeks it; for it gives power and place and titles, and exalts its possessor above his fellows. To be a thread in the fabric of life, just like any other thread, hoisted up and down by the treadle, played across by the shuttle, and woven tightly into the piece—this may suit humility, but not pride.

Vanity seeks it; what else can give it costly clothing, and rare ornaments, and stately dwellings, and showy equipage, and attract admiring eyes to its gaudy colors and costly jewels?

Taste seeks it; because by it may be had whatever is beautiful, or refining, or instructive. What leisure has poverty for study, and how can it collect books, manuscripts, pictures, statues, coins, or curiosities?

Love seeks it; to build a home full of delights for father, wife, or child. And, wisest of all, religion seeks it; to make it the messenger and servant of benevolence, to want, to suffering, and to ignorance.

What a sight does the busy world present, as of a great workshop, when hope and fear, love and pride, pleasure and avarice, separately or in partnership, drive on the universal race for wealth: delving in the mine, digging in the earth, sweltering at the forge, plying the shuttle, plowing the waters—in houses, in shops, in stores, on the mountain-side, or in the valley—by skill, by labor, by thought, by craft, by force, by traffic—all men, in all places, by all labors, fair and unfair, the world around, busy, busy—ever searching for wealth that wealth may supply their pleasures! . . .

But I warn you against thinking that riches *necessarily* confer happiness; or that poverty confers unhappiness. Do not begin life supposing that you shall be heart-rich when you are purse-rich. A man's happiness depends primarily upon his *disposition*. If that be

good, riches will bring pleasure; but only vexation if that be evil. To lavish money upon shining trifles, to make an idol of one's self for fools to gaze at, to rear mansions beyond our wants, to garnish them for display and not for use, to chatter through the heartless rounds of pleasure, to lounge, to gape, to simper and giggle—can wealth make VANITY happy by such folly? . . . But riches indeed bless that heart whose almoner is BENEVOLENCE. If the taste is refined, if the affections are pure, if conscience is honest, if charity listens to the needy, and generosity relieves them; if the public-spirited hand fosters all that embellishes and all that ennobles society—then is the rich man happy.

On the other hand, do not suppose that poverty is a waste and howling wilderness. There is a poverty of vice—mean, loathsome, covered with all the sores of depravity. There is a poverty of indolence—where virtues sleep and passions fret and bicker. There is a poverty which despondency makes—a deep dungeon in which the victim wears hopeless chains. May God save you from that! . . . But there is a contented poverty, in which industry and peace rule; and a joyful hope, which looks out into another world where riches shall neither fly nor fade. This poverty may possess an independent mind, a heart ambitious of usefulness, a hand quick to sow the seed of other men's happiness and find its own joy in their enjoyment. . . . If God open to your feet the way to wealth, enter it cheerfully; but remember that riches bless or curse you, as your own heart determines. But if circumscribed by necessity, you are still indigent, after all your industry, do not scorn poverty. There is often in the hut more dignity than in the palace—more satisfaction in the poor man's scanty fare than in the rich man's satiety.

XLVII.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.¹

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good

Peter Stuyvesant² (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van¹⁰ Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina.³ He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he¹⁵ was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked⁴ husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious²⁰ and conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation,⁵ and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience²⁵ and long-suffering. A termagant⁶ wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the goodwives of the village, who, as usual with the³⁰ amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would

shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to

grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread, or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the everduring and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail dropped¹⁰ to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from¹¹ home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund¹² portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade,¹³ of a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place when by chance an old newspaper¹⁴ fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster—a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by

the most gigantic word in the dictionary! and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place!

The opinions of this junto⁹ were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree, so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true,¹⁰ he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to¹¹ smoke his pipe vehemently and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl¹² about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage,¹³ and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage Nicholas Vedder himself sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago,¹⁴ who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would some-

times seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day,¹⁰ Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him,²⁰ moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud or the sail of a lagging bark here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged,²⁵ the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw³⁰ their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village; and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin" strapped round the waist, several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep

ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, towards which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thundershowers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence, for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small, piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village par-

son, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder. ¹⁰

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lackluster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game. ²⁰

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep. ³⁰

On waking he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes.

and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at ninepins—the flagon—"Oh, that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling piece, he found an old firelock¹⁰ lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisters¹⁰ of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but¹⁵ he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up²⁵ with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now³⁰ foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel;

and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand.¹⁰ He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered¹¹ his rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with¹² every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of¹³ this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when to his astonishment he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A

troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether, both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled" my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—election—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear whether he was Federal or Democrat. Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village.

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King. God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed in the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in the squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose." I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand—war—Congress—Stony Point!—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst

of his bewilderment the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which, the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the graybearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice.

"Where's your mother?"

Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and, peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed: "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the

Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with his crew of the *Half-Moon*, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto" of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced a hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his tor-

por. How that there had been a Revolutionary War—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

XLVIII.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.¹

'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling—'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with its aged locks—and breathe,
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard's voice of Time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away
And left no shadow of their loveliness

On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
The coffin lid of Hope and Joy and Love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness. 5

The year
Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful, 10
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail 15
Of stricken ones is heard where erst' the song
And reckless shout resounded.

It passed o'er
The battle plain where sword and spear and shield
Flashed in the light of midday, and the strength 20
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came,
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet ere it melted in the viewless air, 25
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt 30
His iron heart to pity! On, still on,

He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinions.

10

Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter a while in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiades,* loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void: yet Time,
Time the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

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XLIX.

THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

BY HORACE GREELEY.¹

ST. PETER'S² is the Niagara of edifices, having the same relation to other masterpieces of human effort that the great cataract bears to other terrestrial effects of divine power. In either case the first view disappoints, because the perfection of symmetry dims the consciousness of magnitude, and the total absence of exaggeration in the details forbids the conception of vastness in the aggregate. Eternal endurance and repose may be fitly typified by the oceans and snow crested mountains, but power and energy find their best expressions in the cataract and the dome. . . .

I chose the early morning for my first visit. The sky was cloudless, as it mainly is here save in winter, but the day was not yet warm, for the summer nights are cooler here than in New York, and the current English talk of the excessive heat which prevails in Rome at this season is calculated to deceive Americans. No one fails to realize from the first the great beauty and admirable accessories of this edifice, with the far-stretching but quite other than lofty pile of the Vatican³ on its right, and its own magnificent colonnade in front; but you do not feel that it is lofty, nor spacious, nor anything but perfect. You ascend the steps, and thus gain some idea of the immense proportions prevailing throughout; for the church seems scarcely at all elevated above the square, and yet many are the steps leading up to the

doors. Crossing a grand porch with an arched roof of glorious mosaic, you find yourself in the body of the edifice, which now seems large and lofty indeed, but by no means unparalleled. But you walk on and on, between opposing pillars the grandest the world ever saw, the space at either side between any two pillars constituting a separate chapel with its gorgeous altar, its grand pictures in mosaic, its sculptured saints and angels, each of these chapels having a larger area than any church I ever entered in America; and by the time you have walked slowly and observingly to the front of the main altar you realize profoundly that Earth has nothing else to match with St. Peter's. No matter though another church were twice as large, and erected at a cost of twice the thirty millions of dollars and fifty years expended upon this, St. Peter's would still stand unrivaled. For every detail is so marvelously symmetrical that no one is dwarfed, no one challenges special attention. Of one hundred distinct parts, any one by itself would command your profoundest admiration, but everything around and beyond it is no less excellent, and you soon cease to wonder, and remain to appreciate and enjoy.

I devoted most of the day to St. Peter's, seeing it under many different aspects, but no other view of the interior is equal to that presented in the stillness and comparative solitude of the early morning. The presence of multitudes does not cloud your consciousness of its immensity, for ten thousand persons occupy no considerable portion of its area and might very easily be present yet wholly invisible to one who stood just inside the entrance and looked searchingly through the body of the edifice to find them; but there are usually very few seats, and those for the privileged, so that hundreds are constantly moving from place to place through the day,

which distracts attention and mars the feeling of repose and delighted awe which the naked structure is calculated to inspire. Go very early some bright summer morning, if you would see St. Peter's in its calm and stately grandeur.

I ascended to the roof, and thence to the summit of the dome, but, apart from a profounder consciousness of the vastness and admirable proportions of the edifice, this is of little worth. True, the entire city and its suburbs lie clearly and fully beneath and around you ; but so they do from the tower of the Capitol. Views from commanding heights are obtained in almost every city. The ascent, however, as far as the roof, is easier than any other I ever found within a building. Instead of stairs, here is a circular road, more like the ascent of a¹⁵ mountain than a church. One single view is obtained, however, which richly compensates for the fatigue of the ascent. It is that from the interior of the dome down into the body of the church below. The Alps may present grander, but I never expect to have an-²⁰ other like this.

Here I had personal evidence of the mean, reckless selfishness wherewith public edifices are regarded by too many, and the absolute necessity of constant, omnipresent watchfulness to preserve them from wanton dilapidation.⁴ Five or six French soldiers had been permitted to ascend the dome just before I did, and came down nearly at the same time with me. As I stood gazing down from this point into the church below, two of these soldiers came in on their way down, and one of²⁵ them, looking around to see that no one was present but a stranger, whipped the bayonet he wore out of its sheath, forced the point into the mosaic close behind as well as above us, pried out one of the square pieces of

agate or some such stone of which that mosaic is composed, put it in his pocket, and made off. I had no idea that he would deface the edifice until the moment he did it, and then hastily remonstrated, but of course without avail. I looked at the wall on which he operated, and found that two or three had preceded him in the same work of paltry but most outrageous robbery. Of course, each will boast of his exploit to his comrades of kindred spirit, and they will be tempted to imitate it, until the mischief done becomes sufficiently serious to attract attention, and then nobody will have a serious reckoning to encounter. A few acts of unobserved rapine as trifling as these may easily occasion some signal disaster. In an edifice like this there should be no point accessible to visitors unwatched by a faithful guardian even for one hour. . . .

In the evening St. Peter's and its accessories were illuminated—by far the most brilliant spectacle I ever saw. All was dark and silent till, at the first stroke of the bell, light flashed from a hundred thousand burners,²⁰ and the entire front of the church and dome, up to the very summit of the spire, was one magnificent galaxy, while the double row of gigantic pillars or columns surrounding the square was in like manner radiant with jets of flame. I thought the architecture of St. Peter's²⁵ Rome's greatest glory when I had only seen it by daylight, yet it now seemed more wondrous still. The bells rang sweetly and stirringly throughout the evening, and there was a like illumination on the summit of the Pincian Hill, while most of the shops and dwellings displayed at least one row of burning candles, and bonfires blazed brightly in the streets, which were alive with moving, animated groups, while the square of St. Peter's and the nearest bridges over the Tiber were black with

excited thousands. To-night we have fireworks from the Pincian in honor of St. Peter, which would be thought in New England an odd way of honoring an Apostle, especially on Sunday evening; but whether Rome or Boston is right on this point is a question to be pondered.

L.

SELF-CULTURE.

BY WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.¹

SELF-CULTURE is practical, for it proposes as one of its chief ends to fit us for action, to make us efficient in whatever we undertake, to train us to firmness of purpose and fruitfulness of resource in common life, and especially in emergencies, in times of difficulty, danger, and trial. But, passing over this and other topics for which I have no time, I shall confine myself to two branches of self-culture which have been almost wholly overlooked in the education of the people, and which ought not to be so slighted.

In looking at our nature, we discover, among its admirable endowments, the sense or perception of Beauty. We see the germ of this in every human being, and there is no power which admits greater cultivation; and why should it not be cherished in all? It deserves remark that the provision for this principle is infinite in the universe. There is but a very minute portion of the creation which we can turn into food and clothes, or gratification for the body; but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty. Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless

flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now, this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if; instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael,² and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation! how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice! But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner Artist; and how much would his existence be elevated could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature! The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they

win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now, no man receives the true culture of a man in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand; and it seems to me to be most important to those conditions where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications, which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.

What beauty is, is a question which the most penetrating minds have not satisfactorily answered; nor, were I able, is this the place for discussing it. But one thing I would say: the beauty of the outward creation is intimately related to the lovely, grand, interesting attributes of the soul. It is the emblem or expression of these. Matter becomes beautiful to us when it seems to lose its material aspect, its inertness, finiteness, and grossness, and by the ethereal lightness of its forms and motions seems to approach spirit; when it images to us pure and gentle affections; when it spreads out into a vastness which is a shadow of the Infinite; or when in more awful shapes and movements it speaks of the Omnipotent. Thus outward beauty is akin to something deeper and unseen, is the reflection of spiritual attributes; and of consequence, the way to see and feel it more and more keenly is to cultivate those moral, religious, intellectual, and social principles of which I have already spoken, and which are the glory of the spiritual nature.

There is another power, which each man should culti-

vate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of the people, and that is the power of Utterance. A man was not made to shut up his mind in himself, but to give it voice and exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigor may, for want of expression, be a cipher, without significance, in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts. We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer, by the very effort to make them clearer to another. Our social rank, too, depends a good deal on our power of utterance. The principal distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar lies in this, that the latter are awkward in manners, and are essentially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and force of utterance. A man who cannot open his lips without breaking a rule of grammar, without showing in his dialect or brogue or uncouth tones his want of cultivation, or without darkening his meaning by a confused, unskillful mode of communication, cannot take the place to which perhaps his native good sense entitles him. To have intercourse with respectable people, we must speak their language. On this account, I am glad that grammar and a correct pronunciation are taught in the common schools of this city. These are not trifles; nor are they superfluous to any class of people. They give a man access to social advantages, on which his improvement very much depends.

The power of utterance should be included by all in their plans of self-culture.

LI.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

BY SYLVESTER JUDD.¹

MARGARET's old teacher sometimes employed his little pupil to scour the woods in search of wild flowers, a pursuit for which she was fitted both by her own lightness of heart and foot, and a familiar acquaintance with the region. He instructed her to preserve specimens of almost all kinds she encountered, in the expectation, partly, of discovering some new variety. He furnished her with a tin box to keep the flowers fresh and sound. Providing herself with a lunch of bread and cheese, she took a familiar route through the Mowing into the rich, birch and walnut woods lying towards the village. Her dog Bull having gone off with her brother in the morning, she was obliged to do without the usual companion of her rambles.

The sun shone warm and inviting, and the air felt soft and exhilarating. The olive-backs trolled and chanted among the trees, and in the shadowy green boughs innumerable and invisible creepers and warblers sang out a sweet welcome wherever her footstep was heard. She found varieties of fungus, yellow, scarlet, and blood-colored, which she tore from the sides of the trees, from stumps and rails. She gathered the wild columbine, snakeroot, red cohosh, purple bush-trefoil, flaxbell flower, the beautiful purple orchis, and dodder, that gay, yellow-liveried parasite,² and other flowers, now so well known and readily distinguished by every

lover of nature, but which at the period of our memoir had not been fully arranged in the New England flora.

Turning to the right, or towards south, she came to a spot of almost solid rocks, through the hard chinks and seams of which great trees had bored their way up, to spread their trunks and branches in the light and air. This place was set down in the vocabulary of the district as the Maples, or Sugar Camp, from its growth of sugar maple trees. Over these stones she stepped as on a pavement, or leaped from one to another as one does¹⁰ on the foam crags at Nahant. All about her on the rocks the bright green polypodes¹¹ and maidenhair waved in silent feathery harmony, with the round dots of quivering sunlight that descended through the trees—little daughters of the sun dallying with these children of the earth, and, like spiders, spinning a thin, beautiful tissue about them, which was destroyed every night and patiently renewed every morning. Here also she found beds of shining white and rose-colored crystal quartz stones, all draped and ruffled with green moss.²⁰ On the flat top of a large boulder she saw growing a parcel of small polypodes in a circle, like a crown on a king's head. Up this she climbed, and sitting among the ferns, she sang snatches from old songs she had learned :

“There were three jovial Welshmen,
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. David's Day.”

Sorting out the fairest of the fronds, she still sung :³⁰

“Robin and Richard were two pretty men,
They laid in bed till the clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin, and looked at the sky,
Oh, Brother Richard, the sun's very high,”

and down she leaped. A humming bird that she had seen, or fancied she saw, early in the morning at her scarlet bean flowers, shot by like an arrow. She would follow it. On she went till she found its nest in a tree, and climbing a rock and bending down the branch, she could look into it. In a pretty cradle of moss lined with mullein-down lay two tiny eggs. But the watchful parents did not know who it was that was looking in upon them, and seemed afraid that she would hurt the eggs. She wouldn't for the world. They ruffled¹⁰ their golden-green and pretty tabby feathers at her, and almost flew into her eyes. She saw how mistaken they were, and took off her hat that they might see her face and curly hair, and that it was really the little Margaret whom they had seen at Pluck's. When she did¹¹ this, and spoke to them, the excited creatures saw at once how it was, and seemed to be mightily ashamed of themselves, especially when they remembered how often they had got honey out of the flowers' she kept growing for them. One of them leaped into the nest,¹² where she sat looking at Margaret, as much as to say, "I'm glad you called"; the other hummed a pleasant little song to her, flying about her head. . . .

On the grassy bank, with the water running at her feet, she sat down and prepared for dinner, which consisted of bread and cheese and boxberries. She kneeled on a stone and drank from the swift, sparkling waters. It was now past noon; her box was full, and quite heavy enough for one so young to carry, and she might have returned home. The woods beyond or to the¹³ west of the brook were close and dark; hardly did the sun strike through them, but the birds were noisy there, and she must perforce enter them, as a cavern, and walk on the smooth, leaf-strewed floor. The ground sloped

up, then rounded over into a broad interval below, down into which she went. Here beneath a large pine she stopped to rest; the birds fluttered, rioted, and shrieked in strange confusion, and she entertained herself watching their motion and noise. The low and softened notes of distant thunder she heard, and felt no alarm; or she may have taken it for the drum-like sound of partridges, that so nearly resembles thunder, and which she had often heard, and thought no more of the matter. Had she been on the tops of the trees where the birds were, she would have seen a storm gathering—cloud engendering cloud, peaks swelling into mountains, the entire mass sagging with darkness, and dilating in horror. The air seemed to hold in its breath, and in the hushed silence she sat, looking at the rabbits and woodchucks that scampered across the dry leaves and dived into their burrows. She broke into a loud laugh when a small, brown-snouted martin gave vigorous chase to the bolt-upright, bushy, black-tipped tail of a red fox, and clapped her hands and stamped her feet to cheer the little creature on. She sang out, in gayest participation of the scene, a Mother Goose melody, in a Latin version the Master had given her:

"Hei didulum! atque iterum didulum! felisque fidesque,
 Vacca super lunæ cornua prosiluit;
 Nescio qua catulus risit dulcedine ludi;
 Abstulit et turpi cochleare fuga."⁶

25

While she was singing, hailstones bounded at her feet, and the wind shook the tops of the trees. Suddenly it grew dark; then, in the twinkling of an eye,³⁰ the storm broke over her—howling, crashing, dizzying it came. The whole forest seemed to have given way—to have been felled by the stroke of some Demiurgic Fury,' or to have prostrated itself as the Almighty

passed by. The great pine at the root of which she was sitting was broken off just above her head, and blown to the ground; and by its fall, inclosing her in an impenetrable sconce,* under which alone in the general wreck could her life have been preserved.

A whirlwind, or tornado, such as sometimes visits New England, had befallen the region. It leaped like a maniac from the skies, and with a breadth of some twenty rods and an extent of four or five miles, swept everything in its course; the forest was mown down before it, orchard trees were torn up by the roots, large rocks unearthed, chimneys dashed to the ground, roofs of houses whirled into the air, fences scattered, cows lifted from their feet, sheep killed, the strongest fabrics of man and nature driven about like stubble. In bush and settlement, upland and interval, was its havoc alike fearful.

When Margaret recovered from the alarm of the moment, she found herself covered with leaves, bark, hail-stones, and sand; blood flowed from her arm, and one of her legs was bruised. A stick had penetrated her box of flowers and pinned it to the earth. The sun came out as the storm went by; but above her were the trees with their branches piled one upon another; what indeed had been her salvation, now roofed her in solitude and darkness.

Making essays at self-deliverance, she found every outlet closed or distorted. Trees cemented with shrubs overlaid her path, while deep chasms formed by upturned roots opened beneath her. When at last she reached the edge of the ruins and stood in the open woods, she knew not where she was or in what direction lay her home. No cart tracks nor cow paths, no spots nor blazes on the trees were to be seen. The sun

was setting, but its light was hidden by the still interminable foliage. Every step led her deeper into the wood and farther from home. She mounted knolls, but could discern nothing; she crossed brooks and explored ravines, to no purpose.

Despairing, exhausted, her wounds actively painful, she sank down under the projecting edge of a large rock. She had not been sitting long when she saw approaching the same place a large, shaggy black bear, with three cubs. The bear looked at Margaret, and Margaret looked at the bear. "It is very strange," the old bear seemed to say; the little bears frisked about as if they thought it was funny to see a little two-legged child in their bed. Margaret sat very still and said nothing, only she wished she could tell the bears how tired she was, and hoped they wouldn't take offence at her being there. The big bear came close to her, and, as bears are wont to do, smelled of her hand, and even licked the blood that flowed from her arm; and Margaret went so far as to stroke the long brown nose of the bear, and was no more afraid than if it had been her own dog. The motherly beast seemed to be thinking, "How bad I should feel if it had been one of the cubs that was hurt!" Finally the good dam and her young and Margaret all cuddled down together, and were soon asleep; only one of the little bears could not get to sleep so easily for thinking what a strange bed-fellow he had, and he got up two or three times just to look at the child.

Meanwhile the rumor of the tornado had reached the Pond, and the family were not a little excited. The Widow and her son Obed came down both to seek news of the storm, and inflame the impression of its terror.

The ruddy and wanton face of Pluck became pale and thoughtful. The dry and dark features of his wife were even lighted up with alarm. Chilion, who had been to the village, when he learned of the absence of his sister seemed smitten by some violent internal blow. . . . They watched and waited, and waited and watched, uncertain what course the child had taken, not knowing where to go for her, and hoping each successive instant she might appear from some quarter of the woods.

The next morning Obed, as soon as it was light, was sent to the village to have the bell rung and the town alarmed. In the course of two or three hours the entire population of Livingston received the exciting and piteous intelligence of "A child lost in the woods, and supposed to have perished in the storm!" The people flocked about Obed to learn the news, and hurried away to render succor.

The Master, hearing of the sad probability respecting his little pupil, was like one beside himself; perfectly bemazed, he made three complete circles in the road, drew out his red bandanna handkerchief, poised his golden-headed cane in the air, then leaped forward like a hound upon its prey, ran down the South Street, and disappeared at full speed up the Brandon road. Men with ox carts, going into the meadows, threw out their scythes, rakes, pitchforks, or whatever they had, wheeled about, took in a load of old men, women, and children, and drove for the woods. Boys seized dinner-horns and ran. There surged up the Brandon road, like a sea, a great multitude of people.

Successively, as the several parties arrived at the spot, they set themselves at work clearing away the trees. It was the universal impression that the child lay buried somewhere under the windfall. The forest resounded

with the blows of axes and the crashing of limbs. Broad openings were made in the compact mass. . . .

To return to Margaret. The night had passed quietly, and she awoke refreshed, though stiffened in every joint. She tried, but could not walk. She cried for help, but she had wandered far from any neighborhood and beyond the ordinary haunts of men. Dreary feelings and oppressive thoughts came over her, and tears flowed freely, which the tender-hearted bear wiped away with her tongue. Then the three little bears began to play with their dam—one climbed up her back, another hugged her fore-leg, and the third made as if it would tweak her nose, and the one upon her back banded paws with the one that was hugging the leg, like kittens; and Margaret was forced to be amused despite herself. Then she fell to singing, and as she sang, the animals seemed to be moved thereby, and the old bear and the three little bears seated themselves all in a row before her to hear her; and they were so much pleased with the performance that neither of them spoke a word during the whole of it.

Where the people were at work, they canvassed a pretty large area. One of the boys, who was burrowing, mole-like, under the ruins, raised an exclamation that brought several to the spot. He had discovered the flower box, which was at once recognized as having been carried by the child. The little utensil, battered and perforated, was borne to the Master, who clutched it with a mixed and confused utterance of pleasure, apprehension, and regret. The conjecture arose that she might have escaped from the storm, and while a few remained and continued the search, it was agreed that the main body should distribute themselves in squads and scour the forest and region round about. They

took horns wherewith to betoken success, if success should attend them.

Margaret, who, as the hours wore away, could do no more than resign herself to passing events, was startled from her reveries by the rustling of footsteps and the sound of a human voice. At the same instant she saw the Master running precipitously across the woods, and crying out: "Ursa major! Ursa minores!—Great bear! little bears! Oh!" The man's arms were aloft, his hat and wig had fallen, the flaps of his coat were torn in the underbrush, his tall form seemed to rebound from stump to puddle, and puddle to stump. Close at his heels was the bear with her young, running with similar velocity, but more afraid of *her* pursuers than the Master was of her, and whose track she pursued only for the instant that it happened to identify itself with the direct course to her lair, whither she betook herself, while the Master, making a desperate effort to dodge the fury of the animal, flung himself into the arms of a tree.

At the same moment men and boys appeared storming and rattling through the brush with uplifted axes, clubs, and stones, in hue and cry after the bear, whom, happening to alight upon, they had driven to her retreat. Their shouts after the beast were changed into exclamations of a very different character when they beheld the child. They sprang forward to Margaret, caught her in their arms, and asked her a thousand questions. The horns were blown, and presently there came up from hill and hummock, wood and bosket, rock and dingle, all around, an answering volley. The Master at length ventured forward. What were his emotions or his manners at finding the lost one alive, we will not detail. To show feelings before folks mortified him greatly; the received mode of expression he did not follow.

"We have found the child, let us now kill the bear," became the cry; the animal in the mean time having slunk, trembling to the death, under the low eaves of her den.

"Never! never!" was the vehement expostulation of Margaret, as she recounted the passages between herself and the animal.

"Well," said the boys, "if she has been so good to the gal we won't touch her." . . .

. . . They went up the hill, Margaret on the shoulders of the young men, escorted, as it would seem, by half the town, all wild with joy. When they came in sight of the house, a new flourish of the horn was made, three cheers given, hats and green twigs swung.

Margaret was conveyed to her mother's bed. Dr. Spoor examined her wounds, and pronounced them not serious; and all the women did and said the same thing.

Chilion, to express his own transport, or to embody and respond to the delight of the people, called for his violin. He wrought that effect with his instrument, in which he took evident pleasure, moving the parties into a kind of subservient unison, and gliding into a familiar reel, he soon had them dancing. On the grass before the house, old and young, grave and gay, they all danced together. Parson Welles, the Preacher, and Deacon Hadlock looked on smilingly. Deacon Ramsdill's wife, declaring Margaret *must* see what was going on, had her taken from the bed, and held her in her lap on the doorsill. There had been clouds over the sun all day, and mists in the atmosphere, and much dark feeling in all minds; nor did the sun yet appear, only below it—while it was now about an hour high—along the horizon, cleared away a long, narrow strip of sky flushing with golden light. Above the people's heads still hung

gray clouds, about them were green woods, underneath them the green grass, and within them were bright, joyous sensations, while through all things streamed this soft-colored light, and everything became a sort of pavonine¹⁰ transparency, and the good folks' faces glowed with magical luster, and their hearts beat with a kind of new-birth enthusiasm. Deacon Hadlock, stirred irresistibly, gave out, as for years he had been accustomed to do in church, the lines of the doxology :

"To God, the Father, Son, 10
And Spirit, glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so,
To all eternity."

LII.

LITTLE GIFFEN.

BY FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR.¹

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire; 15
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene.
(Eighteenth battle, and *he* sixteen!)
Specter! such as you seldom see—
Little Giffen, of Tennessee!

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeons said; 20
Little the doctor can help the dead!
So we took him, and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus,² heel to head! 25

And we watched the war with abated breath—
Skeleton boy against skeleton Death.
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton "learned to write."
"Dear mother" at first, of course; and then
"Dear captain," inquiring about the men. 10
Captain's answer: "Of eighty-and-five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war, one day;
Johnson pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffen was up and away; 15
A tear—his first—as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write if spared." There was news of the fight,
But none of Giffen.—He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that were I king 20
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best, on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry, 25
For "Little Giffen," of Tennessee.

LIII.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.¹

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings,
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren² sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids³ rise to sun their streaming
hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised⁴ ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no
more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton['] blew from wreathéd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

LIV.

FROM "THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE."

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WHEN we are as yet small children, long before the time when those two grown ladies offer us the choice of Hercules,¹ there comes up to us a youthful angel, holding in his right hand cubes like dice, and in his left spheres like marbles. The cubes are of stainless ivory,² and on each is written in letters of gold—TRUTH. The spheres are veined and streaked and spotted beneath, with a dark crimson flush above, where the light falls on them, and in a certain aspect you can make out upon every one of them the three letters L, I, E. The child³ to whom they are offered very probably clutches at

both. The spheres are the most convenient things in the world; they roll with the least possible impulse just where the child would have them. The cubes will not roll at all; they have a great talent for standing still, and always keep right side up. But very soon the young philosopher finds that things which roll so easily are very apt to roll into the wrong corner, and to get out of his way when he most wants them, while he always knows where to find the others, which stay where they are left. Thus he learns—thus we learn—to drop the streaked and speckled globes of falsehood and to hold fast the white angular blocks of truth. But then comes Timidity, and after her Good-nature, and last of all Polite-behavior, all insisting that truth must *roll*, or nobody can do anything with it; and so the first with her coarse rasp, and the second with her broad file, and the third with her silken sleeve, do so round off and smooth and polish the snow-white cubes of truth that when they have got a little dingy by use it becomes hard to tell them from the rolling spheres of falsehood. . . .

I have lived by the seashore and by the mountains. —No, I am not going to say which is best. The one where your place is is the best for you. But this difference there is: You can domesticate mountains, but the sea is *feræ naturæ*.¹ You may have a hut, or know the owner of one, on the mountain-side; you see a light halfway up its ascent in the evening, and you know there is a home, and you might share it. You have noted certain trees, perhaps; you know the particular zone where the hemlocks look so black in October, when the maples and beeches have faded. All its reliefs and intaglios have electrotyped themselves in the medallions that hang round the walls of your memory's chamber. The sea remembers nothing. It is feline. It licks your

feet—its huge flanks purr very pleasantly to you; but it will crack your bones and eat you, for all that, and wipe the crimsoned foam from its jaws as if nothing had happened. The mountains give their lost children berries and water; the sea mocks their thirst and lets them die. The mountains have a grand, stupid, lovable tranquillity; the sea has a fascinating, treacherous intelligence. The mountains lie about like huge ruminants, their broad backs awful to look upon, but safe to handle. The sea smooths its silver scales until you cannot see their joints—but their shining is that of a snake's belly, after all. In deeper suggestiveness I find as great a difference. The mountains dwarf mankind and shorten the procession of its long generations. The sea drowns out humanity and time; it has no sympathy with either; for it belongs to eternity, and of that it sings for ever and ever. Yet I should love to have a little box by the seashore. I should love to gaze out on the wild feline element from a front window of my own, just as I should love to look on a caged panther, and see it stretch its shining length, and then curl over and lap its smooth sides, and by and by begin to lash itself into a rage and show its white teeth and spring at its bars, and howl the cry of its mad, but, to me, harmless fury. And then—to look at it with that inward eye—who does not love to shuffle off time and its concerns, at intervals—to forget who is President and who is Governor, what race he belongs to, what language he speaks, which golden-headed nail of the firmament his particular planetary system is hung upon, and listen to the great liquid metronome as it beats its solemn measure, steadily swinging when the solo or duet of human life began, and to swing just as steadily after the human chorus has died out and man is a fossil on its shores?

LV.

ROBERT BURNS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.¹

THE year 1759 was a proud year for Great Britain. Two years before, amid universal disaster, Lord Chesterfield² had exclaimed, "We are no longer a nation." But, meanwhile, Lord Chatham³ had restored to his country the scepter of the seas and covered her name with the glory of continuous victory. The year 1759 saw his greatest triumphs. It was the year of Minden,⁴ where the French army was routed; of Quiberon, where the French fleet was destroyed; of the heights of Abraham in Canada,⁵ where Wolfe died happy, and the dream of French supremacy upon the American continent vanished forever. The triumphant thunder of British guns was heard all around the world. Robert Clive⁶ was founding British dominion in India; Boscawen and his fellow-admirals were sweeping France from the ocean;¹⁰ and, in America, Col. George Washington had planted the British flag on the field of Braddock's defeat. "We are forced to ask every morning what victory there is," said Horace Walpole,⁷ "for fear of missing one."

But not only in politics and war was the genius of Great Britain illustrious. James Watt⁸ was testing the force of steam; Hargreaves was inventing the spinning jenny, which ten years later Arkwright would complete; and Wedgwood was making household ware beautiful. Fielding's⁹ "Tom Jones" had been ten years in print, and Gray's "Elegy" nine years. Dr. Johnson had lately

published his dictionary," and Edmund Burke his essay on the Sublime and Beautiful. In the year 1759 Garrick" was the first of actors and Sir Joshua Reynolds of painters. Gibbon" dated in this year the preface of his first work; Hume published the third and fourth volumes of his history of England; Robertson his history of Scotland; and Sterne came to London to find a publisher for "Tristram Shandy." Oliver Goldsmith," "unfriended, solitary," was toiling for the booksellers in his garret over Fleet Ditch; but four years later, with¹⁰ Burke and Reynolds and Garrick and Johnson, he would found the most famous of literary clubs, and sell the "Vicar of Wakefield" to save himself from jail. It was a year of events decisive of the course of history, and of men whose fame is an illustrious national possession.¹⁵ But among those events none is more memorable than the birth of a son in the poorest of Scotch homes; and of all that renowned and resplendent throng of statesmen, soldiers, and seamen, of philosophers, poets, and inventors, whose fame filled the world with acclamation,²⁰ not one is more gratefully and fondly remembered than the Ayrshire plowman, Robert Burns."

This great assembly is in large part composed of his countrymen. Most of you, fellow-citizens, were born in Scotland. There is no more beautiful country, and, as²⁵ you stand here, memory and imagination recall your native land. Misty coasts and far-stretching splendors of summer sea, solemn mountains and wind-swept moors, singing streams and rocky glens and waterfalls; lovely vales of Ayr³⁰ and Yarrow, of Teviot and the Tweed; crumbling ruins of ancient days, abbey and castle and tower; legends of romance gilding burn³⁵ and brae with "the light that never was on sea or land," every hill with its heroic tradition, every stream with

its story, every valley with its song, land of the harebell and the mountain daisy, land of the laverock¹⁷ and the curlew, land of braw¹⁸ youths and sonsie lasses, of a deep, strong, melancholy manhood, of a deep, true, tender womanhood—this is your Scotland, this is your native land—and how could you so truly transport it to the home of your adoption, how interpret it to us beyond the sea, so fully and so fitly, as by this memorial of the poet whose song is Scotland? No wonder that you proudly bring his statue and place it here under the American sun, in the chief American city, side by side with that of the other great Scotchman¹⁹ whose genius and fame, like the air and the sunshine, no local boundary can confine. In this Walhalla²⁰ of our various nationality, it will be long before two fellow-countrymen¹⁸ are commemorated whose genius is at once so characteristically national and so broadly universal, who speak so truly for their own countrymen and for all mankind, as Walter Scott and Robert Burns.

This season of the reddening leaf, of sunny stillness²⁰ and of roaring storm, especially befits this commemoration, because it was at this season that the poet was peculiarly inspired, and because the wild and tender, the wayward and golden-hearted autumn is the best symbol of his genius. The sculptor has imagined him in some²⁵ hour of pensive and ennobling meditation, when his soul, amid the hush of evening, in the falling year, was exalted to an ecstasy of passionate yearning and regret; and here, rapt into silence, just as the heavenly melody is murmuring from his lips, here he sits and will sit forever. It³⁰ was in October that Highland Mary died. It was in October that the hymn "To Mary in Heaven" was written. It was in October, ever afterwards, that Burns was lost in melancholy musing as the anniversary of her

death drew near. Yet within a few days, while his soul might seem to have been still lifted in that sorrowful prayer, he wrote the most rollicking, resistless, and immortal of drinking songs :

“ O Willie brewed a peck o’ maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to pree:
Three blither hearts that lee-lang night
Ye wad na find in Christendie.”²¹

Here were the two strains of this marvelous genius, and the voices of the two spirits that went with him¹⁰ through life :

“ He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.”²²

This was Burns. This was the blended poet and man. What sweetness and grace! What soft, pathetic, penetrating melody, as if all the sadness of shaggy Scotland had found a voice! What whispering witchery of love! What boisterous, jovial humor, excessive, daring, unbridled!—satire of the kirk so scorching and scornful that John Knox²³ might have burst indignant from his grave, and shuddering ghosts of Covenanters have filled the mountains with a melancholy wail. A genius so masterful, a charm so universal, that it drew farmers from the field when his coming was known, and men from their tavern beds at midnight to listen delighted²⁴ until dawn.

It cannot be said of Burns that he “burst his birth’s invidious bar.” He was born poor, he lived poor, he died poor, and he always felt his poverty to be a curse. He was fully conscious of himself and of his intellectual superiority. He disdained and resented the condescension of the great, and he defiantly asserted his independence. I do not say that he might not or ought not to

have lived tranquilly and happily as a poor man. Perhaps, as Carlyle¹¹ suggests, he should have divided his hours between poetry and virtuous industry. We only know that he did not. Like an untamable eagle, he dashed against the bars he could not break, and his life was a restless, stormy alternation of low and lofty moods, of pure and exalted feeling, of mad revel and impotent regret. His pious mother crooned over his cradle snatches of old ballads and legends, of which her mind was full. His father, silent, austere, inflexibly honest,¹² taught him to read good books, books whose presence in his poor cottage helps to explain the sturdy mental vigor of the Scotch peasantry. But the ballads charmed the boy. He could not turn a tune, but driving the cart or plowing or digging in the field, he was still¹³ saying the verses over and over, his heart answering like a shell the sea, until, when he was fifteen, he composed a song himself upon a lassie who drew his eye and heart; and so, as he says, love and poetry began with him together.¹⁴

For ten years his life was a tale of fermenting youth; toiling and moiling, turning this way and that, to surveying and flax dressing, in the vain hope of finding a fairer chance; a lover of all the girls, and the master of the revels everywhere; brightening the long day of peat cutting with the rattling fire of wit that his comrades never forgot; writing love songs, and fascinated by the wild smuggler-boys of Kirkoswald; led by them into bitter shame and self-reproach, but turning with all the truculence of heady youth upon his moral censors, and taunting them with immortal ridicule. At twenty-five,¹⁵ when his father was already laid in Alloway kirkyard, the seed of old national legend which his mother had dropped into his cradle began to shoot into patriotic

feeling and verse, and Burns became conscious of distinct poetic ambition. For two years he followed the plow and wrote some of his noblest poems. But the farm which he tilled with his brother was unproductive, and at the very time that his genius was most affluent his conduct was most wayward. Distracted by poetry and poverty and passion, and brought to public shame, he determined to leave the country, and in 1786, when he was twenty-seven years old, Burns published his poems by subscription, to get the money to pay his passage to¹⁰ America. Ah, could that poor, desperate plowman of Mossgiel have foreseen this day, could he have known that because of those poems—an abiding part of literature, familiar to every people, sung and repeated in American homes from sea to sea—his genius would be¹⁵ honored and his name blessed, and his statue raised with grateful pride to keep his memory in America green forever, perhaps the amazing vision might have nerved him to make his life as noble as his genius; perhaps the full sunshine of assured glory might have wrought upon²⁰ that great, generous, willful soul to

“tak’ a thought an’ men’.”

Burns’s sudden fame stayed him and brought him to Edinburgh and its brilliant literary society. Hume was gone, but Adam Smith²² remained; Robertson was²⁴ there and Dugald Stewart. There, also, were Blacklock and Hugh Blair²⁶ and Archibald Alison, Fraser Tytler and Adam Ferguson and Henry Erskine. There, too, were the beautiful Duchess of Gordon and the truly noble Lord Glencairn. They welcomed Burns as a²⁸ prodigy, but he would not be patronized. Glad of his fame, but proudly and aggressively independent, he wanders through the stately city, taking off his hat be-

fore the house of Allan Ramsay," and reverently kissing Robert Ferguson's grave—"his elder brother in misfortune," as Burns called him. He goes to the great houses, and although they did not know it, he was the greatest guest they had ever entertained, the greatest poet that then or ever walked the streets of Edinburgh. His famous hosts were all Scotchmen, but he was the only Scotchman among them who had written in the dialect of his country, and who had become famous without ceasing to be Scotch. But one day there stole into the drawing-room where Burns stood a boy²² of fifteen, who was presently to eclipse all Scottish fame but that of Burns himself. The poet was looking at an engraving of a soldier lying frozen in the snow, under which were some touching lines; and as he read them, Burns, with his eyes full of tears, asked who wrote them. None of the distinguished company could tell him, but the young boy, Walter Scott, timidly whispered the name of the author, and he never forgot that Burns turned upon him his full, dark, tearful eyes—eyes which Scott called the most glorious imaginable—and thanked him. Scott saw Burns no more. They parted in Scotland a hundred years ago; but here, now, under this tender American sky, they meet again, face to face, amid the grateful benedictions of two worlds.

The dazzling Edinburgh days were a glaring social contrast to the rest of his life. The brilliant society flattered him, but his brilliancy outshone its own. He was wiser than the learned, wittier than the gayest, and more courteous than the courtliest. His genius flashed and blazed like a torch among the tapers, and the well-ordered company, enthralled by the surprising guest, winced and wondered. If the host was condescending, the guest was never obsequious. But Burns did not

love a lord, and he chafed indignantly at the subtle but invincible lines of social distinction, feeling too surely that the realm of leisure and ease, a sphere in which he knew himself to be naturally master, must always float beyond, beyond—the alluring glimmer of a mirage. A thousand times wistfully watching this fascinating human figure amid the sharp vicissitudes of his life, from Poosie Nansie's alehouse in Mauchline to the stately drawing-room of Gordon Castle, with all his royal manhood and magnificent capability entangled and confused, the heart longs, but longs in vain, to hear the one exulting and triumphant cry of the strong man coming to himself, "I will arise."

But with all his gifts, that was not given him. Burns left Edinburgh to wander about his bonnie Scotland, his mind full of its historic tradition and legendary lore, and beginning to overflow with songs born of the national melodies. He was to see, and he wished to see, no other land. His heart beat towards it with affectionate fidelity, as if he felt that somehow its destiny were reflected in his own. At Coldstream, where the Tweed divides Scotland from England, he went across the river, but as he touched the English soil, he turned, fell upon his knees, stretched out his arms to Scotland, and prayed God to bless his native land.

His wanderings ended, Burns settled, at twenty-nine, upon the pleasant farm of Ellisland, in Nithsdale, over the hills from his native Ayrshire,

"To make a happy fireside clime
For weans²⁹ and wife."

Here his life began happily. He managed the farm, started a parish library, went to church, and was proud of the regard of his neighbors. He was honored and

sought by travelers, and his genius was in perfect tune. "Tam o' Shanter" and "Bonnie Doon," the songs of "Highland Mary," "John Anderson, my Jo," and "Auld Lang Syne," are all flowers of Ellisland. But he could not be farmer, gauger, poet, and prince of good-fellows all at once. The cloud darkened that was never to be lifted. The pleasant farm at Ellisland failed, and Burns, selling all his stock and crop and tools, withdrew to Dumfries. It was the last change of his life, and melancholy were the days that followed, but radiant with the keen flashes and tender gleams of the highest poetic genius of the time. Writing exquisite songs, often lost in the unworthiest companionship, consumed with self-reproach, but regular in his official duties, teaching his boy to love the great English poets, from Shakespeare to Gray, seeking pleasure at any cost, conscious of a pity and a censure at which he could not wonder, but conscious also of the inexpressible tragedy which pity and censure could not know nor comprehend, and, through evil report and good report the same commanding and noble nature that we know, Burns in these last dark days of Dumfries is like a stately ship in a tempest, with all her canvas spread, with far-flying streamers and glancing lights and music penetrating the storm, drifting helpless on the cruel rocks of a lee shore. One summer evening towards the end, as a young man rode into Dumfries to attend a ball, he saw Burns loitering alone on one side of the street, while the other was thronged with gay gentlemen and ladies, not one of whom cared to greet the poet. The young man instantly dismounted, and joining Burns, asked him to cross the street. "Nay, nay, my young friend, that's all over now;" and then, in a low, soft, mournful voice, Burns repeated the old ballad:

"His bonnet stood ance fu' fair on his brow,
 His auld ane looked better than mony ane's new;
 But now he lets 't wear ony way it will hing,
 And casts himsell dowie upon the corn bing.
 Oh, were we young as we ance hae been,
 We suld hae been galloping down on yon green,
 And linking it owre the lily-white lea,
 And werena my heart light it wad dee."²⁰

Five years of letting his life wear "ony way it would hing" and Burns's life was ended, in 1796, in his thirty-¹⁰ seventh year. There was an outburst of universal sorrow. A great multitude crowded the little town at his burial. Memorials, monuments, biographies of every kind followed. Poets ever since have sung of him as of no other poet. The theme is always fresh and always¹⁵ captivating, and, within the year, our own American poet, "beloved and honored in his beautiful and unwasted age, sings of Burns as he sees him in vision, as the world shall forever see him, an immortal youth cheerily sing-²⁰ ing at his toil in the bright spring morning.

The personal feeling of Longfellow's poem is that which Burns always inspires. There is no great poet who is less of a mere name and abstraction. His grasp is so human that the heart insists upon knowing the story of his life, and ponders it with endless sympathy²⁵ and wonder. It is not necessary to excuse or conceal. The key of Burns's life is the struggle of a shrinking will tossed between great extremes—between poetic genius and sensibility, intellectual force, tenderness, con-³⁰ science, and generous sympathies on one side, and tremendous passions upon the other. We cannot, indeed, know the power of the temptation. We cannot pretend to determine the limits of responsibility for infirmity of will. We only know that, however supreme and resist-³⁵ less the genius of a man may be, it does not absolve him.

from the moral obligation that binds us all. If a boy is a dunce at school, it is a foolish parent who consoles himself with remembering that Walter Scott was a dull schoolboy. It was not Scott's dullness that made him the magician. It was not the reveling at Poosie Nansie's and the Globe Tavern, and the reckless life at Mauchline and Mossiel, that endeared Robert Burns to mankind. Just there is the mournful tragedy of his story. Just there lies its pathetic appeal. The young man who would gild his dissipation with the celestial glamour of Burns's name snatches the glory of a star to light him to destruction. But it is no less true, and in the deepest and fullest meaning of his own words:

"What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

15

"Except for grace," said Bunyan, "I should have been yonder sinner." "Granted," says Burns's brother man and brother Scot, Thomas Carlyle, in the noblest plea that one man of genius ever made for another, "Granted the ship comes into harbor with shroud and tackle damaged, and the pilot is, therefore, blameworthy, for he has not been all-wise and all-powerful, but to know how blameworthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the globe or only to Ramsgate" and the Isle of Dogs."

25

But we unveil to-day and set here for perpetual contemplation, not the monument of the citizen at whom respectable Dumfries looked askance, but the statue of a great poet. Once more we recognize that no gift is more divine than his, that no influence is more profound, that no human being is a truer benefactor of his kind. The spiritual power of poetry, indeed, like that of natural beauty, is immeasurable, and it is not easy to define

and describe Burns's service to the world. But, without critical and careful detail of observation, it is plain, first of all, that he interpreted Scotland as no other country has been revealed by a kindred genius. Were Scotland suddenly submerged and her people swept away, the tale of her politics and kings and great events would survive in histories. But essential Scotland, the customs, legends, superstitions, language, the grotesque humor, the keen sagacity, the simple, serious faith, the characteristic spirit of the national life, caught up and preserved in the sympathy of poetic genius, would live forever in the poet's verse. The sun of Scotland sparkles in it, the birds of Scotland sing, its breezes rustle, its waters murmur. Each "timorous wee beastie," the "ourie cattle," and the "silly sheep," are softly penned and gathered in this all-embracing fold of song. Over the dauntless battle hymn of "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled" rises the solemn music of the "Cotter's Saturday Night." Through the weird witch romance of "Tam o' Shanter" breathes the scent of the wild rose of Alloway, and the daring and astounding babel of the "Jolly Beggars" is penetrated by the heart-breaking sigh to Jessy:

"Although thou maun never be mine,
 Although even hope is denied,
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
 Than aught in the world beside."

The poet touches every scene and sound, every thought and feeling—but the refrain of all is Scotland. To what other man was it ever given so to transfigure the country of his birth and love! Every bird and flower, every hill and dale and river, whispers and repeats his name, and the word Scotland is sweeter because of Robert Burns.

But in thus casting a poetic spell upon everything distinctively Scotch, Burns fostered a patriotism which has become proverbial. The latest historian of England says that at the time of Burns's birth England was mad with hatred of the Scots. But when Burns died there was not a Scotchman who was not proud of being a Scotchman. A Scotch plowman, singing of his fellow-peasants and their lives and loves in their own language, had given them in their own eyes a dignity they had never known:

10

"A man's a man for a' that."

And America is but the sublime endeavor to make the plowman's words true. Great poets before and after Burns have been honored by their countries and by the world; but is there any great poet of any time or country who has so taken the heart of what our Abraham Lincoln, himself one of them, called the plain people, that, as was lately seen in Edinburgh, when he had been dead nearly a hundred years, workmen going home from work begged to look upon this statue for the love and honor they bore to Robbie Burns? They love him for their land's sake, and they are better Scotchmen because of him. England does not love Shakespeare, nor Italy Dante, nor Germany Goethe,¹¹ with the passionate ardor with which Scotland loves Burns. It is no wonder, for here is Auld Scotia's thistle¹² bloomed out into a flower so fair that its beauty and perfume fill the world with joy.

But the power thus to depict national life and character, and thus to kindle an imperishable patriotism,¹³ cannot be limited by any nationality or country. In setting words to Scotch melodies Burns turns to music the emotions common to humanity, and so he passes from the exclusive love of Scotland into the rever-

ence of the world. Burns died at the same age with Raphael;" and Mozart," who was his contemporary, died only four years before him. Raphael and Mozart are the two men of lyrical genius in kindred arts who impress us as most exquisitely refined by careful cultivation; and although Burns was of all great poets the most unschooled, he belongs in poetry with Raphael in painting and Mozart in music, and there is no fourth. An indescribable richness and flower-like quality, a melodious grace and completeness and delicacy, belong to them all. Looking upon a beautiful human Madonna of Raphael, we seem to hear the rippling cadence of Mozart and the tender and true song of Burns. They are all voices of the whole world speaking in the accent of a native land. Here are Italy and Germany and Scotland, distinct, individual, perfectly recognizable, but the sun that reveals and illuminates their separate charm, that is not Italian or German or Scotch, it is the sun of universal nature. This is the singer whom this statue commemorates, the singer of songs immortal as love, pure as the dew of the morning, and sweet as its breath; songs with which the lover wooes his bride, and the mother soothes her child, and the heart of a people beats with patriotic exultation; songs that cheer human endeavor, and console human sorrow, and exalt human life. We cannot find out the secret of their power. Until we know why the rose is sweet, or the dewdrop pure, or the rainbow beautiful, we cannot know why the poet is the best benefactor of humanity. Whether because he reveals us to ourselves or because he touches the soul with the fervor of divine aspiration, whether because in a world of sordid and restless anxiety he fills us with serene joy, or puts into rhythmic and permanent form the best thoughts and hopes of man—who

shall say? But none the less is the heart's instinctive loyalty to the poet the proof of its consciousness that he does all these things, that he is the harmonizer, strengthener, and consoler. How the faith of Christendom has been stayed for centuries upon the mighty words of the old Hebrew bards and prophets, and how the vast and inexpressible mystery of divine love and power and purpose has been best breathed in parable and poem! If we were forced to surrender every expression of human genius but one, surely we should retain poetry; and if we were called to lose from the vast accumulation of literature all but a score of books, among that choice and perfect remainder would be the songs of Burns.

How fitly, then, among the memorials of great men, of those who in different countries and times and ways have been leaders of mankind, we raise this statue of the poet whose genius is an unconscious but sweet and elevating influence in our national life. It is not a power dramatic, obvious, imposing, immediate, like that of the statesman, the warrior, and the inventor, but it is as deep and strong and abiding. The soldier fights for his native land, but the poet touches that land with the charm that makes it worth fighting for, and fires the warrior's heart with the fierce energy that makes his blow invincible. The statesman enlarges and orders liberty in the state, but the poet fosters the love of liberty in the heart of the citizen. The inventor multiplies the facilities of life, but the poet makes life better worth living. Here, then, among the trees and flowers and waters; here upon the greensward and under the open sky; here where birds carol, and children play, and lovers whisper, and the various stream of human life flows by—we raise the statue of Robert Burns. While the human heart beats, that name will be music

in human ears. He knew better than we the pathos of human life. We know better than he the infinite pathos of his own. Ah, Robert Burns, Robert Burns! whoever lingers here as he passes and muses upon your statue will see in imagination a solitary mountain in your own beautiful Scotland, heaven-soaring, wrapped in impenetrable clouds. Suddenly the mists part, and there are the heather, the brier rose, and the gowan fine; there are the

" . . . burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
Wi' toddlin' din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin!"

the cushat is moaning; the curlew is calling; the plover is singing;" the red deer is bounding; and look! the clouds roll utterly away, and the clear summit is touched with the tender glory of sunshine, Heaven's own benediction!

LVI.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.

BY SIDNEY LANIER.¹

Out of the hills of Habersham,
 Down the valleys of Hall,
 I hurry amain to reach the plain,
 Run the rapid and leap the fall,
 Split at the rock and together again,
 Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
 And flee from folly on every side
 With a lover's pain to attain the plain
 Far from the hills of Habersham,
 Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, "Abide, abide,"
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The loving laurel turned my tide, 5
The ferns and the fondling grass said, "Stay,"
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, "Abide, abide,"
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall. 10

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade; the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold; 15
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said: "Pass not so cold, these manifold
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall." 20

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook
stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl; 25
And many a luminous jewel lone
(Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, or amethyst)
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham, 30
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh! not the hills of Habersham,
And oh! not the valleys of Hall
Avail; I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call;
Downward to toil and be mixed with the main. s
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall. 10

LVII.

THE OUTLAW AND THE FLOOD.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE.¹

OF all the teeming multitudes of the human world, the Acadian² knows not one soul who is on his side; not one whom he dare let see his face or come between him and a hiding place. The water is rising fast. He dare not guess how high it will come; but rise as it may, 11 linger at its height as it may, he will not be driven out. In his belief a hundred men are ready, at every possible point where his foot could overstep the line of this vast inundation, to seize him and drag him to the gallows. Ah, the gallows! Not being dead—not God's anger—12 not eternal burnings; but simply facing death! The gallows! The tree above his head—the rope around his neck—the signal about to be spoken—the one wild moment after it! These keep him here.

He has taken down sail and mast. The rushes are 13 twelve feet high. They hide him well. With oars,

mast, and the like he has contrived something by which he can look out over their tops. He has powder and shot, coffee, salt, and rice; he will not be driven out! At night he spreads his sail and seeks the open waters of the lake, where he can sleep, by littles, without being overrun by serpents; but when day breaks, there is no visible sign of his presence. Yet he is where he can see his cabin. It is now deep in the water, and the flood is still rising. He is quite sure no one has entered it since he left it. But—the strain of perpetual watching! 10

When at dawn of the fifth day he again looked for cover in the prairie, the water was too high to allow him concealment, and he sought the screen of some willows that fringed the edge of the swamp forest, anchoring in a few rods' width of open water between them and the woods. He did not fear to make, on the small hearth of mud and ashes he had improvised in his lugger, the meager fire needed to prepare his food. Its slender smoke quickly mingled with the hazy vapors and shadows of the swamp. As he cast his eye abroad, 20 he found nowhere any sign of human approach. Here and there the tops of the round rushes still stood three feet above the water, but their slender needles were scarcely noticeable. Far and near, over prairie as over lake, lay the unbroken yellow flood. There was no 30 flutter of wings, no whistle of feathered mate to mate, no call of nestlings from the ruined nests. Except the hawk and vulture, the birds were gone. Untold thousands of dumb creatures had clung to life for a time, but now were devoured by birds of prey and by alligators, 40 or were drowned. Thousands still lived on. Behind him in the swamp, the wood birds remained, the gray squirrel still barked and leaped from tree to tree, the raccoon came down to fish, the plundering owl still hid

himself through the bright hours, and the chilled snake curled close in the warm folds of the hanging moss.

Nine feet of water below. In earlier days, to the northward through the forest, many old timbers rejected in railway construction or repair, with dead logs and limbs, had been drifted together by heavy rains, and had gathered a covering of soil; canebrake, luxuriant willow bushes, and tough grasses had sprung up on them and bound them with their roots. These floating islands the flood, now covering the dense underbrush of the swamp, lifted on its free surface, and, in its slow creep southward, bore through the pillared arcades of the cypress wood and out over the submerged prairies. Many a cowering deer in those last few days that had made some one of these green fragments of the drowned land a haven of despair, the human castaway left unharmed. . . .

In the flooded prairie the willow trees were loaded with the knotted folds of the moccasin, the rattlesnake, and I know not how many other sorts of deadly or only loathsome serpents. Some little creatures at the bottom of the water, feeding on the soft white part of the round rush near its root, every now and then cut a stem free from its base, and let it spring to the surface and float away. Often a snake had wrapped himself about the end above the water, and when this refuge gave way and drifted abroad he would cling for a time, until some less forlorn hope came in sight, and then swim for it. Thus scarce a minute of the day passed, it seemed, but one, two, or three of these creatures, making for their fellow-castaway's boat, were turned away by nervous waving of arms. The nights had proved that they could not climb the lugger's side . . . but he had to drop the bit of old iron that served for an anchor, and

the very first night a large moccasin—not of the dusky kind described in books, but of that yet deadlier black sort, an ell in length, which the swampers call the Congo—came up the anchor rope. The castaway killed it with an oar; but after that who would have slept?

About sunset of the fifth day, though it was bright and beautiful, the hunter's cunning detected the first subtle signs of a coming storm. He looked about him to see what provision was needed to meet and weather its onset. On the swamp side the loftiest cypresses, should the wind bring any of them down, would not more than cast the spray of their fall as far as his anchorage. The mass of willows on the prairie side was nearer, but its trees stood low—already here and there the branches touched the water; the hurricane might tear away some boughs, but could do no more. He shortened the anchor rope, and tried the hold of the anchor on the bottom to make sure the lugger might not swing into the willows. . . .

While eye and hand were thus engaged, the hunter's ear was attentive to sounds that he had been hearing for more than an hour. These were the puff of 'scape-pipes and splash of a paddle wheel, evidently from a small steamer in the Company Canal. She was coming down it; that is, from the direction of the river and the city.

Whither was she bound? To some one of the hundred or more plantations and plantation homes that the far-reaching crevasse had desolated? Likely enough. In such event she would not come into view, although for some time now he had seen faint shreds of smoke in the sky over a distant line of woods. But it filled him with inward tremors to know that if she chose to leave the usual haunts of navigation on her left, and steam out over the submerged prairies and the lake and into

the very shadow of these cypresses, she could do it without fear of a snag or a shallow. He watched anxiously as the faint smoke reached a certain point. If the next thin curl should rise farther on, it would mean safety. But when it came it seemed to be in the same place as the last; and another the same, and yet another the same: she was making almost a straight line for the spot where he stood. Only a small low point of forest broke the line, and presently, far away, she slowly came out from behind it.

The Acadian stooped at once, and with a quick splash launched his canoe. A minute later he was in it, gliding along and just within the edge of the forest where it swept around nearly at right angles to the direction in which the steamboat was coming. Thus he could watch the approaching steamer unseen, while every moment putting distance between himself and the lugger.

The strange visitor came on. How many men there were on her lower deck! Were they really negroes, or had they blackened their faces, as men sometimes do when they are going to hang a poor fellow in the woods? On the upper deck are two others whose faces do not seem to be blackened. But a moment later they are the most fearful sight of all; for only too plainly does the fugitive see that they are the same two men who stood before the doorway of his hut six days before. And see how many canoes on the lower deck!

While the steamer is yet half a mile away from the hidden lugger, her lamps and fires and their attendant images in the water beneath glow softly in the fast deepening twilight, and the night comes swiftly down. The air is motionless. Across the silent waste an engine bell jangles; the puff of steam ceases; the one plashing paddle wheel at the stern is still; the lights

glide more and more slowly; with a great crash and rumble, that is answered by the echoing woods, the anchor chain runs out its short measure, and the steamer stops.

Gently the Acadian's paddle dipped again, and the pirogue^e moved back towards the lugger. . . . For a time his canoe moved swiftly; but as he drew near the lugger his speed grew less and less, and eye and ear watched and hearkened with their intensest might. He could hear talking on the steamer. There was a dead calm. He had come to a spot just inside the wood abreast of the lugger. His canoe slowly turned and pointed towards her, and then stood still. He sat there with his paddle in the water, longing like a brute; longing, and without a motion, struggling for courage^{en} enough to move forward. It would not come. His heart jarred his frame with its beating. He could not stir.

As he looked out upon the sky a soft, faint tremor of light glimmered for a moment over it, without disturbing a shadow below. . . . The storm was coming to betray him with its lightnings. Oh for the nerve to take a brave man's chances! A little courage would have saved his life. He wiped the dew from his brow with his sleeve: every nerve had let go. Again there came across the water the very words of those who talked^{ed} together on the steamer. They were saying that the felling of trees would begin in the morning; but they spoke in a tongue which Acadians of late years had learned to understand, though many hated it, but of which he had never known twenty words, and what he^{ad} known were now forgotten—the English tongue. Even without courage, to have known a little English would have made the difference between life and death. . . .

Soon the stars are hidden. A light breeze seems rather to tremble and hang poised than to blow. The rolling clouds, the dark wilderness, and the watery waste shine out every moment in the wide gleam of lightnings still hidden by the wood, and are wrapped again in ever-thickening darkness over which thunders roll and jar, and answer one another across the sky. Then, like a charge of ten thousand lancers, come the wind and the rain, their onset covered by all the artillery of heaven. The lightnings leap, hiss, and blaze;¹⁰ the thunders crack and roar; the rain lashes; the water writhes; the wind smites and howls. For five, for ten, for twenty minutes—for an hour, for two hours—the sky and the flood are never for an instant wholly dark, or the thunder for one moment silent; but while the¹⁵ universal roar sinks and swells, and the wide, vibrant illumination shows all things in ghostly half concealment, fresh floods of lightning every moment rend the dim curtain and leap forth; the glare of day falls upon the swaying wood, the reeling, bowing, tossing willows,²⁰ the seething waters, the whirling rain, and in the midst the small form of the distressed steamer, her revolving paddle wheel toiling behind to lighten the strain upon her anchor chain; then all are dim ghosts again, while a peal, as if the heavens were rent, rolls off around the²⁵ sky, comes back in shocks and throbs, and sinks in a long roar that before it can die is swallowed up in the next flash and peal.

The deserted lugger is riding out the tornado. . . . But in the height of the storm her poor substitute for an³⁰ anchor lets go its defective hold on the rushy bottom and drags, and the little vessel backs, backs into the willows. . . .

The tempest was still fierce, though abating, and the

lightning still flashed, but less constantly, when at a point near the lugger the pirogue came out of the forest, laboring against the wind and half filled with water. On the face of the storm-beaten man in it each gleam of the lightning showed the pallid confession of mortal terror. Where that frail shell had been, or how often it had cast its occupant out, no one can ever know. He was bareheaded and barefooted. One cannot swim in boots; without them, even one who has never dared learn how may hope to swim a little. 10

In the darkness he drew alongside the lugger, rose, balanced skillfully, seized his moment, and stepped safely across her gunwale. A slight lurch caused him to throw his arms out to regain his poise; the line by which he still held the canoe straightened out its length and slipped from his grasp. In an instant the pirogue was gone. A glimmer of lightning showed her driving off sideways before the wind. But it revealed another sight also. It was dark again, black; but the outcast stood freezing with horror and fright, gazing just in advance of his feet and waiting for the next gleam. It came, brighter than the last; and scarcely a step before him he saw three great serpents moving towards the spot that gave him already such slender footing. He recoiled a step—another; but instantly as he made the second a cold, living form was under his foot, its folds flew round his ankle, and once! twice! it struck! With a frantic effort he spurned it from him; all in the same instant a blaze of lightning discovered the maimed form and black and red markings of a “bastard hornsnake,” and with one piercing wail of despair that was drowned in the shriek of the wind and roar of the thunder, he fell. 20

A few hours later the winds were still, the stars were

out, a sweet silence had fallen upon water and wood, and from her deck the watchmen on the steamer could see in the northeastern sky a broad, soft illumination, and knew it was the lights of slumbering New Orleans, eighteen miles away.

By and by, farther to the east, another brightness began to grow and gather this light into its outstretched wings. In the nearest wood a soft twitter came from a single tiny bird. Another voice answered it. A different note came from a third quarter; there were three or four replies; the sky turned to blue, and began to flush; a mocking bird flew out of the woods on her earliest quest for family provision; a thrush began to sing; and in a moment more the whole forest was one choir.

* * * * *

As the sun was rising, one of the timber-cutters from the steamer stood up in his canoe about half a mile away, near the wood and beside some willows, and halloed and beckoned. And when those on the steamer hearkened he called again, bidding them tell "de boss" that he had found a canoe adrift, an anchored boat, and a white man in her, dead.

Tarbox and St. Pierre came in a skiff.

"Is he drowned?" asked Mr. Tarbox, while still some distance off.

"Been struck by lightnin', sim like," replied the negro who had found the body. . . .

Tarbox stood up in the skiff and looked sadly upon the dead face. . . .

"The coroner's verdict will probably be 'privation and exposure,'" said he, softly; "but it ought to be, 'killed by fright and the bite of a harmless snake.'"

LVIII.

EXTRACTS FROM WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL
ADDRESS.¹

THE unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so, for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth, as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium² of your political safety and prosperity, watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety, discountenancing³ whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts. ⁴

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common coun-

try, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of American, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

The North, in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The South, in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the North, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the North, it finds its particular navigation invigorated; and, while it contributes, in different ways, to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted. The East, in a like intercourse with the West, already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communications by land and water will more and more find, a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad or manufactures at home. The West derives

from the East supplies requisite to its growth and comfort, and, what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable outlets for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as one nation. Any other tenure by which the West can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious. . . .

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

LIX.

KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.¹

WE lay in the grasses and the sunburnt clover
 That spread on the ground like a great brown cover
 Northward and southward, and west and away
 To the Brazos,² to where our lodges lay,
 One broad and unbroken sea of brown,
 Awaiting the curtains of night to come down
 To cover us over and conceal our flight
 With my brown bride, won from an Indian town
 That lay in the rear the full ride of a night.

* * * * *

We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
 Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride;
 And the heavens of blue and the harvest of brown
 And beautiful clover were welded as one,
 To the right and the left, in the light of the sun.
 "Forty full miles, if a foot, to ride,
 Forty full miles, if a foot, and the devils
 Of red Comanches are hot on the track
 When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
 Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels,
 As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back,
 Holding fast to his lasso. Then he jerked at his steed,
 And he sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
 And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the ground;
 Then again to his feet, and to me, to my bride,
 While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
 His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,

And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a
reed—

“Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
And speed you, if ever for life you would speed,
And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride! 5
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
And feet of wild horses hard flying before
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore,
While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three, 10
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire.”

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, sinched¹ them on, sinched them over
again,

And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheers,⁴ 15
Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red-spangled with gold,
And gold-mounted Colt's, the companions of years,
Cast the silken serapes to the wind in a breath,
And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the 20
horse—

Turned head to the Brazos in a red race with death,
Turned head to the Brazos with a breath in the hair
Blowing hot from a king leaving death in his course;
Turned head to the Brazos with a sound in the air 25
Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye
Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the sky,
Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling sea
Rushing fast upon us, as the wind sweeping free
And afar from the desert blew hollow and hoarse. 30

Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let fall,
Not a kiss from my bride, not a look nor low call

Of love-note or courage; but on o'er the plain
So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein,
Rode we on, rode we three, rode we nose and gray
nose,
Reaching long, breathing loud, as a creviced wind
blows:
Yet we broke not a whisper, we breathed not a
prayer,
There was work to be done, there was death in the
air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Gray nose to gray nose, and each steady mustang
Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the arid earth
rang,
And the foam from the flank and the croup and the
neck
Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.
Twenty miles! . . . thirty miles . . . a dim distant
speck . . .
Then a long reaching line, and the Brazos in sight,
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right—
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard down on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
Low down to the mane, as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.
To right and to left the black buffalo came,
A terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher.
And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full

Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud
And unearthly, and up through its lowering cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen crooked horns, through the storm of
his mane,
Like black lances lifted and lifted again ;
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through,
And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left then—and nose, neck, and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs ;
And up through the black blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes,
With a longing and love, yet a look of despair
And of pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her, "
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager eyes fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
Did subside and recede, and the nerves fall as dead.
Then she saw sturdy Paché still lorded his head, "
With a look of delight ; for nor courage nor bride,
Nor naught but my bride, could have brought him to
me.

For he was her father's, and at South Santafee
Had once won a whole herd, sweeping everything
down

In a race where the world came to run for the crown.
And so when I won the true heart of my bride—
My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war chief of his tribe— "
She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight
From the lodge of the chief to the North Brazos side ;

And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
The fleet-footed Paché, so if kin should pursue
I should surely escape without other ado
Than to ride, without blood, to the North Brazos side, s
And await her—and wait till the next hollow moon
Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
And swift she would join me, and all would be well
Without bloodshed or word. And now, as she fell
From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire, 10
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape—a love—a desire—
Yet never a word, not one look of appeal,
Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay
heel 15
One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire around me and under,
And the howling of beasts, and a sound as of thun-
der—
Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over, 20
As the passionate flame reached around them, and
wove her
Red hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died—
Till they died with a wild and desolate moan,
As a sea heartbroken on the hard brown stone. . . . 25
And into the Brazos . . . I rode all alone—
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed
And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.
Then, just as the terrible sea came in
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide, 30
Till the tide blocked up and the swift stream brimmed
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

LX.

THE SHEEP-SHEARING.

BY HELEN JACKSON (H. H.).¹

THE room in which Father Salvierderra always slept when at the Señora^a Moreno's house was the south-east corner room. It had a window to the south and one to the east. When the first glow of dawn came in the sky this eastern window was lit up as by a fire. The Father was always on watch for it, having usually been at prayer for hours. As the first ray reached the window he would throw the casement wide open, and, standing there with bared head, strike up the melody of the sunrise hymn sung in all devout Mexican families. It was a beautiful custom, not yet wholly abandoned. At the first dawn of light the oldest member of the family arose, and began singing some hymn familiar to the household. It was the duty of each person hearing it to immediately rise, or at least sit up in bed, and join in the singing. In a few moments the whole family would be singing, and the joyous sounds pouring out from the house like the music of the birds in the fields at dawn. The hymns were usually invocations to the Virgin, or to the saint of the day, and the melodies were sweet and simple.

On this morning there was another watcher for the dawn besides Father Salvierderra. It was Alessandro, who had been restlessly wandering about since midnight, and had finally seated himself under the willows by the brook. . . . He recollected this custom of the sun-

rise hymn when he and his band were at the Señora's the last year, and he had chanced then to learn that the Father slept in the southeast room. From the spot where he sat he could see the south window of this room. He could also see the low eastern horizon, at which a faint luminous line already showed. The sky was like amber; a few stars still shone faintly in the zenith. There was not a sound. It was one of those rare moments in which one can without difficulty realize the noiseless spinning of the earth through space.¹⁰ Alessandro knew nothing of this; he could not have been made to believe that the earth was moving. He thought the sun was coming up apace, and the earth was standing still—a belief just as grand, just as thrilling, so far as all that goes, as the other: men worshiped the sun long before they found out that it stood still. Not the most reverent astronomer, with the mathematics of the heavens at his tongue's end, could have had more delight in the wondrous phenomenon of the dawn than did this simple-minded, unlearned man. . . .²⁰

At last came the full red ray across the meadow. Alessandro sprang to his feet. In the next second Father Salvierderra flung up his south window, and leaning out, his cowl¹ thrown off, his thin gray locks streaming back, began in a feeble but not unmelodious voice to sing:

"O beautiful Queen,
Princess of Heaven."

Before he had finished the second line a half-dozen voices had joined in—the Señora from her room at the west end of the veranda, beyond the flowers; Felipe from the adjoining room; Ramona from hers, the next; and Margarita and other of the maids already astir in the wings of the house.

As the volume of melody swelled, the canaries waked, and the finches and the linnets in the veranda roof. The tiles of this roof were laid on bundles of tule reeds⁴; in which the linnets delighted to build their nests. The roof was alive with them—scores and scores, nay, hundreds, as tame as chickens; their tiny shrill twitter was like the tuning of myriads of violins.

“Singers at dawn
From the heavens above
People all regions;
Gladly we too sing,”

10

continued the hymn, the birds corroborating the stanza. Then men's voices joined in—Juan and Luigo, and a dozen more, walking slowly up from the sheepfolds. The hymn was a favorite one, known to all.

15

“Come, O sinners,
Come, and we will sing
Tender hymns
To our refuge,”

was the chorus, repeated after each of the five verses of the hymn.

Alessandro also knew the hymn well. His father, Chief Pablo, had been the leader of the choir at the San Luis Rey Mission in the last years of its splendor, and had brought away with him much of the old choir music. Some of the books had been written by his own hand on parchment. He not only sang well, but was a good player on the violin. There was not at any of the Missions so fine a band of performers on string instruments as at San Luis Rey. Father Peyri was passionately fond of music, and spared no pains in training all of the neophytes⁵ under his charge who showed any special talent in that direction. Chief Pablo, after the break-

ing up of the Mission, had settled at Temecula, with a small band of his Indians, and endeavored, so far as was in his power, to keep up the old religious services. The music in the little chapel of the Temecula Indians was a surprise to all who heard it.

Alessandro had inherited his father's love and talent for music, and knew all the old Mission music by heart. This hymn to the

"Beautiful Queen,
Princess of Heaven"

10

was one of his special favorites, and as he heard verse after verse rising he could not forbear striking in.

At the first notes of this rich new voice Ramona's voice ceased in surprise; and throwing up her window, she leaned out, eagerly looking in all directions to see who it could be. Alessandro saw her, and sang no more. . . . When the hymn ended, Ramona listened eagerly, hoping Father Salvierderra would strike up a second hymn, as he often did; but he did not this morning; there was too much to be done; everybody was in a hurry to be at work; windows shut, doors opened; the sounds of voices from all directions, ordering, questioning, answering, began to be heard. The sun rose, and let in a flood of workaday light on the whole place.

Margarita ran and unlocked the chapel door, putting up a heartfelt thanksgiving to Saint Francis and the Señorita as she saw the snowy altar cloth in its place, looking from that distance at least as good as new.

The Indians and the shepherds, and laborers of all sorts, were coming towards the chapel. The Señora, with her best black silk handkerchief bound tight around her forehead, the ends hanging down each side of her face, making her look like an Assyrian priestess, was descending the veranda steps, Felipe at her side;

and Father Salvierderra had already entered the chapel before Ramona appeared or Alessandro stirred from his vantage post of observation at the willows.

When Ramona came out from the door she bore in her hands a high silver urn filled with ferns. She had been for many days gathering and hoarding these. They were hard to find, growing only in one place, in a rocky cañon several miles away.

As she stepped from the veranda to the ground, Alessandro walked slowly up the garden walk, facing her.¹⁰ She met his eyes, and without knowing why, thought, "That must be the Indian who sang." As she turned to the right and entered the chapel, Alessandro followed her hurriedly, and knelt on the stones close to the chapel door. As he looked in at the door, he saw her glide up¹⁵ the aisle, place the ferns on the reading desk, and then kneel down by Felipe in front of the altar.

"Ah, Señor Felipe has married. She is his wife," thought Alessandro. . . . The mass seemed to him endlessly long. Until near the last he forgot to sing; then,²⁰ in the closing of the final hymn, he suddenly remembered, and the clear, deep-toned voice pealed out as before, like the undertone of a great sea wave sweeping along.

Ramona, as she rose from her knees, whispered to Felipe: "Felipe, do find out which one of the Indians it is has that superb voice. I never heard anything like it."

"Oh, that is Alessandro," replied Felipe, "old Pablo's son. He is a splendid fellow. Don't you recollect his singing two years ago?"²⁵

"I was not here," replied Ramona; "you forget."

"Ah yes, so you were away; I had forgotten," said Felipe. "Well, he was here. They made him captain of the shearing band, though he was only twenty, and

he managed the men splendidly. They saved nearly all their money to carry home, and I never knew them do such a thing before. Father Salvierderra was here, which might have had something to do with it; but I think it was quite as much Alessandro. He plays the violin beautifully. I hope he has brought it along. He plays the old San Luis Rey music. His father was bandmaster there."

Ramona's eyes kindled with pleasure. "Does your mother like it, to have him play?" she asked. ¹⁰

Felipe nodded. "We'll have him up on the veranda to-night," he said. . . .

At the sheep-shearing sheds and pens all was stir and bustle. The shearing shed was a huge caricature of a summerhouse—a long, narrow structure, sixty feet long¹⁵ by twenty or thirty wide, all roof and pillars; no walls; the supports, slender, rough posts, as far apart as was safe for the upholding the roof, which was of rough planks, loosely laid from beam to beam. On three sides of this were the sheep-pens filled with sheep and lambs.²⁰

A few rods away stood the booths in which the shearers' food was to be cooked and the shearers fed. These were mere temporary affairs, roofed only by willow boughs with the leaves left on. Near these the Indians had already arranged their camp; a hut or two²⁵ of green boughs had been built, but for the most part they would sleep rolled up in their blankets, on the ground. There was a brisk wind, and the gay-colored wings of the windmill blew furiously round and round, pumping out into the tank below a stream of water so³⁰ swift and strong that as the men crowded around, wetting and sharpening their knives, they got well spattered, and had much merriment, pushing and elbowing each other into the spray.

A high four-posted frame stood close to the shed; in this, swung from the four corners, hung one of the great sacking bags in which the fleeces were to be packed. A big pile of these bags lay on the ground at the foot of the posts. Juan Can, the old herdsman, eyed them with a chuckle. "We'll fill more than those before night, Señor Felipe," he said. He was in his element, Juan Can, at shearing times. Then came his reward for the somewhat monotonous and stupid year's work. The world held no better feast for his eyes than the sight of a long row of big bales of fleece, tied, stamped with the Moreno brand, ready to be drawn away to the mills. "Now, there is something substantial," he thought; "no chance of wool going astray in the market!"

If a year's crop were good, Juan's happiness was assured for the next six months. If it proved poor, he turned devout immediately, and spent the next six months calling on the saints for better luck, and redoubling his exertions with the sheep.

On one of the posts of the shed short projecting slats were nailed, like half-rounds of a ladder. Lightly as a ropewalker Felipe ran up these to the roof, and took his stand there, ready to take the fleeces and pack them in the bag as fast as they should be tossed up from below. Luigo, with a big leather wallet fastened in front of him filled with five-cent pieces, took his stand in the center of the shed. The thirty shearers, running into the nearest pen, dragged each his sheep into the shed, in a twinkling of an eye had the creature between his knees helpless, immovable, and the sharp sound of the shears set in. The sheep-shearing had begun. No rest now. Not a second's silence from the bleating, baa-ing, opening and shutting, clicking, sharpening of shears, flying of fleeces through the air to the roof,

pressing and stamping them down in the bales; not a second's intermission, except the hour of rest at noon, from sunrise till sunset, till the whole eight thousand of the Señora Moreno's sheep were shorn. It was a dramatic spectacle. As soon as a sheep was shorn the shearer ran with his fleece in his hand to Luigo, threw it down on a table, received his five-cent piece, dropped it in his pocket, ran to the pen, dragged out another sheep, and in less than five minutes was back again with a second fleece. The shorn sheep, released, bounded off into another pen, where, light in the head, no doubt, from being three to five pounds lighter on their legs, they trotted round bewilderedly for a moment, then flung up their heels and capered for joy.

It was warm work. The dust from the fleeces and the trampling feet filled the air. As the sun rose higher in the sky the sweat poured off the men's faces; and Felipe, standing without shelter on the roof, found out very soon that he had by no means yet got back his full strength since the fever. Long before noon, except for sheer pride, he would have come down and yielded his place to old Juan Can. But he was resolved not to give up, and he worked on, though his face was purple and his head throbbing. After the bag of fleeces is half done the packer stands in it, jumping with his full weight on the wool, as he throws in the fleeces, to compress them as much as possible. When Felipe began to do this, he found that he had indeed overrated his strength. As the first cloud of the sickening dust came up, enveloping his head, choking his breath, he turned suddenly dizzy, and calling faintly, "Juan, I am ill," sank helpless down in the wool. He had fainted. At Juan Can's scream of dismay a great hubbub and outcry arose; all saw instantly what had happened. Felipe's

head was hanging limp over the edge of the bag, Juan in vain endeavoring to get sufficient foothold by his side to lift him. One after another, the men rushed up the ladder, until they were all standing, a helpless, excited crowd on the roof, one proposing one thing, one another. Only Luigo had had the presence of mind to run to the house for help. The Señora was away from home. She had gone with Father Salvierderra to a friend's house, a half-day's journey off. But Ramona was there. Snatching all she could think of in way of restoratives, she came flying back with Luigo, followed by every servant of the establishment, all talking, groaning, gesticulating, suggesting, wringing their hands—as disheartening a babel as ever made bad matters worse.

Reaching the shed, Ramona looked up to the roof, bewildered. "Where is he?" she cried. The next instant she saw his head held in Juan Can's arms, just above the edge of the wool bag. She groaned, "Oh, how will he ever be lifted out?"

"I will lift him, Señora," cried Alessandro, coming to the front; "I am very strong. Do not be afraid; I will bring him safe down." And swinging himself down the ladder, he ran swiftly to the camp, and returned, bringing in his hands blankets. Springing quickly to the roof again, he knotted the blankets firmly together, and tying them at the middle around his waist, threw the ends to his men, telling them to hold him firm. He spoke in the Indian tongue as he was hurriedly doing this, and Ramona did not at first understand his plan; but when she saw the Indians move a little back from the edge of the roof, holding the blankets firm grasped, while Alessandro stepped out on one of the narrow cross-beams from which the bag swung, she saw what he meant to do. She held her breath. Felipe was a

slender man; Alessandro was much heavier, and many inches taller. Still, could any man carry such a burden safely on that narrow beam? Ramona looked away, and shut her eyes through the silence which followed. It was only a few moments; but it seemed an eternity before a glad murmur of voices told her that it was done; and looking up, she saw Felipe lying on the roof unconscious, his face white, his eyes shut. At this sight all the servants broke out afresh, weeping and wailing, "He is dead! he is dead!"¹⁰

Ramona stood motionless, her eyes fixed on Felipe's face. She looked piteously at the ladder up and down which she had seen Alessandro run as if it were an easy indoor staircase. "If I could only get up there," she said, looking from one to another. "I think I can;"¹¹ and she put one foot on the lower round.

"Holy Virgin!" cried Juan Can, seeing her movement. "Señorita! Señorita! do not attempt it. It is not easy for a man. You will break your neck. He is fast coming to his senses."²⁰

"Señorita," said Alessandro, "it will be nothing to bring Señor Felipe down the ladder. He is, in my arms, no more than one of the lambs yonder. I will bring him down as soon as he is recovered. He is better here till then. He will very soon be himself again. It was only the heat." Seeing that the expression of anxious distress did not grow less on Ramona's face, he continued, in a tone still more earnest: "Will not the Señorita trust me to bring him safe down?"

Ramona smiled faintly through her tears. "Yes," she said, "I will trust you. You are Alessandro, are you not?"

"Yes, Señorita," he answered, greatly surprised, "I am Alessandro."

LXI.

WHERE SUMMER BIDES.

A WINTER DAYDREAM.

BY ROBERT BURNS WILSON.¹*"What cheer—what cheer?"*

It was the hardy redbird's ringing cry,
Sweet, and so clear;

"What cheer—what cheer?"

Again that questioning sounded in my ear,

"What cheer—what cheer?"

My heart could not reply;

For to my mind the chilly world was drear,

And all about me fell

The light-winged snowflakes, and that bird and I 10

Were all that lived within the wintry dell

Where I had wandered, why, I cannot tell.

The once-green banks were sear;

The well-remembered brook was frozen dry;

And all the summer's leaves were crisp and dead. 15

I stood, and leaned my head

Against a lichened beech² that grew hard by,

And in my heart a tear

Rose with a sigh,

While still the redbird called, "*What cheer—what
cheer?*"

"What cheer—what cheer?"

A vision seemed to spread before my eyes;
A sudden springtime waked the sleeping year.

The sun shone clear;

The balmy air came softly from the skies.

The spicewood, bending near,

Began to bud—to bloom. The silent stream
Awaked, low-murmuring, from its winter dream.

Along the banks green grass began to grow;

The violets sprang

10

Among the dead leaves, and the falling snow

Was turned to clusters of anemones.

A rapturous glow

Warmed all the ground, and loud the glad birds sang.

A vernal fragrance stole among the trees,

15

While to and fro,

From flower to flower, swift flew the journeying bees.

Amid the mossy rocks

The saxifrage peeped forth, and near, below,

The purple phlox

20

Stirred with the breeze; and high up, on the brink,

Gleamed, like a scarlet star, the mountain pink.

"What cheer—what cheer?"

There was not need to ask, nor for reply;

Its echo now made answer to the cry.

25

With bud-infolding spear

The young May apple pierced the sod, and spread

Her silken canopy. The dogwood's bough

Grew heavy with white blooms; and bravely now

May wove her wonders; and, all overhead,

30

A million tints of green

Burst from the interlacing twigs. Soft fringe

Hung on the sugar trees. A rosy tinge

Crept on the rugged oaks ; and many a cup
Of newest, golden sheen
The giant tulip tree's high hands held up ;
And, all between,
Were labyrinthine' lacings of the vine,
With buds translucent in the sun. The scene
Was all too fair ;
The snowy hawthorn and the eglantine
Tricked out the blithe enchantments clustered there
With joys too keen ;
For beauty brings some strange, unnamed despair
In-mingling with fierce rapture, all divine,
Which gods alone may bear.

“ *What cheer—what cheer ?* ”
A thousand voices now made mock at care ;
So dear, so dear,
Those oft-repeated notes ! They filled the air
With overflowing mirth,
Those lavish songsters—generous as the earth :
So rich, so bountiful, they need not spare.
The lark called from the flowering slope. The thrush
Held all the dell entranced. From bush to bush
The warbling bluebird flew. The oriole,
Like some enchanted soul,
Amid the emerald leafage went and came,
A voiceful fire, a song clad in bright flame.
And on the hill
The chat, the nuthatch, and the jay are still,
The robin too refrains,
While from some towering branch
The mockbird pours his rippling avalanche
Of intermingling strains,
And floods the fields of sunshine with his clear,
Inimitable song ;

And yet the redbird was not silent long,
But cried, "*What cheer—what cheer?*"

"*What cheer—what cheer?*"

Like some past grief recalled, that cry I hear,
With splendid strides swift Summer makes advance,
And spreads her blazing glories far and near.
Magnificent, luxuriant arrogance

That knows no peer!

Unmatched, unrivalled Summer! Whose mere mirth
And laughter makes quick conquest of the earth. 10
Joy's dream fulfilled, Rose of the rounded year,
Triumphant Summer, Life's bud blooms in thee!

The later days may wane,
And blight may fall upon the Autumn grain;
The timid Spring may see 15

Her hopes made vain

By lingering frosts, or by the chilling rain;
But thou art perfect; sorrow finds not thee!
The blooming iris nodded on the brae;
The languid air was heavy with the scent 20
Of teeming fields; the sleepy birds grew still;

The white clouds went,
Slow-drifting, past the tree-tops on the hill;
The slumbering sunlight lay

Along the woodland's breast; and in a dream 25
The listening branches bent

Above the stream,

Which sang, low-voiced, in drowsy, sweet content.

The dapple shadows crept
With noiseless feet that marked the passing day, 30

When, so it fell,

The vision wavered, and a chill wind swept
The changing picture of the Summer dell,
And in a moment all had passed away,

The snowflakes wandered through the branches gray;
Ice hushed the stream once more; the banks were
sear;

The faded, drifting leaves were dead and dry;
The winter weeds were grouped in clusters drear;

But, shrill and clear,
The redbird whistled from the copse near by,
"What cheer—what cheer?"

"What cheer—what cheer?"
A pleasing fancy nestles in my heart, 10
Where now I hear,
Among the cheerless trees, that questioning cry.
From earth the Summer never doth depart:
Within the silent dell she bides,
Unseen; amid the lacing twigs she hides, 15
And waits the waking of the sleeping year.
So with that fancy do I please my mind,
To think—albeit snow lieth on the hill,
And though the wind
Be cold, though joyless are the fields, and chill 20
The wintry woodland ways—
Yet somewhere, unseen, haply hiding near,
Sweet Summer stays.
O loved one dear,
Not comfortless would seem these feeble rays, 25
Not thus would fade these dreams of happy days,
Could I but find thee here;
Not silent then were I!
How easily my heart could make reply,
When I should hear 30
From yon gray slope, as now, that ringing cry,
"What cheer—what cheer?"

LXII.

SPEECH AT BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

BY DANIEL WEBSTER.¹

THIS uncounted multitude before me and around me proves the feeling which the occasion has excited. These thousands of human faces, glowing with sympathy and joy, and, from the impulses of a common gratitude, turned reverently to heaven, in this spacious temple of the firmament, proclaim that the day, the place, and the purpose of our assembling have made a deep impression on our hearts.

If, indeed, there be anything in local association fit to affect the mind of man, we need not strive to repress¹⁰ the emotions which agitate us here. We are among the sepulchers of our fathers. We are on ground distinguished by their valor, their constancy, and the shedding of their blood. We are here, not to fix an uncertain date in our annals, nor to draw into notice an¹⁵ obscure and unknown spot. If our humble purpose had never been conceived, if we ourselves had never been born, the 17th of June, 1775, would have been a day on which all subsequent history would have poured its light, and the eminence where we stand a point of at-²⁰traction to the eyes of successive generations. But we are Americans. We live in what may be called the early age of this great continent; and we know that our posterity, through all time, are here to suffer and enjoy the allotments of humanity. We see before us a²⁵ probable train of great events; we know that our own

fortunes have been happily cast; and it is natural, therefore, that we should be moved by the contemplation of occurrences which have guided our destiny before many of us were born, and settled the condition in which we should pass that portion of our existence which God allows to men on earth.

We do not read even of the discovery of this continent without feeling something of a personal interest in the event, without being reminded how much it has affected our own fortunes and our own existence. It is more impossible for us, therefore, than for others to contemplate with unaffected minds that interesting—I may say, that most touching and pathetic—scene, when the great discoverer of America stood on the deck of his shattered bark, the shades of night falling on the sea, yet no man sleeping—tossed on the billows of an unknown ocean, yet the stronger billows of alternate hope and despair tossing his own troubled thoughts—extending forward his harassed frame, straining westward his anxious and eager eyes, till Heaven at last granted him a moment of rapture and ecstasy in blessing his vision with the sight of the unknown world.

Nearer to our times, more closely connected with our fates, and therefore still more interesting to our feelings and affections, is the settlement of our own country by colonists from England. We cherish every memorial of these worthy ancestors; we celebrate their patience and fortitude, we admire their daring enterprise, we teach our children to venerate their piety, and we are justly proud of being descended from men who have set the world an example of founding civil institutions on the great and united principles of human freedom and human knowledge. To us, their children, the story of their labors and sufferings can never be without its in-

terest. We shall not stand unmoved on the shore of Plymouth while the sea continues to wash it, nor will our brethren in another early and ancient colony forget the place of its first establishment till their river shall cease to flow by it. No vigor of youth, no maturity of manhood, will lead the nation to forget the spots where its infancy was cradled and defended.

But the great event in the history of the continent, which we are now met here to commemorate—that prodigy of modern times, at once the wonder and the blessing of the world—is the American Revolution. In a day of extraordinary prosperity and happiness, of high national honor, distinction, and power, we are brought together in this place by our love of country, by our admiration of exalted character, by our gratitude for signal services and patriotic devotion. . . .

We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone, and that no structure which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men can prolong the memorial. But our object is by this edifice to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors, and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the prin-

ciples of the Revolution. Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his com-

ing; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those are daily dropping from among us who established our liberty and our government. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all.¹⁰ Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon¹ and Alfred and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defence and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times¹¹ strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a¹² settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four states are one country. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become¹³ a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever.

LXIII.

DANIEL WEBSTER AS AN ORATOR.

BY ORESTES A. BROWNSON.¹

WE know not how Mr. Webster compares as an orator with the great orators of other times or other countries, for mere descriptions of oratory are rarely reliable; but he comes up more nearly to our ideal of the finished orator for the bar, the Senate, the popular assembly, or a patriotic celebration, than any other to whom our country has given us an opportunity of listening. His elocution and diction harmonize admirably with his person and voice, and both strike you at once as fitted to each other. His majestic person, his strong, athletic frame,¹⁰ and his deep, rich, sonorous voice, set off with double effect his massive thoughts, his weighty sentences, his chaste, dignified, and harmonious periods.

Whatever we may say of the elocution, the rhetoric is always equal to it. Mr. Webster is perhaps the best¹⁵ rhetorician in the country. No man better appreciates the choice of words or the construction or collocation of sentences, so as to seize at once the understanding, soothe the passions, charm the imagination, and captivate the affections. He is always classical. His words are pure²⁰ English, and the proper words for the occasion, the best in the language; and his sentences are simply constructed, never involved, never violently inverted, but straightforward, honest, sincere, and free from all modern trickery.

We know in the language no models better fitted²⁵ than his orations and speeches for the assiduous study

of the young literary aspirant who would become a perfect rhetorician, or master of a style at once free and natural, instructive and pleasing, pure and correct, graceful and elevated, dignified and noble. Mr. Webster's artistic skill is consummate, and evidently has been acquired only by great labor and pains; but you must study his works long and carefully before you will detect it. Such writing as his comes not by nature, and no genius, however great, can match it without years of hard labor in preparatory discipline.

The casual reader may be apt to underrate Mr. Webster's merits as a logician, and we recollect hearing a distinguished senator, who ought to have known him well, characterize him one day as "a magnificent declaimer, but no reasoner." He is not of a speculative turn of mind, nor does he appear to have devoted much time to the study of the speculative sciences, though he evidently has not wholly neglected them—and he seldom reasons, as we say, in form; but he gives full evidence, after all, of possessing the logical element in as eminent a degree as he does any other element of the human mind. His style of expression and habits of thought are strictly logical, and his conclusions always follow from his premises.

The only thing to be said is, that very often one of his premises is understood and not expressed, and sometimes rests on the prejudice of his countrymen, not on a true principle. Where his principles are sound, as in his law arguments, and in the greater part of his speeches in Congress, and in several of his diplomatic letters, his logic is sound and invincible, although it is presented in a popular form, the most suitable for his purpose. Ordinarily he strikes us as comprehensive rather than acute, but he can be as acute, as nice in his analyses and dis-

tinctions as need be, as we may know from his argument to the court and jury in the trial of the Knapps for the murder of Captain White of Salem, which, upon the whole, is one of the most finished of his performances.

Some readers, again, will regard Mr. Webster as chiefly remarkable for his pure intellectual power, and be disposed to deny him much power of imagination. But this would be in the highest degree unjust. He possesses an uncommonly strong and vivid imagination. Take up any one of his speeches on any subject, no matter how dry and uninteresting in itself, and you will find that he at once informs it with life, elevates it, and invests it with a deep interest. This no man destitute of imagination can ever do. The test of imagination is not a florid style, abounding in tropes and figures. Such a style indicates fancy, not imagination, and, in fact, it is the general tendency of our countrymen, nay, of our age, to mistake fancy for imagination.

Irving and Hawthorne have imagination, though not of the highest order; Bancroft has fancy, a rich and exuberant fancy, but very little imagination. To test the question whether a man has imagination or not, let him take up a dry and difficult subject, and if he can treat it so that without weariness, and even with interest, you can follow him through his discussion of it, although he uses always the language appropriate to it, and seems to employ only the pure intellect in developing it, you may be sure that he has a strong and fervid imagination, so strong and active as to impart life and motion to whatever he touches.

Mr. Webster has an exceedingly rich and active imagination, but he does not suffer it to predominate; he makes it subservient to his reason, and so blends it with the pure intellect that you feel its effect without being

aware of its presence. No matter how apparently dry and technical the subject he has in hand, the moment he begins to unfold it, and to indicate its connections with other subjects, and through these its higher social or moral relations, his hearer's or reader's attention is arrested, fixed, and held till he closes. He no sooner speaks than the dry bones of his subject assume flesh, move, and stand up, living and breathing, in proper human shape, well formed and duly proportioned.

What we most admire in the style of Mr. Webster is its simplicity, strength, and repose. The majority of our writers who study to be simple in their manner are plain, dry, or silly. They are simple in a sense in which simplicity is not a compliment. Those who wish to escape this charge become inflated, bombastic, and unable to say anything in an easy and natural manner. They select high-sounding words, pile up adjective upon adjective, and send their fancy over all nature, and through all its departments, to cull flowers and collect images to adorn and illustrate some poor, commonplace thought, or some puny conceit. Mr. Webster avoids both extremes, and speaks always in accordance with the genius of his native idiom, and in his natural key.

Extracts from any of his speeches will serve to illustrate, not only the simplicity of his language, but the strength of his expressions, and the repose of his manner. The quiet majesty of his style in the more felicitous moments of the orator has seldom been surpassed. Burke is the English writer with whom we most naturally compare him. As an orator he is far superior to Burke; as a profound and comprehensive thinker, perhaps, he falls below him; as a writer he is as classical in his style, as cultivated, and as refined in his tastes, and simpler and more vigorous in his expression.

In many respects Burke has been his model, and it is not difficult to detect in his pages traces of his intimate communion with the great English, or rather Irish statesman, who, perhaps, taken all in all, is the most eminent among the distinguished statesmen who have written or spoken in our language. We have no thought of placing Mr. Webster above him; but he surpasses him in his oratory (for Burke was an uninteresting speaker), and in the simple majesty and repose of his style and manner. Burke is full, but his fancy is sometimes too exuberant for his imagination, and his periods are too gorgeous and too overloaded. Now and then he all but approaches the inflated, and is simply not bombastic. Our countryman appears to us to possess naturally a stronger and more vigorous mental constitution,¹⁵ and to carry himself more quietly, and more at his natural ease.

The only modern writers, as far as our limited reading extends, who in this respect equal or surpass Mr. Webster, are the great Bossuet and the German Goethe.²⁰ The simple natural majesty of Bossuet is perhaps unrivaled in any author, ancient or modern, and in his hands the French language loses its ordinary character, and in dignity, grandeur, and strength becomes able to compete successfully with any of the languages of modern Europe. Goethe is the only German we have ever read who could write German prose with taste, grace, and elegance, and there is in his writings a quiet strength and a majestic repose which are surpassed only by the very best of Greek or Roman classics. Mr. Webster²⁵ may not surpass, in the respect named, either of these great writers, but he belongs to their order.

We have dwelt the longer on these features of Mr. Webster's style, because they are precisely those which

our authors and orators most lack. The American people have no simplicity, no natural ease, no repose. A pebble is a "rock," a leg or arm is a "limb," the moon "the lunar light." Nothing can be called simply by its proper name in our genuine old Anglo-Saxon tongue. We are always striving to be great, sublime; and simple natural expressions are counted tame, commonplace, or vulgar. We must be inflated, grandiloquent, or eccentric. Even in our business habits we strive after the strange, the singular, or the wonderful, and are never contented with old fashions, quiet and sure ways of prospering. We must make or lose a fortune at a dash. Our authors and orators partake of our national character, and reproduce it in their works. The best thing we can do is to give our days and nights to the study of Webster's masterpieces, which present us admirable models of what we are not, but of what we might and should be.

It is very evident from Mr. Webster's writings that his reading has not been confined to Blackstone and Coke upon Littleton, nor to Harrington, Sydney, and Locke—that he has made frequent excursions from the line of his professional or official studies among the poets and in the fields of polite literature, and that literary or artistic cultivation has been with him a matter of no inconsiderable moment. He is perfectly familiar with the British classics, whether prose or poetry, and well read, if not in the Greek, at least in the ancient Roman literature. His style is to no inconsiderable extent formed after those very different writers, Cicero and Tacitus; but perhaps it owes still more of its peculiar richness and beauty to his diligent reading—whether for devotion or literary purposes we know not—of the English Protestant version of the Holy Scriptures.

LXIV.

FLOWERS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.¹

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld ;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above ;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours,
Making evident our own creation
In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and farseeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the selfsame, universal being
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
 Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
 Tremulous leaves with soft and silver lining,
 Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues, 5
 Flaunting gayly in the golden light;
 Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
 Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
 Workings are they of the selfsame powers 10
 Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
 Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing—
 Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born;
 Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing, 15
 Stand like Ruth' amid the golden corn.

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
 And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
 But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
 In the center of his brazen shield. 20

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
 On the mountain-top, and by the brink
 Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
 Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink.

Not alone in her vast dome of glory, 25
 Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
 But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
 On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone:

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons, 5
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand— 10
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

LXV.

THE CHARIOT RACE.

BY LEW. WALLACE.¹

THE trumpet sounded short and sharp; whereupon the starters, one for each chariot, leaped down from behind the pillars of the goal, ready to give assistance if any of the fours proved unmanageable.

Again the trumpet blew, and simultaneously the gatekeepers threw the stalls open.

First appeared the mounted attendants of the chariot-eers, five in all, Ben-Hur having rejected the service.²⁰ The chalked line was lowered to let them pass, then raised again. They were beautifully mounted, yet scarcely observed as they rode forward; for all the time the trampling of eager horses, and the voices of drivers

scarcely less eager, were heard behind in the stalls, so that one might not look away an instant from the gaping doors.

The chalked line up again, the gate-keepers called their men; instantly the ushers on the balcony waved their hands, and shouted with all their strength, "Down! down!"

As well have whistled to stay a storm.

Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many great guns, rushed the six fours; and up the vast assemblage arose, electrified and irrepressible, and, leaping upon the benches, filled the circus and the air above it with yells and screams. This was the time for which they had so patiently waited!—this the moment of supreme interest treasured up in talk and dreams, since the proclamation of the games!

The competitors were now under view from nearly every part of the circus, yet the race was not begun; they had first to make the chalked line successfully.

This line was stretched for the purpose of equalizing the start. If it were dashed upon, discomfiture of man and horses might be apprehended; on the other hand, to approach it timidly was to incur the hazard of being thrown behind in the beginning of the race; and that was certain forfeit of the great advantage always striven for—the position next the division wall on the inner line of the course.

This trial, its perils and consequences, the spectators knew thoroughly; and if the opinion of old Nestor,² uttered what time he handed the reins to his son, were true—

"It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be swift is less than to be wise"—

all on the benches might well look for warning of the

winner to be now given, justifying the interest with which they breathlessly watched for the result.

The arena swam in a dazzle of light; yet each driver looked first thing for the rope, then for the coveted inner line. So, all six aiming at the same point and speed, ing furiously, a collision seemed inevitable; nor that merely. What if the editor,³ at the last moment, dissatisfied with the start, should withhold the signal to drop the rope? or if he should not give it in time?

The crossing was about two hundred and fifty feet in width. Quick the eye, steady the hand, unerring the judgment required. If now one look away! or his mind wander! or a rein slip! And what attraction in the *ensemble* of the thousands over the spreading balcony! Calculating upon the natural impulse to give one glance¹⁵—just one—in sooth of curiosity or vanity, malice might be there with an artifice; while friendship and love, did they serve the same result, might be as deadly as malice.

The divine last touch in perfecting the beautiful is²⁰ animation. Can we accept the saying, then these latter days, so tame in pastime and dull in sports, have scarcely anything to compare to the spectacle offered by the six contestants. Let the reader try to fancy it; let him first look down upon the arena, and see it glistening in²⁵ its frame of dull-gray granite walls; let him then, in this perfect field, see the chariots, light of wheel, very graceful, and ornate as paint and burnishing can make them—Messala's rich with ivory and gold; let him see the drivers, erect and statuesque, undisturbed by the mo-³⁰ tion of the cars, their limbs naked, and fresh and ruddy with the healthful polish of the baths—in their right hands goads, suggestive of torture dreadful to the thought—in their left hands, held in careful separation,

and high, that they may not interfere with view of the steeds, the reins passing taut from the fore ends of the carriage-poles; let him see the fours, chosen for beauty as well as speed; let him see them in magnificent action, their masters not more conscious of the situation and all that is asked and hoped from them—their heads tossing, nostrils in play, now distent, now contracted—limbs too dainty for the sand which they touch but to spurn—limbs slender, yet with impact crushing as hammers—every muscle of the rounded bodies instinct with glorious life, swelling, diminishing, justifying the world in taking from them its ultimate measure of force; finally, along with chariots, drivers, horses, let the reader see the accompanying shadows fly; and with such distinctness as the picture comes, he may share the satisfaction of the deeper pleasure of those to whom it was a thrilling fact, not a feeble fancy. Every age has its plenty of sorrows; Heaven help where there are no pleasures!

The competitors having started each on the shortest line for the position next the wall, yielding would be like giving up the race; and who dared yield? It is not in common nature to change a purpose in mid-career; and the cries of encouragement from the balcony were indistinguishable and indescribable—a roar which had the same effect upon all the drivers.

The fours neared the rope together. Then the trumpeter by the editor's side blew a signal vigorously. Twenty feet away it was not heard. Seeing the action, however, the judges dropped the rope, and not an instant too soon, for the hoof of one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. Nothing daunted, the Roman shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, leaned forward, and, with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

"Jove with us! Jove with us!" yelled all the Roman faction, in a frenzy of delight.

As Messala turned in, the bronze lion's head at the end of his axle caught the fore-leg of the Athenian's right-hand trace-mate, flinging the brute over against its yoke-fellow. Both staggered, struggled, and lost their headway. The ushers had their will, at least in part. The thousands held their breath with horror; only up where the consul sat was there shouting.

"Jove with us!" screamed Drusus, frantically. 10

"He wins! Jove with us!" answered his associates, seeing Messala speed on.

Tablet in hand, Sanballat turned to them; a crash from the course below stopped his speech, and he could not but look that way. 15

Messala having passed, the Corinthian was the only contestant on the Athenian's right, and to that side the latter tried to turn his broken four; and then, as ill-fortune would have it, the wheel of the Byzantine, who was next on the left, struck the tail-piece of his chariot, knocking his feet from under him. There was a crash, a scream of rage and fear, and the unfortunate Cleanthes fell under the hoofs of his own steeds: a terrible sight, against which Esther covered her eyes. 20

On swept the Corinthian, on the Byzantine, on the Sidonian.

Sanballat looked for Ben-Hur, and turned again to Drusus and his coterie.

"A hundred sestertii' on the Jew!" he cried.

"Taken!" answered Drusus. 25

"Another hundred on the Jew!" shouted Sanballat.

Nobody appeared to hear him. He called again; the situation below was too absorbing, and they were too busy shouting, "Messala! Messala! Jove with us!"

When the Jewess ventured to look again, a party of workmen were removing the horses and broken car; another party were taking off the man himself; and every bench upon which there was a Greek was vocal with execrations and prayers for vengeance. Suddenly she dropped her hands; Ben-Hur, unhurt, was to the front, coursing freely forward along with the Roman! Behind them, in a group, followed the Sidonian, the Corinthian, and the Byzantine.

The race was on; the souls of the racers were in it; over them bent the myriads.

When the dash for position began, Ben-Hur, as we have seen, was on the extreme left of the six. For a moment, like the others, he was half blinded by the light in the arena; yet he managed to catch sight of his antagonists and divine their purpose. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look. The air of passionless hauteur characteristic of the fine patrician face was there as of old, and so was the Italian beauty, which the helmet rather increased; but more—it may have been a jealous fancy, or the effect of the brassy shadow in which the features were at the moment cast, still the Israelite thought he saw the soul of the man as through a glass, darkly: cruel, cunning, desperate; not so excited as determined—a soul in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve.

In a time not longer than was required to turn to his four again, Ben-Hur felt his own resolution harden to a like temper. At whatever costs, at all hazards, he would humble this enemy! Prize, friends, wagers, honor—everything that can be thought of as a possible interest in the race was lost in the one deliberate purpose. Regard for life, even, should not hold him back. Yet there was no passion on his part; no blinding rush of heated blood

from heart to brain, and back again ; no impulse to fling himself upon Fortune : he did not believe in Fortune—far otherwise. He had his plan, and confiding in himself, he settled to the task, never more observant, never more capable.

When not halfway across the arena, he saw that Messala's rush would, if there was no collision, and the rope fell, give him the wall ; that the rope would fall he ceased as soon to doubt ; and further, it came to him, a sudden flash-like insight, that Messala knew it was to be let drop at the last moment (prearrangement with the editor could safely reach that point in the contest) ; and it suggested, what more Roman-like than for the official to lend himself to a countryman who, besides being so popular, had also so much at stake ? There could be no other accounting for the confidence with which Messala pushed his four forward the instant his competitors were prudentially checking their fours in front of the obstruction—no other except madness.

It is one thing to see a necessity, and another to act upon it. Ben-Hur yielded the wall for the time.

The rope fell, and all the fours but his sprang into the course under urgency of voice and lash. He drew head to the right, and with all the speed of his Arabs, darted across the trails of his opponents, the angle of movement being such as to lose the least time and gain the greatest possible advance. So, while the spectators were shivering at the Athenian's mishap, and the Sidonian, Byzantine, and Corinthian were striving, with such skill as they possessed, to avoid involvement in the ruin, Ben-Hur swept around and took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the outside. The marvelous skill shown in making the change thus from the extreme left across to the right without appreciable loss

did not fail the sharp eyes upon the benches ; the circus seemed to rock and rock again with prolonged applause. Then Esther clasped her hands in glad surprise ; then Sanballat, smiling, offered his hundred sestertii a second time without a taker ; and then the Romans began to doubt, thinking Messala might have found an equal, if not a master, and that in an Israelite !

And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal.

The pedestal of the three pillars there, viewed from the west, was a stone wall in the form of a half-circle, around which the course and opposite balcony were bent in exact parallelism. Making this turn was considered in all respects the most telling test of a charioteer ; it was, in fact, the very feat in which Orestes failed.* As an involuntary admission of interest on the part of the spectators, a hush fell over all the circus, so that for the first time in the race the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds were distinctly heard. Then, it would seem, Messala observed Ben-Hur, and recognized him ; and at once the audacity of the man flamed out in an astonishing manner.

"Down Eros, up Mars!" he shouted, whirling his lash with practised hand. "Down Eros, up Mars!" he repeated, and caught the well-doing Arabs of Ben-Hur as cut the like of which they had never known.

The blow was seen in every quarter, and the amazement was universal. The silence deepened ; up on the benches behind the consul the boldest held his breath, waiting for the outcome. Only a moment thus ; then, involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the people.

The four sprang forward affrighted. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love ; they had been

nurtured ever so tenderly ; and as they grew, their confidence in man became a lesson to men beautiful to see. What should such dainty natures do under such indignity but leap as from death ?

Forward they sprang as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. Past question, every experience is serviceable to us. Where got Ben-Hur the large hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well ? Where but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea ! And what was this spring of the floor under his feet to the dizzy, eccentric lurch with which in the old time the trembling ship yielded to the beat of staggering billows, drunk with their power ? So he kept his place, and gave the four free rein, and called to them in soothing voice, trying merely to guide them round the dangerous turn ; and before the fever of the people began to abate, he had back the mastery. Nor that only ; on approaching the first goal he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. So clearly was the feeling shown, so vigorous its manifestation, that Messala, with all his boldness, felt it unsafe to trifle further.

As the cars whirled round the goal Esther caught sight of Ben-Hur's face—a little pale, a little higher raised, otherwise calm, even placid.

Immediately a man climbed on the entablature at the west end of the division wall, and took down one of the conical wooden balls. A dolphin on the east entablature was taken down at the same time.

In like manner, the second ball and second dolphin disappeared, and then the third ball and third dolphin.

Three rounds concluded ; still Messala held the inside position, still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side, still the other competitors followed as before. The contest

began to have the appearance of one of the double races which became so popular in Rome during the later Cæsarean period—Messala and Ben-Hur in the first, the Corinthian, Sidonian, and Byzantine in the second. Meantime the ushers succeeded in returning the multitude to their seats, though the clamor continued to run the rounds, keeping, as it were, even pace with the rivals in the course below.

In the fifth round the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place outside Ben-Hur, but lost it directly. ¹⁰

The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position.

Gradually the speed had been quickened; gradually the blood of the competitors warmed with the work. Men and beasts seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near, bringing the time for the winner to assert himself.

The interest, which from the beginning had centered chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense and general sympathy for the latter, ²⁰ was fast changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators bent forward motionless, except as their faces turned following the contestants. Ilderim quitted combing his beard, and Esther forgot her fears. ²⁵

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat to the Romans under the consul's awning.

There was no reply.

"A talent^c—or five talents—or ten; choose ye!"

He shook his tablets at them defiantly. ³⁰

"I will take thy sestertii," answered a Roman youth, preparing to write.

"Do not so," interposed a friend.

"Why?"

"Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot rim, the reins lying loose as flying ribbons. Look then at the Jew."

The first one looked.

"By Hercules!" he replied, his countenance falling. "The dog throws all his weight on the bits. I see! I see! If the gods help not our friend, he will be run away with by the Israelite. No, not yet. Look! Jove with us! Jove with us!"

The cry, swelled by every Latin tongue, shook the *velaria* over the consul's head.

If it were true that Messala had attained his utmost speed, the effort was with effect; slowly but certainly he was beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth; their nostrils showed blood-red in expansion; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. Certainly the good steeds were doing their best! How long could they keep the pace? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed. As they neared the second goal, Ben-Hur turned in behind the Roman's car.

The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound; they screamed and howled and tossed their colors, and Sanballat filled his tablets with wagers of their tendering.

Malluch, in the lower gallery over the Gate of Triumph, found it hard to keep his cheer. He had cherished the vague hint dropped to him by Ben-Hur of something to happen in the turning of the western pillars. It was the fifth round, yet the something had not come, and he had said to himself, the sixth will bring it; but lo! Ben-Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car.

Over in the east end, Simonides' party held their

peace. The merchant's head was bent low. Ilderim tugged at his beard, and dropped his brows till there was nothing of his eyes but an occasional sparkle of light. Esther scarcely breathed. Iras alone appeared glad.

Along the home stretch—sixth round—Messala leading, next him Ben-Hur, and so close it was the old story :

“First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds;
With those of Tros bold Diomed succeeds;
Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And seem just mounting on his car behind; 10
Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
And, hovering o'er, their stretching shadow sees ”8

Thus to the first goal, and round it. Messala, fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces; yet when the turn was finished, no man, looking at the wheel tracks of the two cars, could have said here went Messala, there the Jew. They left but one trace behind them.

As they whirled by, Esther saw Ben-Hur's face again, and it was whiter than before.

Simonides, shrewder than Esther, said to Ilderim, the moment the rivals turned into the course, “I am no judge, good sheik, if Ben-Hur be not about to execute some design. His face hath that look.” 25

To which Ilderim answered, “Saw you how clean they were and fresh? By the splendor of God, friend, they have not been running! But now watch!”

One ball and one dolphin remained on the entablatures; and all the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand.

First, the Sidonian gave the scourge to his four, and, smarting with fear and pain, they dashed desperately forward, promising for a brief time to go to the front.

The effort ended in promise. Next, the Byzantine and Corinthian each made the trial, with like result, after which they were practically out of the race. Thereupon, with a readiness perfectly explicable, all the factions except the Romans joined hope in Ben-Hur, and openly indulged their feeling.

"Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" they shouted, and the blent voices of the many rolled overwhelmingly against the consular stand.

From the benches above him as he passed, the favor descended in fierce injunction.

"Speed thee, Jew!"

"Take the wall now!"

"On! loose the Arabs! Give them rein and scourge!"

"Let him not have the turn on thee again. Now or never!"

Over the balustrade they stooped low, stretching their hands imploringly to him.

Either he did not hear, or could not do better, for halfway round the course and he was still following; at the second goal even still no change!

And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds, an act which necessarily slackened their speed. His spirit was high; more than one altar was richer of his vows; the Roman genius was still president. On the three pillars only six hundred feet away were fame, increase of fortune, promotions, and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate, all in store for him! That moment, Malluch, in the gallery, saw Ben-Hur lean forward over his Arabs and give them the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again, and, though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in

its quick report; and as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eyes gleaming, along the reins he seemed to flash his will; and instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car. Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard, but dared not look to see what the awakening portended. From the people he received no sign. Above the noises of the race there was but one voice, and that was Ben-Hur's. In the old Aramaic, as the sheik himself, he called to the Arabs:

"On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now? Good horse—oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing, and the women—singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory!—and the song will never end. Well done! Home to-morrow, under the black tent-home! On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! 'Tis done! 'tis done! Ha, ha! We have overthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory! Ha, ha! steady! The work is done—soho! Rest!"

There had never been anything of the kind more simple; seldom anything so instantaneous.

At the moment chosen for the dash, Messala was moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him Ben-Hur had to cross the track, and good strategy required the movement to be in a forward direction—that is, on a like circle limited to the least possible increase. The thousands on the benches understood it all; they saw the signal given—the magnificent response—the four close outside Messala's outer wheel—Ben-Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car; all this they saw. Then they heard a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the circus, and, quicker than thought, out over the

course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders flew. Down on its right side toppled the bed of the Roman's chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth; another, and another; then the car went to pieces, and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong.

To increase the horror of the sight by making death certain, the Sidonian, who had the wall next behind, could not stop or turn out. Into the wreck full speed he drove; then over the Roman, and into the latter's¹⁰ four, all mad with fear. Presently, out of the turmoil, the fighting of horses, the resound of blows, the murky cloud of dust and sand, he crawled, in time to see the Corinthian and Byzantine go on down the course after Ben-Hur, who had not been an instant delayed.¹¹

The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the trampling of the fours, now under the abandoned cars. He was still; they thought him dead; but far the greater number followed Ben-Hur in his career. They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala's wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle, and crushed it; but they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat¹² and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolution, the maddening energy of action with which, by look, word, and gesture, he so suddenly inspired his Arabs. And such running! It was rather the long leaping of lions in harness; but for the lumbering chariot, it seemed the¹³ four were flying. When the Byzantine and Corinthian were half-way down the course, Ben-Hur turned the first goal.

And the race was won!

LXVI.

THE STORMING OF THE BASTILE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.¹

THE Bastile² was the great terror of Paris. While that remained in the hands of their enemies, with its impregnable walls and heavy guns commanding the city, there was no safety. As by an instinct, during the night of the 13th, the Parisians decided that the Bastile must be taken. With that fortress in their hands they could defend themselves and repel their foes. But how could the Bastile be taken? It was apparently as unassailable as Gibraltar's³ rock. Nothing could be more preposterous than the thought of¹⁰ storming the Bastile. "The idea," says Michelet,⁴ "was by no means reasonable. It was an act of faith."

The Bastile stood in the very heart of the Faubourg⁵ St. Antoine, enormous, massive, and blackened with age, the gloomy emblem of royal prerogative,⁶ ex-¹⁵ citing by its mysterious power and menace the terror and the execration of every one who passed beneath the shadow of its towers. Even the sports of childhood dare not approach the empoisoned atmosphere with which it seemed to be enveloped.²⁰

M. De Launey was Governor of the fortress. He was no soldier, but a mean, mercenary man, despised by the Parisians. He contrived to draw from the establishment, by every species of cruelty and extortion, an income of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. He re-²⁵ duced the amount of firewood to which the shivering

inmates were entitled, made a great profit on the wretched wine which he furnished to those who were able to buy, and even let out the little garden within the inclosure, thus depriving those prisoners who were not in dungeon confinement of the privilege of a walk there, which they had a right to claim. De Launey was not merely detested as Governor of the Bastile, but he was personally execrated as a greedy, sordid, merciless man. Linguet's *Memoirs of the Bastile* had rendered De Launey's name infamous throughout Europe.¹⁰ Such men are usually cowards. De Launey was both spiritless and imbecile. Had he not been both, the Bastile could not have been taken.

Still the people had no guns. It was ascertained that there was a large supply at the Hôtel des Invalides; but how could they be taken without any weapons of attack? Sombreuil, the Governor, was a firm and fearless man, and in addition to his ordinary force, amply sufficient for defence, he had recently obtained a strong detachment of artillery and several additional¹¹ cannon, showing that he was ready to do battle. Within fifteen minutes' march of the Invalides, Besenval was encamped with several thousand Swiss and German troops in the highest state of discipline, and provided with all the most formidable implements of war. Every¹² moment rumors passed through the streets that the troops from Versailles⁹ were on the march, headed by officers who were breathing threatenings and slaughter.

With electric speed the rumor passed through the streets that there was a large quantity of arms stored in¹³ the magazine of the Hotel of the Invalids. Before nine o'clock in the morning of the 14th, thirty thousand men were before the Invalides; some with pikes, pistols, or muskets, but most of them unarmed. The curate of St.

Etienne led his parishioners in this conflict for freedom. As this intrepid man marched at the head of his flock he said to them, "My children, let us not forget that all men are brothers." The bells of alarm ringing from the steeples seemed to invest the movement with a religious character. Those sublime voices, accustomed to summon the multitude to prayer, now with their loudest utterance called them to the defence of their civil and religious rights.

Sombreuil perceived at once that the populace could only be repelled by enormous massacre, and that probably even that, in the frenzied state of the public mind, would be ineffectual. He dared not assume the responsibility of firing without an order from the King, and he could get no answer to the messages he sent to Versailles. Though his cannon charged with grapeshot could have swept down thousands, he did not venture to give the fatal command to fire. The citizens, with a simultaneous rush in all directions, leaped the trenches, clambered over the low wall—for the hotel was not a fortress—and like a resistless inundation, filled the vast building. They found in the armory thirty thousand muskets. Seizing these and six pieces of cannon, they rushed, as by a common instinct, towards the Bastile, to assail with these feeble means one of the strongest fortresses in the world—a fortress which an army under the great Condé had in vain besieged for three-and-twenty days. De Launey, from the summit of his towers, had for many hours heard the roar of the insurgent city. As he now saw the black mass of countless thousands approaching, he turned pale and trembled. All the cannon, loaded with grapeshot, were thrust out of the portholes, and several cart loads of paving stones, cannon balls, and old iron had been conveyed to the

tops of the towers to be thrown down to crush the assailants. Twelve large rampart guns, charged heavily with grape, guarded the only entrance. These were manned by thirty-two Swiss soldiers, who would have no scruples in firing upon Frenchmen. The eighty-two French soldiers who composed the remainder of the garrison were placed upon the towers, and at distant posts, where they could act efficiently without being brought so immediately into conflict with the attacking party. ¹⁰

A man of very fearless and determined character, M. Thuriot, was sent by the electors of the Hôtel de Ville to summon the Bastille to surrender. The drawbridge was lowered, and he was admitted. The Governor received him at the head of his staff. ¹⁵

"I summon you," said Thuriot, "in the name of the people, in the name of honor, and of our native land."

The Governor, who was every moment expecting the arrival of troops to disperse the crowd, refused to surrender the fortress, but replied that he was ready to give his oath that he would not fire upon the people if they did not fire upon him. After a long and exciting interview, Thuriot came forth to those at the Hôtel de Ville who had sent him.

He had hardly emerged from the massive portals, and crossed the drawbridge of the moat, which was immediately raised behind him, ere the people commenced the attack. A scene of confusion and uproar ensued which cannot be described. A hundred thousand men, filling all the streets and alleys which opened upon the Bastille, crowding all the windows and house-tops of the adjacent buildings, kept up an incessant firing, harmlessly flattening their bullets against walls of stone forty feet thick and one hundred feet high.

The French soldiers within the garrison were reluctant to fire upon their relatives and friends; but the Swiss, obedient to authority, opened a deadly fire of bullets and grapeshot upon the crowd. While the battle was raging an intercepted letter was brought to the Hôtel de Ville, in which Besenval, commandant of the troops in the Field of Mars, exhorted De Launey to remain firm, assuring him that he would soon come with succor. But, fortunately for the people, even these foreign troops refused to march for the protection of the Bastile.

The French Guards now broke from their barracks, and led by their subaltern officers, came with two pieces of artillery in formidable array to join the people. They were received with thunders of applause which drowned even the roar of the battle. Energetically they opened their batteries upon the fortress, but their balls rebounded harmless from the impregnable rock.

Apparently the whole of Paris, with one united will, was combined against the great bulwark of tyranny. Men, women, and boys were mingled in the fight. Priests, nobles, wealthy citizens, and the ragged and emaciate victims of famine were pressing in the frenzied assault side by side. The French soldiers were now anxious to surrender, but the Swiss, sheltered from all chance of harm, shot down with deliberate and unerring aim whomsoever they would. Four hours of the battle had now passed, and though but one man had been hurt within the fortress, a hundred and seventy-one of the citizens had been either killed or wounded. The French soldiers now raised a flag of truce upon the towers, while the Swiss continued firing below. This movement plunged De Launey into despair. One hundred thousand men were beleaguering his fortress.

The King sent no troops to his aid; and three-fourths of his garrison had abandoned him and were already opening communications with his assailants. He knew that the people could never pardon him for the blood of their fathers and brothers with which he had crimsoned their streets—that death was his inevitable doom. In a state almost of delirium he seized a match from a cannon and rushed towards the magazine, determined to blow up the citadel. There were a hundred and thirty-five barrels of gunpowder in the vaults. The explosion would have thrown the Bastile into the air, buried one hundred thousand people beneath its ruins, and have demolished one third of Paris. Two subaltern officers crossed their bayonets before him and prevented the accomplishment of this horrible design. "

Some wretches seized upon a young lady whom they believed to be the Governor's daughter, and wished by the threat of burning her within view of her father upon the towers to compel him to surrender. But the citizens promptly rescued her from their hands and conveyed her to a place of safety. It was now five o'clock, and the assault had commenced at twelve o'clock at noon. The French soldiers within made white flags of napkins, attached them to bayonets, and waved them from the walls. Gradually the flags of truce were seen through the smoke; the firing ceased, and the cry resounded through the crowd, and was echoed along the streets of Paris, "The Bastile surrenders!" This fortress, which Louis XIV.¹⁰ and Turenne had pronounced impregnable, surrendered not to the arms of its assailants, for they had produced no impression upon it. It was conquered by that public opinion which pervaded Paris and which vanquished its garrison.

The massive portals were thrown open, and the vast

multitude, a living deluge, plunging headlong, rushed in. They clambered up the towers, penetrated the cells, and descended into the dungeons and oubliettes." Appalled they gazed upon the instruments of torture with which former victims of oppression had been torn and broken. Excited as they were by the strife, and exasperated by the shedding of blood, but one man in the fortress, a Swiss soldier, fell a victim to their rage. . . . The French and Swiss soldiers took the oath of fidelity to the nation, and under the protection of the French Guards¹⁰ were marched to places of safety, where they were supplied with lodgings and food. Thus terminated this eventful day. The fall of the Bastile broke the right arm of the monarchy, paralyzed its nerves of action, and struck it a deathblow. The monarch of France, from¹⁵ his palace at Versailles, heard the distant thunders of the cannonade, and yet inscribed upon his puerile journal "*Nothing!*"

 LXVII.

THANATOPSIS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.¹

To him who in the love of Nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks ²⁰
 A various language; for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
 Into his darker musings with a mild
 And healing sympathy, that steals away ²⁵
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts

Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice.

Yet a few days, and thee 10
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock 20
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain²
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting place 25
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills 30
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between—

The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round
all,

Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

LXVIII.

CHARACTER.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.¹

No study is more impressive than the study of monuments; or of dictionaries of biography, which in their way are monuments. As you ride into Palmyra, you pass for miles on the right and left the bases of lost statues. On these bases are carved the names of the men who were represented there. But the names do not preserve the memory of those men, more than the broken statues. The men were to be forgotten, and they are forgotten.

On the other hand, Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra,² has a name that lives. Longinus,³ one of her ministers, has a name that lives. There are no statues of Zenobia in Palmyra — none of Longinus. But, with or without statues, they live, because there was something in them of the living sort. They were made to live.

These miles of statues were reared to the captains of caravans who had taken Roman gentlemen safely and

comfortably across the desert. We all know how much attached we become to a captain of a steamship who has brought us over well. In the old days of sailing-vessels and long passages to and from Europe, a frequent custom, and a grateful one indeed, was for the passengers to subscribe for a piece of silver plate for the captain who had served them. It seems that in those older days of Palmyra there was a similar habit. I suppose that when the last day of the tedious caravan journey came, some active, busy traveler who had no family to attend to bustled round with a subscription paper, and made up a purse for a statue of the commander. Then a good artist was found in Palmyra, and one more statue was added to the long line of fame.

There is a like story of the decline of Athens.¹⁵ Athens ordered that three hundred and sixty statues should be erected to Demetrius Phalereus,⁴ one of the popular rulers of that time. But three hundred and sixty statues have not saved his name from forgetfulness. In contrast with that, as Nepos⁵ says, Miltiades,^{6 20} who saved Athens from the Turk of his day, will always be remembered—though the monument to him was only a poor water color, which soon faded, on a temple wall.

These stories are good enough illustrations of the eternal law—that character is the only permanent reality in human life; and that we cannot substitute brass or marble, not granite nor gold as a substitute. It may happen that a monument, like Cleopatra's needle,⁷ takes a name which the steadfast memory of man gives to it, in the place of the forgotten inscription once carved on its corner stone. By the same law, they tell you at Kenilworth that Cromwell destroyed Lord Leicester's castle.⁸ All the personal actors in its destruction are forgotten; but Cromwell is of the type of men who live.

Literary men are forever trying to rake out of the ashes of the past some old bit of badly melted slag, and telling us that it is good coal, or perhaps diamond, and that it should not be forgotten. Every now and then somebody tries to write up Abelard⁹ in this way. A few years ago an accomplished scholar here tried to galvanize Charles the Bold,¹⁰ and make him live. But the poor corpses will not stand up long enough for men to apply the batteries which should make them twitch and start. There is nothing to live. 10

It is of no great consequence whether men are remembered or forgotten. But this persistency of character, in its hold on the memory of men—if they have once found out that there is a character to remember—is a good illustration of the absolute or eternal force of 15 character, and the steady and certain victory which it commands. At the moment, men never understand it. The town cannot understand why Charles, whom it thinks dull, moves steadily forward, while George, whom it thought brilliant, is more and more certainly set on 20 one side. But the reason is that George is only brilliant, while Charles had the weight and force of character. In my early life, I was so placed at one time, in the discharge of my daily duty, as to be completely dependent, for two or three hours perhaps of each day, on 25 the will or whim of two public functionaries. The superior in rank of these two was a man of unswerving truth and honor, who was, however, lonely, low-toned, low-spirited; probably selfish, certainly unsympathizing. The result or combination of these qualities made him 30 what we familiarly call “cross” to everybody who came in his way. Many a day have I lost my dinner, and sunk hours of useless life, because this man would not pass a sheet of paper across his desk for me to copy,

until his own work was fully done, and his own later dinner hour come. The younger of these two men, his inferior in rank, was also a man of unswerving truth and honor, of whom then I knew little but that he was quick, sympathetic, unselfish, and kind. He did his own work well, was glad to see others do theirs well; had exactly the same kind of work to do that the other had, but always helped us boys along; taught us if we needed teaching, was willing to help us if the State took no peril, and won, of course, our enthusiastic love. ¹⁰

This man rapidly rose up the steps of our social system, received, one after another, the highest honors which this State has to give to a man in his profession, and died, only too young for us, having attained a name which will long be remembered in the walk of life to ¹⁵ which his life was given. The other, at the first overturn in politics, lost his place; so did his junior. But my cross friend never regained his, nor indeed any position of trust. Not he. "I care for nobody, no, not I; and nobody cares for me." That is the law of such ²⁰ men. I used to meet him in the street, every year or two, as I grew older and older. He looked every time rather more sour and rather more hard than the time before. I am perfectly sure that all this time he was satisfying himself that the world was an unjust world ²⁵ and a very hard world. I do not know, but I think that the wolf came nearer to his door and nearer with every year. And when, after twenty or more years, I read the record of his death also in the newspaper, I felt sadly sure that the grave had closed over a man ³⁰ who was only too willing to go; and who died, saying that the world had not treated him fairly.

Well, I do not say that the world is a just world, nor that time can be always relied upon for a verdict. It is

the kingdom of heaven which is the kingdom of justice ; and only eternity can be relied upon for the truth. But I do say that I believe that in this case of those two men, the verdict was substantially a just verdict ; and that one of them was rewarded and the other punished because of differences of character, which were wholly within their own control. Yet it may be that neither of those men was aware of the character which he himself bore.

For character is very different from reputation, though we mix the names so often. The English servant who wants a place advertises that he has a three years' character : meaning that he has three years' reputation since anybody has known him who is willing to testify for him, or since he lost his good reputation in some tavern or some brawl. But though he talks of a three years' "character," his real character has been forming since he drew his first breath. The great trip hammer of the mint of God hits us hard, and hits us again, and hits us again ; and with every blow, the metal struck changes its luster, changes its strength, even changes the image and the superscription. The word character is true still to its derivation. It is a Greek word, wholly unchanged, which the Greeks derived from the word which we pronounce *harass*, which they pronounced *charass* (*χαράσσει*), but which had the meaning then that it has now. They spoke then of a coin in the mint, which was hammered and tortured by the sharp edges of the die, as being stamped upon indeed, as a poor *charassed* thing—as bearing a character. Its *character* came to it because it was beaten, pounded by this tremendous hammer. The more it was beaten, the more distinct character it had. I believe all our words of similar import have a similar derivation. Thus, when we say a man is of this "type" of manhood, or

that "type" of manhood, the original meaning is that he has been beaten into that shape by the blows of life which have passed over him. And it is true that a man's character begins when he is born, and changes or does not change accordingly as he bears the pounding which life gives him. Burns says, "The rank is but the guinea's stamp." This means, at bottom, that a "pound" is metal which has been pounded. And there are metals which improve in quality all the time you stamp and hammer them. Just the same is true of a man, if he have the true heat, the true life, and make himself master of the circumstance instead of slave. Precisely, now, as you may have seen different strands of iron wire brought together in a bloom," heated red, and struck and struck under a trip hammer till they are made one, so all the different experiences of life are fused and welded into one in the process of the formation of character. A man's habits of sleep, of exercise, and of appetite; his methods of reasoning, imagination, and memory, his faith, his hope, his love—are blended together in his character. And the hammering becomes no unimportant part of the process.

Certain traits there are which show themselves all through the pounding. Thus, all the hammering of eternity will not make iron into gold. But a very little hammering will make pig iron into wrought iron, if you give it heat enough; and so hammered, it will bear a very different strain. . . .

There is not a woodcutter in Maine or Minnesota but knows that the weight of the ax and the swiftness of the stroke are what tell in the cutting of the tree; that the sharpness of the ax is nothing unless there be weight and swiftness behind it. There is not a man of them who would go into the wilderness expecting to

clear his farm with sharp bladed penknives or well polished scissors. Yet the same men, as they look round for their heroes, as they give applause, or as they give votes, are as likely as any men to be misled by the brilliancy of accomplishment, and to forget the necessity, if the work is to last, of the weight and force which only belong to character. I think our habit—what was our necessity—of seeking immediate results, leads to this. As we burned down the forests, and now find too late that we have caused by our folly higher freshets in the spring and longer droughts in the summer, so we applaud some showy fool in the pulpit, or elect men to office for their ease in public speaking, to find only too late that the children do not know what the word religion means, and that the destinies of the State have not been confided to statesmen. This mistake, whenever it is committed, is the mistake of preferring accomplishment above character—a mistake fatal whether it is made in education, in our estimate of ourselves and our plan of our duty, in our selection of other men for office, or in the verdict of praise and censure which we render to the servants of the State or of the Church.

We meet every day the broken-bladed penknives—people who have tried to do the work of axes, and have failed because they had not weight enough. Such men are looking round for patrons and letters of recommendation. They think this man was successful because of his uncle's influence, and that one because he was a Freemason; and then say bitter things of society because society does not help them forward. The truth is, all the while, that there is nothing to help, nothing to indorse, nothing to rely upon. The man has failed, not because he had no uncles or no indorsers, but because he had no weight, no steadfastness, no character.

And, on the other hand, I meet every day this man and that woman who cannot see why God leaves them to such petty detail in the work of his army. "Why should I be left to take care of babies, while Penthesilea can lead Amazons" into action?" "Why should I be left to take a class in a Sunday school, while at my age William Pitt" was prime minister of England?" Why, but because the good God, who has something better at stake than the work of Amazons or of prime ministers, has devised these schools for the creation of your character? Dear boy, you did nothing all last week, in your new employ, but to add up units and carry tens, and add tens and carry hundreds; and you are sure that you could have done so much more and so much better, but no man asked you. Is the new employ, for that, mere slavery to you? Only see what is the true sum of your figures and the true product of your multiplication. Be sure, you, that five years hence, when somebody wants a man of might, of trust, of honor, of integrity, and looks in that crypt where you are adding and multiplying, the search shall not be made in vain. Show them that among a thousand ciphers there is one real value. Among a thousand names let there be one child of God. Show, then and there, what the service of five faithful years can do in creating character. "

As I watch men of affairs, I find one set who, as they say, make one hand wash another. They are rushing round at one o'clock to pick up the funds to pay the note which falls due at two.

I find another set, more thoughtful, who know to-day what they are to do next Friday—know, as they would say, where they shall be next Saturday—who are thus prepared in advance for any exigency in business. You cannot take them by surprise.

And, once more, I hear of a third set sometimes. I hear traditions of the great men of affairs, whose dealings have been governed by combinations which were years in maturing, who knew how many acres of this world were planted with coffee four years before, what would be the probable crop two years after, and three, and four. Such are the men not satisfied to imitate their rivals, to do as others do, to work by rule of thumb; but who have a principle, on which even commerce adjusts itself. I might say that the first of these¹⁰ is a merchant by knack; the second, a merchant by system; the third, a merchant on principle. That familiar series illustrates for us sufficiently a gradation vastly more important—a gradation in men's lives, related not to the laws of trade, but to the eternal realities. Men and women of accomplishment are living for the more immediate effect, and trusting the immediate effort. Men and women of mere system are only repeating what some schoolmaster or some cyclopædia suggested. But men and women of character! ah, there²⁰ we stand with those who are not satisfied with time! They are not satisfied with to-day's efforts or to-day's success. Nay, they are not satisfied to know that next week this shall be adjusted, or that smoothed away. They are not satisfied till the word they speak shall ring as true as the eternal word, and the house they build be built upon the rock eternal. There is the man, there is the woman, who in new exigency rises to the exigency; needs not to be taught what to do or how to do it, but does it as from "native impulse, elemental force." There is the man or woman whose work stands. Their names may be forgotten. So are the names of almost all martyrs. But their lives live in the higher life of a world renewed!

LXIX.

SPRING BESIDE WALDEN.

BY HENRY D. THOREAU.¹

WHEN the ground was partially bare of snow, and a few warm days had dried its surface somewhat, it was pleasant to compare the first tender signs of the infant year just peeping forth with the stately beauty of the withered vegetation which had withstood the winter—life-everlasting, golden-rods, pinweeds, and graceful wild grasses, more obvious and interesting frequently than in summer even, as if their beauty was not ripe till then; even cotton grass, cat-tails, mulleins, John's-wort, hardhack, meadowsweet, and other strong-stemmed plants, those exhausted granaries which entertain the earliest birds—decent weeds, at least, which widowed Nature wears. I am particularly attracted by the arching and sheaf-like top of the wool grass; it brings back the summer to our winter memories, and is among the forms which art loves to copy, and which, in the vegetable kingdom, have the same relation to types already in the mind of man that astronomy has. It is an antique style suggestive of an inexpressible tenderness and fragile delicacy. We are accustomed to hear this kind described as a rude and boisterous tyrant; but with the gentleness of a lover he adorns the tresses of summer.

At the approach of spring the red squirrels got under my house, two at a time, directly under my feet as I sat reading or writing, and kept up the queerest chuckling and chirruping and vocal pirouetting and

gurgling sounds that ever were heard; and when I stamped they only chirruped the louder, as if past all fear and respect in their mad pranks, defying humanity to stop them. No you don't—chickaree—chickaree. They were wholly deaf to my arguments, or failed to perceive their force, and fell into a strain of invective that was irresistible.

The first sparrow of spring! The year beginning with younger hope than ever! The faint silvery warblings heard over the partially bare and moist fields from the bluebird, the song sparrow, and the redwing, as if the last flakes of winter tinkled as they fell! What at such a time are histories, chronologies, traditions, and all written revelations? The birds sing carols and glees to the spring. The marsh-hawk sailing low over the meadow is already seeking the first slimy life that awakes. The sinking sound of melting snow is heard in all dells, and the ice dissolves apace in the ponds. The grass flames up on the hillsides like a spring fire, as if the earth sent forth an inward heat to greet the returning sun: not yellow, but green, is the color of its flame—the symbol of perpetual youth, the grass blade, like a long green ribbon, streams from the sod into the summer, checked indeed by the frost, but anon pushing on again, lifting its spear of last year's hay with the fresh life below. It grows as steadily as the rill rises out of the ground. It is almost identical with that, for in the growing days of June, when the rills are dry, the grass blades are their channels, and from year to year the herds drink at this perennial green stream, and the mower draws from it betimes their winter supply. So our human life dies down to its root, and still puts forth its green blade to eternity.

Walden is melting apace. . There is a canal two rods

wide along the northerly and westerly sides, and wider still at the east end. A great field of ice has cracked off from the main body. I hear a song sparrow singing from the bushes on the shore—olít, olít, olít—chip, chip, chip, che, char—che wiss, wiss, wiss. He too is helping to crack it. How handsome the great sweeping curves in the edge of the ice, answering somewhat to those of the shore, but more regular! It is unusually hard, owing to the recent severe but transient cold, and all watered or waved like a palace floor. But the wind¹⁰ slides eastward over its opaque surface in vain, till it reaches the living surface beyond. It is glorious to behold this ribbon of water sparkling in the sun, the bare face of the pond full of glee and youth, as if it spoke the joy of the fishes within it, and of the sands on its¹⁵ shore—a silvery sheen as from the scales of a leuciscus, as it were all one active fish.² Such is the contrast between winter and spring. Walden was dead and is alive again. But this spring it broke up more steadily, as I have said.

The change from storm and winter to serene and mild weather, from dark and sluggish hours to bright and elastic ones, is a memorable crisis which all things proclaim. It is seemingly instantaneous at last. Suddenly an influx of light filled my house, though the evening²⁵ was at hand, and the clouds of winter still overhung it, and the eaves were dripping with sleety rain. I looked out of the window, and lo! where yesterday was cold, gray ice, there lay the transparent pond, already calm and full of hope as in a summer evening, reflecting a³⁰ summer evening sky in its bosom, though none was visible overhead, as if it had intelligence with some remote horizon. I heard a robin in the distance, the first I had heard for many a thousand years, methought,

whose note I shall not forget for many a thousand more—the same sweet and powerful song as of yore. Oh, the evening robin, at the end of a New England summer day! If I could ever find the twig he sits upon! I mean he; I mean the twig. The pitch pines and shrub oaks about my house, which had so long drooped, suddenly resumed their several characters, looked brighter, greener, and more erect and alive, as if effectually cleansed and restored by the rain. I knew that it would not rain any more. You may tell by looking at any twig of the forest, ay, at your very wood-pile, whether its winter is past or not. As it grew darker, I was startled by the honking of geese flying low over the woods, like weary travelers getting in late from southern lakes, and indulging at last in unrestrained complaint and mutual consolation. Standing at my door, I could hear the rush of their wings; when, driving towards my house, they suddenly spied my light, and with hushed clamor wheeled and settled in the pond. So I came in, and shut the door, and passed my first spring night in the woods.

In the morning I watched the geese from the door through the mist, sailing in the middle of the pond, fifty rods off, so large and tumultuous that Walden appeared like an artificial pond for their amusement. But when I stood on the shore they at once rose up with a great flapping of wings at the signal of their commander, and when they had got into rank circled about over my head, twenty-nine of them, and then steered straight to Canada, with a regular honk from the leader at intervals, trusting to break their fast in muddier pools. A “plump” of ducks rose at the same time and took the route to the north in the wake of their noisier cousins.

For a week I heard the circling groping clangor of some solitary goose in the foggy mornings, seeking its companion, and still peopling the woods with the sound of a larger life than they could sustain. In April the pigeons were seen again flying express in small flocks, and in due time I heard the martins twittering over my clearing, though it had not seemed that the township contained so many that it could afford me any, and I fancied that they were peculiarly of the ancient race that dwelt in hollow trees ere white men came. In¹⁰ almost all climes the tortoise and the frog are among the precursors and heralds of this season, and birds fly with song and glancing plumage, and plants spring and bloom, and winds blow, to correct this slight oscillation of the poles and preserve the equilibrium of Nature. ¹⁵

Our village life would stagnate if it were not for the unexplored forests and meadows which surround it. We need the tonic of wildness—to wade sometimes in marshes where the bittern and the meadow hen lurk, and hear the booming of the snipe; to smell the whis-²⁰pering sedge where only some wilder and more solitary fowl builds her nest, and the mink crawls with its belly close to the ground. At the same time that we are earnest to explore and learn all things, we require that all things be mysterious and unexplorable, that land and²⁵ sea be infinitely wild, unsurveyed and unfathomed by us because unfathomable. We can never have enough of nature. We must be refreshed by the sight of inexhaustible vigor, vast and Titanic⁴ features, the seacoast with its wrecks, the wilderness with its living and its³⁰ decaying trees, the thundercloud, and the rain which lasts three weeks and produces freshets. We need to witness our own limits transgressed, and some life pasturing freely where we never wander. We are cheered

when we observe the vulture feeding on the carrion which disgusts and disheartens us and deriving health and strength from the repast. There was a dead horse in the hollow by the path to my house, which compelled me sometimes to go out of the way, especially in the night when the air was heavy, but the assurance it gave me of the strong appetite and inviolable health of Nature was my compensation for this. I love to see that Nature is so rife with life that myriads can be afforded to be sacrificed and suffered to prey on one another; that tender organizations can be so serenely squashed out of existence like pulp—tadpoles which herons gobble up, and tortoises and toads run over in the road; and that sometimes it has rained flesh and blood. With the liability to accident, we must see how little account is to be made of it. The impression made on a wise man is that of universal innocence. Poison is not poisonous after all, nor are any wounds fatal. Compassion is a very untenable ground. It must be expeditious. Its pleadings will not bear to be stereotyped. "

Early in May, the oaks, hickories, maples, and other trees, just putting out amid the pine woods around the pond, imparted a brightness like sunshine to the landscape, especially in cloudy days, as if the sun were breaking through the mists and shining faintly on the hill-sides here and there. On the third or fourth of May I saw a loon in the pond, and during the first week of the month I heard the whip-poor-will, the brown thrasher, the veery, the wood pewee, the chewink, and other birds. I had heard the wood thrush long before. The phoebe had already come once more and looked in at my door and window, to see if my house was cavern-like enough for her, sustaining herself on humming wings with clinched talons, as if she held by the air, while she

surveyed the premises. The sulphur-like pollen of the pitch pine soon covered the pond and the stones and rotten wood along the shore, so that you could have collected a barrellful. This is the "sulphur showers" we hear of. Even in Calidas' drama of *Sakuntala* we read of "rills dyed yellow with the golden dust of the lotus." And so the seasons went rolling on into summer, as one rambles into higher and higher grass.

LXX.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

BY LUCY LARCOM.¹

Poor lone Hannah,
 Sitting at the window, binding shoes: 10
 Faded, wrinkled,
 Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
 Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
 When the bloom was on the tree:
 Spring and winter, 15
 Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor,
 Passing, nod or answer will refuse
 To her whisper,
 "Is there from the fishers any news?" 20
 Oh, her heart's adrift, with one
 On an endless voyage gone!
 Night and morning,
 Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly wooes ;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow, 5
And the waves are laughing so !
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing ;
'Mid the apple boughs a pigeon cooes ; 10
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped :
Silent, lonesome, 15
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November :
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews ;
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose, 20
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben ?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters 25
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views—
Twenty seasons !
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea : 30
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

LXXI.

THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS.

BY CHARLES SUMNER.¹

O! yet a nobler task awaits thy hand!

For what can War but endless War still breed?

Till Truth and Right from Violence be freed.

MILTON, SONNET TO FAIRFAX.

THE true greatness of a nation cannot be in triumphs of the intellect alone. Literature and art may widen the sphere of its influence; they may adorn it; but they are in their nature but accessories. The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened, and decorated by the intellect of man. The truest tokens of this grandeur in a State are the diffusion of the greatest happiness among the greatest number, and that passionless, Godlike Justice which controls the relations of the State to other States, and to all the people who are committed to its charge.

But war crushes with bloody heel all justice, all happiness, all that is Godlike in man. "It is," says the eloquent Robert Hall,² "the temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue." True, it cannot be disguised that there are passages in its dreary annals cheered by deeds of generosity and sacrifice; but the virtues which shed their charm over its horrors are all borrowed of peace; they are emanations of the spirit of love, which is so strong in the heart of man that it survives the rudest assaults. The flowers of gentleness, of kindliness, of fidelity, of humanity, which flourish in unregarded luxuriance in the rich meadows of peace, receive unwonted

admiration when we discern them in war, like violets shedding their perfume on the perilous edges of the precipice, beyond the smiling borders of civilization. God be praised for all the examples of magnanimous virtue which he has vouchsafed to mankind! God be praised that the Roman emperor, about to start on a distant expedition of war, encompassed by squadrons of cavalry and by golden eagles which moved in the winds, stooped from his saddle to listen to the prayer of the humble widow, demanding justice for the death of her son! God be praised that Sidney, on the field of battle, gave with dying hand the cup of cold water to the dying soldier! That single act of self-forgetful sacrifice has consecrated the fenny field of Zutphen far, oh, far beyond its battle; it has consecrated thy name, gallant Sidney, beyond any feat of thy sword, beyond any triumph of thy pen. But there are hands outstretched elsewhere than on fields of blood for so little as a cup of cold water; the world is full of opportunities for deeds of kindness. Let me not be told, then, of the virtues of war. Let not the acts of generosity and sacrifice which have triumphed on its fields be invoked in its defence. In the words of Oriental imagery, the poisonous tree, though watered by nectar, can produce only the fruit of death.

As we cast our eyes over the history of nations, we discern with horror the succession of murderous slaughters by which their progress has been marked. As the hunter traces the wild beast, when pursued to his lair, by the drops of blood on the earth, so we follow man, faint, weary, staggering with wounds, through the black forest of the past, which he has reddened with his gore. Oh, let it not be in the future ages as in those which we now contemplate. Let the grandeur of man be dis-

cerned in the blessings which he has secured; in the good he has accomplished; in the triumphs of benevolence and justice; in the establishment of perpetual peace.

As the ocean washes every shore, and clasps with all-embracing arms every land, while it bears on its heaving bosom the products of various climes, so peace surrounds, protects, and upholds all other blessings. Without it commerce is vain, the ardor of industry is restrained, happiness is blasted, virtue sickens and dies.

And peace has its own peculiar victories, in comparison with which Marathon¹ and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill, fields held sacred in the history of human freedom, shall lose their luster. Our own Washington rises to a truly heavenly stature—not when we follow him over the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton—not¹⁵ when we behold him victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown—but when we regard him, in noble deference to justice, refusing the kingly crown which a faithless soldiery proffered, and at a later day upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he received unmoved²⁰ the clamor of the people wickedly crying for war. . . .

To this great work let me summon you. That future which filled the lofty visions of the sages and bards of Greece and Rome, which was foretold by the prophets and heralded by the evangelists, when man in happy²⁵ isles or in a new paradise shall confess the loveliness of peace, may be secured by your care, if not for yourselves, at least for your children. Believe that you can do it, and you can do it. The true golden age is before you, not behind you. If man has been driven once from³⁰ Paradise, while an angel with a flaming sword forbade his return, there is another Paradise, even on earth, which he may form for himself by the cultivation of the kindly virtues of life, where the confusion of tongues

shall be dissolved in the union of hearts, where there shall be a perpetual jocund spring, and sweet strains borne on the "odoriferous wings of gentle gales," more pleasant than the Vale of Tempe,⁴ richer than the garden of the Hesperides, with no dragon to guard its golden fruit.

Let it not be said that the age does not demand this work. The mighty conquerors of the past from their fiery sepulchers demand it; the blood of millions unjustly shed in war crying from the ground demands it;¹⁰ the voices of all good men demand it; the conscience even of the soldier whispers "peace." There are considerations springing from our situation and condition which fervently invite us to take the lead in this great work. To this should bend the patriotic ardor of the¹⁵ land; the ambition of the statesman; the efforts of the scholar; the pervasive influence of the press; the mild persuasion of the sanctuary; the early teachings of the school. Here, in ampler ether and diviner air, are untried fields for exalted triumphs, more truly worthy the²⁰ American name than any snatched from rivers of blood. War is known as the last reason of kings. Let it be no reason of our republic. Let us renounce and throw off forever the yoke of a tyranny more oppressive than any in the annals of the world. As those standing on the²⁵ mountain-tops first discern the coming beams of morning, let us, from the vantage ground of liberal institutions, first recognize the ascending sun of a new era. Lift high the gates and let the King of glory in—the King of true glory, of peace. I catch the last words of³⁰ music from the lips of innocence and beauty—

"And let the whole earth be filled with his glory!"

It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story that there

was at least one spot, the small island of Delos,⁹ dedicated to the gods, and kept at all times sacred from war, where the citizens of hostile countries met and united in a common worship. So let us dedicate our broad country. The temple of honor shall be surrounded by the temple of concord, so that the former can be entered only through the portals of the latter; the horn of abundance shall overflow at its gates; the angel of religion shall be the guide over its steps of flashing adamant; while within, Justice, returned to the earth from her¹⁰ long exile in the skies, shall rear her serene and majestic front. And the future chiefs of the republic, destined to uphold the glories of a new era, unspotted by human blood, shall be "the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of their countrymen."¹¹

But while we seek these blissful glories for ourselves, let us strive to extend them to other lands. Let the bugles sound the truce of God to the whole world forever. Let the selfish boast of the Spartan women become the grand chorus of mankind, that they have never¹² seen the smoke of an enemy's camp. Let the iron belt of martial music which now encompasses the earth be exchanged for the golden cestus of peace, clothing all with celestial beauty. History dwells with fondness on the reverent homage that was bestowed by massacring¹³ soldiers on the spot occupied by the sepulcher of the Lord. Vain man, to restrain his regard to a few feet of sacred mold! The whole earth is the sepulcher of the Lord, nor can any righteous man profane any part thereof. Let us recognize this truth; and now, on this¹⁴ Sabbath of our country, lay a new stone in the grand temple of universal peace, whose dome shall be as lofty as the firmament of heaven, as broad and comprehensive as the earth itself.

LXXII.

MAY.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.¹

I FEEL a newer life in every gale;
The winds that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serener hours—
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south wind calls
From his blue throne of air,
And where his whispering voice in music falls,
Beauty is budding there;
The bright ones of the valley break
Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves;
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
The tresses of the woods
With the light dallying of the west wind play;
And the full-brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.

LXXIII.

THE FALL OF ANTWERP.

BY JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.¹

MEANTIME the Spanish cavalry had cleft its way through the city. On the side farthest removed from the castle, along the Horse-market, opposite Newtown, the States' dragoons and the light horse of Beveren had been posted, and the flying masses of pursuers and pursued swept at last through this outer circle. Champagne was already there. He essayed, as his last hope, to rally the cavalry for a final stand, but the effort was fruitless. Already seized by the panic, they had attempted to rush from the city through the gate of Eeker. It was locked ;¹⁰ they then turned and fled towards the Red-gate, where they were met face to face by Don Pedro Tassis, who charged upon them with his dragoons. Retreat seemed hopeless. A horseman in complete armor, with lance in rest, was seen to leap from the parapet of the outer wall¹⁵ into the moat below, whence, still on horseback, he escaped with life. Few were so fortunate. The confused mob of fugitives and conquerors—Spaniards, Walloons, Germans, burghers—struggling, shouting, striking, cursing, dying, swayed hither and thither like a stormy sea.²⁰ Along the spacious Horse-market the fugitives fled onward towards the quays. Many fell beneath the swords of the Spaniards, numbers were trodden to death by the hoofs of horses, still greater multitudes were hunted into the Scheldt. Champagne, who had thought it possible,²⁵ even at the last moment, to make a stand in the New-

town and to fortify the Palace of the Hansa, saw himself deserted. With great daring and presence of mind he effected his escape to the fleet of the Prince of Orange in the river. The Marquis of Havré, of whom no deeds of valor on that eventful day have been recorded, was equally successful. The unlucky Oberstein, attempting to leap into a boat, missed his footing, and, oppressed by the weight of his armor, was drowned.

Meantime, while the short November day was fast declining, the combat raged in the interior of the city.¹⁰ Various currents of conflict, forcing their separate way through the many streets, had at last mingled in the Grande Place. Around this irregular, not very spacious square, stood the gorgeous Hotel de Ville, and the tall, many-storied, fantastically gabled, richly decorated palaces of the guilds. Here a long struggle took place. It was terminated for a time by the cavalry of Vargas, who, arriving through the streets of Saint Joris, accompanied by the traitor Van Ende, charged decisively into the *mêlée*. The masses were broken, but multitudes of armed men found refuge in the buildings, and every house became a fortress. From every window and balcony a hot fire was poured into the square, as, pent in a corner, the burghers stood at last at bay. It was difficult to carry the houses by storm, but they were soon set on fire. A large number of sutlers and other varlets had accompanied the Spaniards from the citadel, bringing torches and kindling materials for the express purpose of firing the town. With great dexterity these means were now applied, and in a brief interval the City Hall and other edifices on the square were in flames. The conflagration spread with rapidity, house after house, street after street, taking fire. Nearly a thousand buildings, in the most splendid and wealthy quarter of

the city, were soon in a blaze, and multitudes of human beings were burned with them. In the City Hall many were consumed, while others leaped from the windows to renew the combat below. The many tortuous streets which led down a slight descent from the rear of the Town House to the quays were all one vast conflagration. On the other side, the magnificent cathedral, separated from the Grande Place by a single row of buildings, was lighted up, but not attacked by the flames. The tall spire cast its gigantic shadow across the last desperate conflict. In the street called the Canal au Sucre, immediately behind the Town House, there was a fierce struggle, a horrible massacre. A crowd of burghers, grave magistrates, and such of the German soldiers as remained alive, still confronted the ferocious Spaniards.¹⁵ There, amid the flaming desolation, Goswyn Verreyck, the heroic margrave of the city, fought with the energy of hatred and despair. The burgomaster Van der Meere lay dead at his feet; senators, soldiers, citizens, fell fast around him, and he sank at last upon a heap of slain.²⁰ With him effectual resistance ended. The remaining combatants were butchered, or were slowly forced downward to perish in the Scheldt. Women, children, old men, were killed in countless numbers, and still, through all this havoc, directly over the heads of the struggling²⁵ throng, suspended in mid-air above the din and smoke of the conflict, there sounded, every half-quarter of every hour, as if in gentle mockery, from the belfry of the cathedral, the tender and melodious chimes.

Never was there a more monstrous massacre, even in³⁰ the blood-stained history of the Netherlands. It was estimated that in the course of this and the two following days not less than eight thousand human beings were murdered. The Spaniards seemed to cast

off even the visor of humanity. Night fell upon the scene before the soldiers were masters of the city; but worse horrors began after the contest ended. This army of brigands had come thither with a definite, practical purpose, for it was not blood-thirst or lust, nor revenge, which had impelled them, but it was avarice, greediness for gold. For gold they had waded through all this blood and fire. Never had men more simplicity of purpose, more directness in its execution. They had conquered their India at last; its golden mines lay all before them, and every sword should open a shaft. They had come to take possession of the city's wealth, and they set themselves faithfully to accomplish their task. For gold, infants were dashed out of existence in their mothers' arms; for gold, parents were tortured in their children's presence; for gold, brides were scourged to death before their husbands' eyes. Wherever treasure was suspected, every expedient which ingenuity, sharpened by greediness, could suggest, was employed to extort it from its possessors. The fire, spreading more extensively and more rapidly than had been desired through the wealthiest quarter of the city, had unfortunately devoured a vast amount of property. Six millions, at least, had thus been swallowed; a destruction by which no one had profited. There was, however, much left. The strong boxes of the merchants, the gold, silver, and precious jewelry, the velvets, satins, brocades, laces, and similar well-concentrated and portable plunder, were rapidly appropriated.

On the morning of the 5th of November, Antwerp presented a ghastly sight. The magnificent marble Town House, celebrated as a "world's wonder," even in that age and country, in which so much splendor was lavished on municipal palaces, stood a blackened ruin—

all but the walls destroyed, while its archives, accounts, and other valuable contents had perished. The more splendid portion of the city had been consumed, at least five hundred palaces, mostly of marble or hammered stone, being a smoldering mass of destruction. The dead bodies of those fallen in the massacre were on every side, in greatest profusion around the Place de Meer, among the Gothic pillars of the Exchange, and in the streets near the Town House. The German soldiers lay in their armor, some with their heads burned from their bodies, some with legs and arms consumed by the flames through which they had fought. The margrave Goswyn Verreyck, the burgomaster Van der Meere, the magistrates Lancelot Van Urselen, Nicholas Van Boekholt, and other leading citizens lay among piles of less distinguished slain. They remained unburied until the overseers of the poor, on whom the living had then more importunate claims than the dead, were compelled by Roda to bury them out of the pauper fund. The murderers were too thrifty to be at funeral charges for their victims. The ceremony was not hastily performed, for the number of corpses had not been completed. Two days longer the havoc lasted in the city. Of all the crimes which men can commit, whether from deliberate calculation or in the frenzy of passion, hardly one was omitted. History has recorded the account indelibly on her brazen tablets; it can be adjusted only at the judgment seat above.

Of all the deeds of darkness yet compassed in the Netherlands, this was the worst. It was called the Spanish Fury, by which dread name it has been known for ages. The city, which had been a world of wealth and splendor, was changed to a charnel house, and from that hour its commercial prosperity was blasted. Other

causes had silently girdled the yet green and flourishing tree, but the Spanish Fury was the fire which consumed it to ashes. Three thousand dead bodies were discovered in the streets, as many more were estimated to have perished in the Scheldt, and nearly an equal number were burned or destroyed in other ways. Eight thousand persons undoubtedly were put to death. Six millions of property were destroyed by the fire, and at least as much more was obtained by the Spaniards.

LXXIV.

THE HUMBLEBEE.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.¹

BURLY, dozing humblebee, 10
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,²
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone! 15
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun, 20
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon
Epicurean³ of June; 25

Wait, I prithee,⁴ till I come
 Within earshot of thy hum—
 All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
 With a net of shining haze 5
 Silvers the horizon wall,
 And with softness touching all,
 Tints the human countenance
 With a color of romance,
 And infusing subtle heats, 10
 Turns the sod to violets,
 Thou in sunny solitudes,
 Rover of the underwoods,
 The green silence dost displace
 With thy mellow, breezy bass. 15

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
 Tells of countless sunny hours,
 Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
 Of gulfs of sweetness without bound 20
 In Indian wildernesses found;
 Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
 Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
 Hath my insect never seen; 25
 But violets and bilberry bells,
 Maple sap and daffodils,
 Grass with green flag half-mast high,
 Succory to match the sky,
 Columbine with horn of honey, 30
 Scented fern and agrimony,

Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue
And brier roses, dwelt among ;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher !
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat. .0
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep ;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep ;
Want and woe, which torture us, 15
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

LXXV.

THE JOURNEY TO PALMYRA.

BY WILLIAM WARE.¹

I WILL not detain you long with our voyage, but will only mark out its course. Leaving the African shore, we struck across to Sicily, and, coasting along its eastern border, beheld with pleasure the towering form of *Ætna*, sending up into the heavens a dull and sluggish cloud of vapors. We then ran between the *Peloponnesus* and *Crete*, and so held our course till the island of *Cyprus* rose like her own fair goddess from the ocean, and filled our eyes with a beautiful vision of hill and

valley, wooded promontory, and glittering towns and villas. A fair wind soon withdrew us from these charming prospects, and, after driving us swiftly and roughly over the remainder of our way, rewarded us with a brighter and more welcome vision still—the coast of Syria, and our destined port, Berytus.⁹

As far as the eye could reach, both towards the north and the south, we beheld a luxuriant region crowded with villages, and giving every indication of comfort and wealth. The city itself, which we rapidly approached,¹⁰ was of inferior size, but presented an agreeable prospect of warehouses, public and private edifices, overtopped here and there by the lofty palm, and other trees of a new and peculiar foliage. Four days were consumed here in the purchase of slaves, camels, and¹¹ horses, and in other preparations for the journey across the Desert. Two routes presented themselves, one more, the other less, direct: the last, though more circuitous, appeared to me the more desirable, as it would take me within sight of the modern glories and ancient remains¹² of Heliopolis.⁹ This, therefore, was determined upon; and on the morning of the fifth day we set forward upon our long march. Four slaves, two camels, and three horses, with an Arab conductor, constituted our little caravan; but for greater safety we attached our-¹³ selves to a much larger one than our own, in which we were swallowed up and lost, consisting of travelers and traders from all parts of the world, and who were also on their way to Palmyra,⁴ as a point whence to separate to various parts of the vast East.

Our way through the valleys of Libanus⁵ was like one long wandering among the pleasure grounds of opulent citizens. The land was everywhere richly cultivated, and a happier peasantry, as far as the eye of the travel-

er could judge, nowhere exists. The most luxuriant valleys of our own Italy are not more crowded with the evidences of plenty and contentment. Upon drawing near to the ancient Baalbec, I found, on inquiry of our guide, that we were not to pass through it, as I had hoped, nor even very near it—not nearer than between two and three miles. So that in this I had been clearly deceived by those of whom I had made the most exact inquiries at Berytus. The event proved, however, it was not for nothing; for soon after we had started on our journey, on the morning of the second day, turning suddenly round the projecting rock of a mountain ridge, we all at once beheld, as if a veil had been lifted up, Heliopolis and its suburbs, spread out before us in all their various beauty. The city lay about three miles distant. I could only, therefore, identify its principal structure, the Temple of the Sun, as built by the first Antonine.^o This towered above the walls and over all the other buildings, and gave vast ideas of the greatness of the place, leading the mind to crowd it with other edifices that should bear some proportion to this noble monument of imperial magnificence. As suddenly as the view of this imposing scene had been revealed, so suddenly was it again eclipsed by another short turn in the road, which took us once more into the mountain valleys. But the overhanging and impenetrable foliage of a Syrian forest shielding me from the fierce rays of a burning sun, soon reconciled me to my loss—more especially as I knew that in a short time we were to enter upon the sandy desert which stretches from the Anti-Libanus almost to the very walls of Palmyra.

Upon this boundless desert we now soon entered. The scene which it presented was more dismal than I can describe. A red, moving sand—or hard and baked

by the heat of a sun such as Rome never knows—low, gray rocks just rising here and there above the level of the plain, with now and then the dead and glittering trunk of a vast cedar, whose roots seemed as if they had outlasted centuries—the bones of camels and elephants scattered on either hand, dazzling the sight by reason of their excessive whiteness—at a distance occasionally an Arab of the desert, for a moment surveying our long line, and then darting off to his fastnesses—these were the objects which, with scarce any variation, met our eyes during the four wearisome days that we dragged ourselves over this wild and inhospitable region. A little after noon of the fourth day, having refreshed ourselves and our exhausted animals at a spring which poured out its warm but still grateful waters to the traveler, my ears received the agreeable news that towards the east there could now be discerned the dark line which indicated our approach to the verdant tract that encompasses the great city. Our own excited spirits were quickly imparted to our beasts, and a more rapid movement soon revealed into distinctness the high land and waving groves of palm trees which mark the site of Palmyra.

It was several miles before we reached the city that we suddenly found ourselves—landing, as it were, from a sea upon an island or continent—in a rich and thickly peopled country. The roads indicated an approach to a great capital in the increasing numbers of those who thronged them, meeting and passing us, overtaking us, or crossing our path. Elephants, camels, and the dromedary, which I had before seen only in the amphitheatres, I here beheld as the native inhabitants of the soil. Frequent villas of the rich and luxuriant Palmyrenes, to which they retreat from the greater heats of the city, now threw a lovely charm over the scene. Noth-

ing can exceed the splendor of these sumptuous palaces. Italy itself has nothing which surpasses them. The new and brilliant costumes of the persons whom we met, together with the rich housings of the animals which they rode, served greatly to add to all this beauty. I was still entranced, as it were, by the objects around me, and buried in reflection, when I was aroused by the shout of those who led the caravan, and who had attained the summit of a little rising ground, saying, "Palmyra! Palmyra!" I urged forward my steed, and in a moment the most wonderful prospect I ever beheld—no, I cannot except even Rome—burst upon my sight. Flanked by hills of considerable elevation on the east, the city filled the whole plain below as far as the eye could reach, both towards the north and towards the south. This immense plain was all one vast and boundless city. It seemed to me to be larger than Rome; yet I knew very well that it could not be—that it was not. And it was some time before I understood the true character of the scene before me, so as to separate the city from the country and the country from the city, which here wonderfully interpenetrate each other and so confound and deceive the observer. For the city proper is so studded with groups of lofty palm trees shooting up among its temples and palaces, and, on the other hand, the plain in its immediate vicinity is so thickly adorned with magnificent structures of the purest marble, that it is not easy, nay, it is impossible, at the distance at which I contemplated the whole, to distinguish the line which divides the one from the other. It was all city and all country, all country and all city. Those which lay before me I was ready to believe were the Elysian Fields.' I imagined that I saw under my feet the dwellings of purified men and of

gods. There was a central point, however, which chiefly fixed my attention, where the vast Temple of the Sun stretched upward its thousand columns of polished marble to the heavens, in its matchless beauty casting into the shade every other work of art of which the world can boast. I have stood before the Parthenon, and have almost worshiped that divine achievement of the immortal Phidias⁹; but it is a toy by the side of this bright crown of the Eastern capital. I have been at Milan, at Ephesus, at Alexandria, at Antioch; but in neither of those renowned cities have I beheld anything that I can allow to approach, in united extent, grandeur, and most consummate beauty, this almost more than work of man. On each side of this, the central point, there rose upward slender pyramids, pointed obelisks, domes of the most graceful proportions, columns, arches, and lofty towers, for number and for form beyond my power to describe. These buildings, as well as the walls of the city, being all either of white marble or of some stone as white, and being everywhere in their whole extent interspersed, as I have already said, with multitudes of overshadowing palm trees, perfectly filled and satisfied my sense of beauty, and made me feel for the moment as if in such a scene I should love to dwell and there end my days. Nor was I alone in these transports of delight. All my fellow-travelers seemed equally affected; and from the native Palmyrenes, of whom there were many among us, the most impassioned and boastful exclamations broke forth. "What is Rome to this?" they cried. "Fortune is not constant. Why may not Palmyra be what Rome has been—mistress of the world? Who more fit to rule than the great Zenobia¹⁰? A few years may see great changes. Who can tell what shall come to pass?"

LXXVI.

MUSIC.

BY J. L. SPALDING.¹

"THE beginning of literature," says Emerson, "is the prayers of a people, and they are always hymns." Music is poetry in tones. It is the language of feeling, the universal language of man. The cry of joy and of sorrow, of triumph and of despair, of ecstasy and of agony, is understood by all because it is the voice of nature. The strong emotions of the heart all seek expression in modulation of sound; and religious sentiment is both awakened and calmed by music which lifts the soul out of the world of sense and elevates it towards the infinite and invisible. Nearer than anything else it expresses the inner relations and nature of beings; the universal order and harmony which is found even in seemingly discordant and jarring elements. It is the most spiritual of arts, and more than any other is degraded when perverted to low and sensuous uses.

Music is the food of the soul in all its most exalted moods. No other art has such power to minister to the sublime dreams and limitless desires of the heart which aspires to God; and therefore is it held that the man who has not music in himself is fit only for base purposes and is but sluggish earth. Without its softening and spiritualizing influence we grow wooden and coarse. At its call the universal harmonies of nature stir within us—"birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree."

There is doubtless a music as vast as creation, embra-

cing all sounds, all noises in their numberless combinations, and rising from the bosom of discord in boundless and harmonious swell—the hymn which the universe chants to God. From the dewdrop, that murmurs its inward delight as it kisses the rose leaf, to the deep and infinite voice of the ocean, sounding like the heart-pant of creation for rest; from the reed that sighs upon the river bank, to the sad and solemn wail of the primeval forest; from the bee that sings upon the wing among the flowers, to the lion who goeth forth into the desert¹⁰ alone and awakens the sleeping echoes of the everlasting hills; from the nightingale who disburdens his full throat of all its music, to man, whose very soul rises on the palpitating bosom of song from world to world up to God's own heaven—all nature is vocal in a divine¹¹ concert. "There is music in all things, if men had ears."

Music gives repose like prayer or the presence of friends, because it satisfies the heart. "The soul," says Joubert,² "sings to itself of all beauty." Silence is golden³ only to those who have power to hear divine melodies—songs of angels and symphonies of heaven. Silence is the setting of music, its light and background: and therefore melody is sweetest in solitude. Song is the voice of prayer, which is the breathing of the soul in⁴ God's presence. Did not the angels sing when Christ was born, and shall man be dumb now that he lives and conquers and is adored? God is essential harmony, the works of his hand are harmonious, and his great precept is Love, which is the source and soul and highest expres-⁵sion of harmony. The soul that loves sings for joy and gratitude.

What sound more heavenly does hill or vale prolong or multiply than the voice of the bell, filling all the air,

far and near, with benediction, until, as the last peal dies away, heaven and earth grow still and the Lord's day is sanctified? It has a human sense and sympathy. Now it rings out strong and clear like a shout from the heart of a boy; and now its mellow notes dwell and linger like sweet memories of childhood. In the solemn night it seems God's warning voice; and then, pitiless as fate, it beats with iron stroke the hours that make the little life of man.

The organ, the master-instrument, is the voice of the Christian Church, sounding like an echo from the mystic and hidden world. How full and deep and strong it rolls out its great volume of sound—an ocean of melody! Now it bursts forth with irresistible power like the hosts of stars when first they wheeled into their orbits and shouted to God; and now, with a veiled and mysterious harmony, it wraps itself around the soul, shuts out all noise, and composes it to sweet, heavenly contemplation. It is tender as a mother's yearning, and fierce as the deaf and raging sea; sad as angels' sighs for souls that are lost; plaintive and pitiful as the cry of repentant sinners; and then its notes faint and die, until we hear their echoes from the eternal shore, where they grow forever and forever.

With the falling day we enter the great cathedral's sacred gloom, and at once are in a vast solitude. The huge pillars rise in giant strength, upholding the high vault already shrouded in the gathering darkness, and silence sits mute in the wide aisle. Suddenly we have been carried into another world, peopled with other beings. We cease to note the passage of time; and earth, with its garish light and distracting noises, has become a dream. As the eye grows accustomed to the gloom we are able to observe the massive building. Its walls

rise like the sides of a steep mountain, and in the aisles there is the loneliness and mystery of deep valleys into which the sunlight never falls.

From these adamantine flanks countless beings start forth, until the whole edifice is peopled with fantastic forms, upon which falls the mystic light, reflected from the countenances of angels, patriarchs, apostles, who from celestial windows look down upon this newborn world. In the distance we see the glimmering taper that burns before God's presence, and then suddenly a ¹⁰ great volume of sound, like the divine breath infusing life into these inanimate objects, rolls over us, and every stone from pavement to vaulted roof thrills and vibrates; each sculptured image and pictured saint is vocal; and from on high the angels lend their voices, until the soul, ¹⁵ trembling on the wings of hope and love, is borne upward with this heavenly harmony, and, entranced in prayer, worships the Invisible alone.

LXXVII.

KENTUCKY BELLE.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.¹

SUMMER of 'sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone
away—

Gone to the country town, sir, to sell our first load of ²⁰
hay:

We lived in the log house yonder, poor as ever you've
seen;

Röschen there was a baby, and I was only nineteen. ²⁵

Conrad he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle.
How much we thought of Kentuck, I couldn't begin
to tell—
Came from the Blue-grass country; my father gave
her to me
When I rode North with Conrad, away from the Ten-
nessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio—a German he is, you know—
The house stood in broad cornfields, stretching on,
row after row.
The old folks made me welcome; they were kind as
kind could be;
But I kept longing, longing, for the hills of the Ten-
nessee.

Oh for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill!
Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never is
still!
But the level land went stretching away to meet the
sky—
Never a rise, from north to south, to rest the weary
eye!

From east to west, no river to shine out under the
moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon:
Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out, all for-
lorn;
Only the “rustle, rustle,” as I walked among the corn.

When I fell sick with pining, we didn't wait any more,
But moved away from the corn lands, out to this river
shore—

The Tuscarawas it's called, sir—off there's a hill, you see—

And now I've grown to like it next best to the Tennessee.

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding :
like mad

Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer Routh's
little lad.

Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly stopped
to say: ¹⁰

“Morgan's” men are coming, Frau; they're galloping
on this way.

“I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He isn't a mile
behind;

He sweeps up all the horses—every horse that he can ¹⁵
find.

Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie knives and pistols, are galloping up the
glen!”

The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still at the ²⁰
door;

The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools
on the floor;

Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my man,
was gone. ²⁵

Near, nearer, Morgan's men were galloping, galloping
on!

Sudden' I picked up baby, and ran to the pasture bar.

“Kentuck!” I called—“Kentucky!” She knew me
ever so far! ³⁰

I led her down the gully that turns off there to the right,
And tied her to the bushes; her head was just out of sight.

As I ran back to the log house, at once there came a sound—
The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over the ground—
Coming into the turnpike out from the White-woman Glen—
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men.

As near they drew and nearer, my heart beat fast in alarm;
But still I stood in the doorway with baby on my arm.
They came; they passed; with spur and whip in haste they sped along—
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and his band, six hundred strong.

Weary they looked and jaded, riding through night*
and through day;
Pushing on east to the river, many long miles away,
To the border-strip where Virginia runs up into the west,
And fording the Upper Ohio before they could stop*
to rest.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in advance;
Bright were his eyes like live coals, as he gave me a sidewise glance;

And I was just breathing freely, after my choking
pain,
When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his
rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dared look in
his face,
As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced around
the place.
I gave him a cup, and he smiled—'twas only a boy,
you see,¹⁰
Faint and worn, with dim-blue eyes; and he'd sailed
on the Tennessee.

Only sixteen he was, sir—a fond mother's only son—
Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun;
The damp drops stood on his temples; drawn was the¹⁵
boyish mouth;
And I thought me of the mother waiting down in the
South.

Oh! pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit
through and through;²⁰
Boasted and bragged like a trooper; but the big
words wouldn't do;—
The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain could
be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the Ten-²⁵
nessee.

But when I told the laddie that I too was from the
South,
Water came in his dim eyes, and quivers around his
mouth.³⁰

"Do you know the Blue-grass country?" he wistful
began to say;
Then swayed like a willow sapling, and fainted dead
away.

I had him into the log house, and worked and brought
him to;
I fed him, and I coaxed him, as I thought his moth-
er'd do;
And when the lad got better, and the noise in his
head was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on. ¹⁰

"Oh, I must go!" he muttered; "I must be up and
away!
Morgan—Morgan is waiting for me! Oh, what will
Morgan say?" ¹⁵
But I heard a sound of tramping, and kept him back
from the door—
The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard
before.

And on, on came the soldiers—the Michigan cavalry—
And fast they rode, and black they looked, galloping²¹
rapidly:
They had followed hard on Morgan's track; they had
followed day and night;
But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had never²²
caught a sight.

And rich Ohio sat startled through all those summer
days;
For strange, wild men were galloping over her broad
highways— ²³

Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north,
now east, now west,
Through river valleys and corn land farms, sweeping
away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride! But they were taken
at last.
They almost reached the river by galloping hard and
fast;
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they
gained the ford,
And Morgan, Morgan the raider, laid down his terri-¹⁰
ble sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening—kept him against
his will—
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale and
still.
When it was cool and dusky—you'll wonder to hear
me tell,
But I stole down to that gully and brought up Ken-
tucky Belle.²⁰

I kissed the star on her forehead—my pretty, gentle
lass—
But I knew that she'd be happy back in the old Blue-
grass.
A suit of clothes of Conrad's, with all the money I had,²⁵
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-out
lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how;
The boy rode off with many thanks and many a back-
ward bow;.³⁰

And then the glow it faded, and my heart began to
swell,
As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky
Belle!

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was
shining high;
Baby and I were both crying—I couldn't tell him
why—
But a battered suit of rebel gray was hanging on the
wall,
And a thin old horse, with drooping head, stood in
Kentucky's stall.

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word
to me;
He knew I couldn't help it—'twas all for the Ten-
nessee.
But, after the war was over, just think what came to
pass—
A letter, sir; and the two were safe back in the old
Blue-grass.

The lad had got across the border, riding Kentucky
Belle;
And Kentuck she was thriving, and fat, and hearty,
and well;
He cared for her, and kept her, nor touched her with
whip or spur.
Ah! we've had many horses since, but never a horse
like her!

LXXVIII.

THE COMING OF THE HURRICANE.

BY LAFCADIO HEARN.¹

JULY was dying; for weeks no fleck of cloud had broken the heavens' blue dream of eternity; winds held their breath; slow wavelets caressed the bland brown beach with a sound as of kisses and whispers. To one who found himself alone, beyond the limits of the village and beyond the hearing of its voices, the vast silence, the vast light, seemed full of weirdness. And these hushes, these transparencies, do not always inspire a causeless apprehension; they are omens sometimes—omens of coming tempest. Nature—incomprehensible Sphinx!—before her mightiest bursts of rage, ever puts forth her divinest witchery, makes more manifest her awful beauty. . . .

But in that forgotten summer the witchery lasted many long days—days born in rose-light, buried in gold.¹⁸ It was the height of the season. The long myrtle-shadowed village was thronged with its summer population; the big hotel could hardly accommodate all its guests; the bathing-houses were too few for the crowds who flocked to the water morning and evening. There were diversions for all—hunting and fishing parties, yachting excursions, rides, music, games, promenades. Carriage wheels whirled flickering along the beach, seaming its smoothness noiselessly, as if muffled. Love wrote its dreams upon the sand. . . .²⁵

Then one great noon, when the blue abyss of day

seemed to yawn over the world more deeply than ever before, a sudden change touched the quicksilver smoothness of the waters—the swaying shadow of a vast motion. First the whole sea-circle appeared to rise up bodily at the sky ; the horizon curve lifted to a straight line ; the line darkened and approached, a monstrous wrinkle, an immeasurable fold of green water, moving swift as a cloud-shadow pursued by sunlight. But it had looked formidable only by contrast with the previous placidity of the open ; it was scarcely two feet high ; it curled slowly as it neared the beach, and combed itself out in sheets of woolly foam with a low, rich roll of whispered thunder. Swift in pursuit another followed—a third—a feebler fourth ; then the sea only swayed a little, and stilled again. Minutes passed, and the immeasurable heaving recommenced. One, two, three, four—seven long swells this time, and the Gulf smoothed itself once more. Irregularly the phenomenon continued to repeat itself, each time with heavier billowing and briefer intervals of quiet, until at last the whole sea grew restless and shifted color and flickered green ; the swells became shorter and changed form. Then from horizon to shore ran one uninterrupted heaving—one vast green swarming of snaky shapes, rolling in to hiss and flatten upon the sand. Yet no single cirrus speck revealed itself through all the violet heights, there was no wind—you might have fancied the sea had been upheaved from beneath. . . .

But the pleasure seekers of Last Island knew there must have been “a great blow” somewhere that day. Still the sea swelled ; and a splendid surf made the evening bath delightful. Then, just at sundown, a beautiful cloud-bridge grew up and arched the sky with a single span of cottony pink vapor, that changed and

deepened color with the dying of the iridescent day. And the cloud-bridge approached, stretched, strained, and swung round at last to make way for the coming of the gale, even as the light bridges that traverse the dreamy Tèche swing open when luggermen sound through their conch shells the long bellowing signal of approach.

Then the wind began to blow, with the passing of July. It blew from the northeast, clear, cool. It blew in enormous sighs, dying away at regular intervals, as if pausing to draw breath. All night it blew; and in each pause could be heard the answering moan of the rising surf, as if the rhythm of the sea molded itself after the rhythm of the air; as if the waving of the water responded precisely to the waving of the wind—a billow for every puff, a surge for every sigh.

The August morning broke in a bright sky; the breeze still came cool and clear from the northeast. Clouds came, flew as in a panic against the face of the sun, and passed. All that day and through the night, and into the morning again the breeze continued from the northeast, blowing like an equinoctial gale. . . .

Then day by day the vast breath freshened steadily and the waters heightened. A week later sea bathing had become perilous. . . . The gray morning of the 9th wanly lighted a surf that appalled the best swimmers. The sea was one wild agony of foam, the gale was rending off the heads of the waves and veiling the horizon with a fog of salt spray. Shadowless and gray the day remained; there were mad bursts of lashing rain. Evening brought with it a sinister apparition, looming through a cloud-rent in the west—a scarlet sun in a green sky. His sanguine disk, appallingly magnified, seemed barred like the body of a belted planet. A

moment, and the crimson specter vanished, and the moonless night came.

Then the wind grew weird. It ceased being a breath; it became a voice moaning across the world, hooting, uttering nightmare sounds—*Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!*—and with each stupendous owl cry the mooing of the waters seemed to deepen, more and more abysmally, through all the hours of darkness. From the northwest the breakers of the bay began to roll high over the sandy slope into the salines; the village bayou broadened to a bellowing flood. . . . So the tumult swelled and the turmoil heightened until morning—a morning of gray gloom and whistling rain. Rain of bursting clouds and rain of wind-blown brine from the great spuming agony of the sea. 18

The steamer *Star* was due from St. Mary's that fearful morning. Could she come? No one really believed it—no one. And nevertheless, men struggled to the roaring beach to look for her, because hope is stronger than reason. . . . 20

"Great God!" shrieked a voice above the shouting of the storm—"she is coming!". . . It was true. Down the Atchafalaya,⁹ and thence through strange mazes of bayou, lakelet, and pass, by a rear route familiar only to the best of pilots, the frail river-craft had toiled into Chaillou Bay, running close to the main shore—and now she was heading right for the island, with the wind aft, over the monstrous sea. On she came, swaying, rocking, plunging, with a great whiteness wrapping her about like a cloud, and moving with her moving—a tempest-whirl of spray—ghost-white and like a ghost she came, for her smokestacks exhaled no visible smoke—the wind devoured it! The excitement on shore became wild—men shouted themselves hoarse; women laughed

and cried. Every telescope and opera-glass was directed upon the coming apparition; all wondered how the pilot kept his feet; all marveled at the madness of the captain.

But Captain Abraham Smith was not mad. A veteran American sailor, he had learned to know the great Gulf as scholars know deep books by heart; he knew the birthplace of its tempests, the mystery of its tides, the omens of its hurricanes. While lying at Morgan City he felt that the storm had not yet reached its highest, vaguely foresaw a mighty peril, and resolved to wait no longer for a lull. "Boys," he said, "we've got to take her out in spite of the storm!" And they "took her out." Through all the peril his men stayed by him and obeyed him. By mid-morning the wind had deepened to a roar—lowering sometimes to a rumble, sometimes bursting upon the ears like a measureless and deafening crash. Then the captain knew that the *Star* was running a race with Death. "She'll win it," he muttered; "she'll stand it. . . . Perhaps they'll have need of me to-night."

She won! With a sonorous steam-chant of triumph the brave little vessel rode at last into the bayou, and anchored hard by her accustomed resting place, in full view of the hotel, though not near enough to shore to lower her gang-plank. . . . But she had sung her swan song. Gathering in from the northeast, the waters of the bay were already marbling over the salines and half across the island; and still the wind increased its paroxysmal power.

Cottages began to rock. Some slid away from the solid props upon which they rested. A chimney tumbled. Shutters were wrenched off; verandas demolished. Light roofs lifted, dropped again, and flapped into ruin.

Trees bent their heads to the earth. And still the storm grew louder and blacker with every passing hour.

The *Star* rose with the rising of the waters, dragging her anchor. Two more anchors were put out, and still she dragged—dragged in with the flood—twisting, shuddering, careening in her agony. Evening fell—the sand began to move with the wind, stinging faces like a continuous fire of fine shot; and frenzied blasts came to buffet the steamer forward, sideward. Then one of her hogchains parted with a clang like the boom of a big¹⁰ bell. Then another! . . .

Then the captain bade his men to cut away all her upper works, clean to the deck. Overboard into the seething went her stacks, her pilot house, her cabins, and whirled away. And the naked hull of the *Star*,¹¹ still dragging her three anchors, labored on through the darkness, nearer and nearer to the immense silhouette of the hotel, whose hundred windows were now all aflame. The vast timber building seemed to defy the storm. The wind, roaring round its broad verandas—hissing²⁰ through every crevice with the sound and force of steam—appeared to waste its rage. And in the half-lull between two terrible gusts there came to the captain's ears a sound that seemed strange in that night of multitudinous terrors . . . a sound of music! . . .²⁵

"A dance!" he muttered. "If that wind whips round south there'll be another dance! . . . But I guess the *Star* will stay." . . .

Half an hour might have passed; still the lights flamed calmly, and the violins trilled, and the perfumed³⁰ whirl went on. . . . And suddenly the wind veered!

Again the *Star* reeled and shuddered and turned, and began to drag all her anchors. But she now dragged away from the great building and all its lights—away

from the voluptuous thunder of the grand piano, with its marvelous musical swing.

"Waltzing!" cried the captain. "God help them! God help us all now! . . . *The Wind waltzes to-night, with the Sea for his partner!*" . . .

Some one shrieked in the midst of the revels—some girl, who found her pretty slippers wet. What could it be? Thin streams of water were spreading over the level planking, curling about the feet of the dancers. . . . What could it be? . . .

For a moment there was a ghastly hush of voices, and through that hush there burst upon the ears of all a fearful and unfamiliar sound as of a colossal cannonade, rolling up from the south, with volleying lightnings. Vastly and swiftly, nearer and nearer it came—a ponderous and unbroken thunder-roll, terrible as the long muttering of an earthquake.

The nearest mainland—across mad Chaillou Bay to the sea marshes—lay twelve miles north; west, by the Gulf, the nearest solid ground was twenty miles distant. There were boats, yes; but the stoutest swimmer might never reach them now! . . .

There rose a frightful cry—the hoarse, hideous, indescribable cry of hopeless fear—the despairing animal-cry man utters when suddenly brought face to face with Nothingness, without preparation, without consolation, without possibility of respite. . . . Some wrenched down the doors; some clung to the heavy banquet tables, to the sofas, to the billiard tables. During one terrible instant—against fruitless heroisms, against futile generosity—ragged all the frenzy of selfishness, all the brutalities of panic. And then—then came, thundering through the blackness, the giant swells, boom on boom! . . . One crash!—the huge frame building rocks like a cradle,

seesaws, crackles. What are human shrieks now?—the tornado is shrieking. Another!—chandeliers splinter; lights are dashed out; a sweeping cataract hurls in; the immense hall rises, oscillates, twirls as upon a pivot, crepitates, crumbles into ruin. Crash again! the swirling wreck dissolves into the wallowing of another monster billow; and a hundred cottages overturn, spin in sudden eddies, quiver, disjoint, and melt into the seething. . . .

So the hurricane passed—tearing off the heads of the prodigious waves to hurl them a hundred feet in air, heaping up the ocean against the land, upturning the woods. Bays and passes were swollen to abysses, rivers regorged, the sea marshes were changed to raging wastes of water. . . . Lakes strove to burst their boundaries. Far-off river steamers tugged wildly at their cables, shivering like tethered creatures that hear by night the approaching howl of destroyers. . . .

But the *Star* remained; and Capt. Abraham Smith, with a long, good rope about his waist, dashed again and again into that awful surging to snatch victims from death, clutching at passing hands, heads, garments, in the cataract-sweep of the seas—saving, aiding, cheering, though blinded by spray and battered by drifting wreck, until his strength failed in the unequal struggle; at last, and his men drew him aboard senseless, with some beautiful, half-drowned girl safe in his arms. But wellnigh two score souls had been rescued by him, and the *Star* stayed on through it all.

Long years after, the weed-grown ribs of her graceful skeleton could still be seen, curving up from the sand-dunes of Last Island, in valiant witness of how well she stayed.

LXXIX.

OWL: AGAINST ROBIN.

BY SIDNEY LANIER.

FROWNING, the owl in the oak complained him
Sore, that the song of the robin restrained him
Wrongly of slumber, rudely of rest.

"From the north, from the east, from the south and
the west,

Woodland, wheat-field, cornfield, clover,

Over and over and over and over,

Five o'clock, ten o'clock, twelve, or seven,

Nothing but robin songs heard under heaven :

How can we sleep ?

"*Peep!* you whistle, and *cheep! cheep! cheep!*

Oh, peep if you will, and buy, if 'tis cheap,

And have done; for an owl must sleep.

Are ye singing for fame, and who shall be first ?

Each day's the same, yet the last is worst,

And the summer is cursed with the silly outburst

Of idiot redbreasts peeping and cheeping

By day, when all honest birds ought to be sleeping.

Lord, what a din! And so out of all reason.

Have ye not heard that each thing hath its season ?

Night is to work in, night is for play-time ;

Good heavens, not daytime !

"A vulgar flaunt is the flaring day,

The impudent, hot, unsparing day,

That leaves not a stain nor a secret untold—
Day the reporter, the gossip of old,
Deformity's tease, man's common scold—
Poh! Shut the eyes, let the sense go numb
When day down the eastern way has come. ,
'Tis clear as the moon (by the argument drawn
From Design) that the world should retire at dawn.
Day kills. The leaf and the laborer breathe
Death in the sun, the cities seethe,
The mortal black marshes bubble with heat ,
And puff up pestilence; nothing is sweet
Has to do with the sun: even virtue will taint
(Philosophers say) and manhood grow faint
In the lands where the villanous sun has sway
Through the livelong drag of the dreadful day. ,
What Eden but noon light stares it tame,
Shadowless, brazen, forsaken of shame?
For the sun tells lies on the landscape—now
Reports me the *what*, unrelieved with the *how*—
As messengers lie, with the facts alone, ,
Delivering the word and withholding the tone.

“But oh, the sweetness, and oh, the light
Of the high-fastidious night!
Oh, to awake with the wise old stars—
The cultured, the careful, the Chesterfield' stars, ,
That wink at the workaday fact of crime,
And shine so rich through the ruins of time
That Baalbec' is finer than London; oh,
To sit on the bough that zigzags low
By the woodland pool, ,
And loudly laugh at man, the fool
That vows to the vulgar sun; oh, rare,
To wheel from the wood to the window where

A day-worn sleeper is dreaming of care,
 And perch on the sill and straightly stare
 Through his visions ; rare, to sail
 Aslant with the hill and a-curve with the vale—
 To flit down the shadow-shot-with-gleam,
 Betwixt hanging leaves and starlit stream,
 Hither, thither, to and fro,
 Silent, aimless, dayless, slow
 (*Aimless ? Field-mice ?* True, they're slain,
 But the night-philosophy hoots at pain,
 Grips, eats quick, and drops the bones
 In the water beneath the bough, nor moans
 At the death life feeds on). Robin, pray
 Come away, come away
 To the cultus' of night. Abandon the day.
 Have more to think and have less to say.
 And *cannot* you walk now ? Bah, don't hop ! Stop !
 Look at the owl, scarce seen, scarce heard,
 O irritant, iterant, maddening bird !”

LXXX.

A RUFFIAN IN FEATHERS.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.¹

WE all know Shakespeare's opinion of the “man that hath no music in himself,” although we usually misquote it. If this be a fair judgment of the human race, how much more justly may it be said of the bird, to whom we look for the sweetest harmonies of nature !

I do not think his best friend will claim that the common house sparrow has the soul of music in him ; cer-

tainly not if he has ever been wakened in a glorious dawn by the indescribable jangle of harsh sounds which constitute this bird's only morning hymn, at the hour when every bird in the woods, from the noble singers of the thrush family down to the least chipping sparrow, is greeting the new day in his most musical fashion.

The matin song of the house sparrow, in which he indulges unsparingly, being of similar quality, harmonizes perfectly with the jarring sounds of man's contriving: the clatter of iron-shod wheels over city pavements, the war whoop of the ferocious milkman, the unearthly cries of the venders, and above all the junkman's pandemonium of "bells jangled out of tune." The harshest cries of our native birds, if not always musical in themselves, seem at least to accord in some way with sounds of nature. The house sparrow alone is entirely discordant—the one bird without a pleasing note, whose very love song is an unmusical squeak. Nor is his appearance more interesting than his voice, and on looking into his manners and customs we discover most unlovely characteristics.

One of the most familiar habits of this graceless bird is his delight in a mob. No sooner does anything occur to disturb the even tenor of sparrow life, whether a domestic skirmish, the first outing of a young family, or some danger to a nest, than a crowd collects, not only as interested spectators, but quite ready and willing to take a hand in any sport or crime that is going; not only a hand, but a voice as well. Loud cries always announce when a rabble is at work. Whether, as is declared by some observers, they drive away our native birds by this means I am not sure. I have seen them annoy the catbird, the robin, and the Baltimore oriole, but in each case they were put to flight by the native

bird; though no doubt the experience is sufficiently disagreeable to induce either of these birds to select a more retired neighborhood for nest-building. I once noticed the same tactics successfully applied to a cat which climbed up among the nests.

An amusing instance in which the birds were worsted took place under my eye last summer. Hearing the usual outcry one morning, I looked out, and saw a great crowd of sparrows perched on the branches of a tall maple tree, shrieking at the top of their voices, craning¹⁰ their necks, and hopping ever nearer to one of the houses so kindly provided for their use. It was not one of the four-story hotel arrangements with which we disfigure our trees, but a single cottage, with room for but one couple, and it was quite high up in the tree.¹⁵ The excitement centered around this house, and for a long time I could not see what was the disturbing cause. Close watching with a glass at length revealed a small reddish head, with very sharp eyes, occupying the doorway of the cottage, and after some time the²⁰ owner of these features calmly stepped out on the veranda and showed himself—a small red squirrel, with a silver collar, which proclaimed him an escaped pet. He looked thin, with a tail almost as bare as a rat's. He had evidently not fared well in captivity, and I rejoiced²⁵ in his freedom.

But the sparrow world had decided to eject him from the neighborhood, and faithfully, with true sparrow doggedness, they worked at this problem. No sooner did he appear than they resumed their attack,³⁰ flying around him, screaming, and making quick dashes at him. He was somewhat disconcerted, and ran up a long branch, followed by the whole gang, which grew more bold as he apparently retreated, dashing ever

nearer as though to peck him, but never actually touching him. While he was running they were very bold, but the moment he sat up and faced them they drew off a little, though they never went quite away. For several days not a movement of his escaped their notice. It was amusing to see how quickly the smallest stir on his part was announced to the world. "There he is! He's coming out!" one could easily understand, and every sparrow within hearing responded by instantly deserting his business or pleasure, and adding his presence and cries to the mob.

But the squirrel, finding fruit-trees with green apples and pears, resolved to stay, and after a week or two they became so far accustomed to his presence as to be less alarmed, though they never lost interest in him. His eating especially seemed to divert and astonish them. I have seen fifty birds at once hovering around an evergreen tree, too small to afford them perching-places, far enough from the enemy, while he gathered and nibbled the small cones. When he sat up on a branch, holding a green pear in his tiny paws, their amusement knew no bounds. They sat around at a safe distance, exchanging remarks in the amiable manner of some of the human race at the ways of a foreigner.

The squirrel had by this time resumed his wild instincts, cared nothing for them, and would even answer back with a sharp little cry. He had taken up his summer residence in the maple tree cottage, and all through the fall, while pears hung on the trees of the neglected yard next ours, he lived in clover. His tail became bushy, his coat grew sleek, and he looked like a different animal. Still the sparrows attended his every movement, following him like a train of courtiers wherever

he went, though they did not make quite so much noise about it as at first.

The household became as keenly interested as the birds in the doings of the pretty fellow. All through the winter he appeared on the mild days, running and bounding all over the tall maples. We saw him gather grass and carry it off in great bundles in his mouth to make a bed, and after an unusually cold season he spent part of two days in removing his residence from an ornamental pile of stones in a neighbor's yard to some place he had discovered under the house. He had evidently collected a quantity of stores of some sort. No doubt as soon as spring opened he would vary his diet with fresh eggs, but as I left the vicinity I did not have opportunity to observe whether the sparrow family suffered from him, though I noticed that he had changed his dwelling to a hole in the maple above mentioned.

Next to the sparrow's mobbing propensity is his impudence. Not only will he insist on sharing the food of chickens and domestic animals, but he is a common guest at the table of the great bald eagles in the parks, and does not disdain the crumbs that fall from the repast of the polar bear, one touch of whose paw would flatten him like a wafer.

Perhaps the most saucy thing reported of a sparrow was witnessed in Brooklyn by a well-known artist. He was watching a robin hard at work on the lawn, gathering food for his family, when he noticed a sparrow who also seemed interested in the operation. The sparrow looked on, evidently with growing excitement, while one bit after another was uncovered, till at last a particularly large and attractive grub was brought to light. This was too much for sparrow philosophy. He made one dash, snatched the tempting morsel from the

very bill of the robin, and disappeared before the astounded bird recovered from his surprise.

With this unparalleled act of impertinence to a bird big enough to eat him, this true chronicle of the most unattractive fellow that wears feathers shall close.

LXXXI.

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.¹

IN the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace
(Radiant palace) reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion 10
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow 15
(This, all this, was in the olden
Time long ago);
And every gentle air that dallied
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid, 20
A wingèd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well tuned law, 25

Round about a throne, where, sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate
(Ah! let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate);
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travelers now within that valley
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly, rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

LXXXII.

THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM.

BY FRANCIS PARKMAN.¹

FOR full two hours the procession of boats, borne on the current, steered silently down the St. Lawrence. The stars were visible, but the night was moonless and sufficiently dark. The general was in one of the foremost boats, and near him was a young midshipman, John Robinson, afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He used to tell in his later life how Wolfe, with a low voice, repeated Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" to the officers about him. Probably it was to relieve the intense strain of his thoughts. Among the rest was the verse which his own fate was soon to illustrate—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Gentlemen," he said, as his recital ended, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec." None were there to tell him that the hero is greater than the poet.

As they neared their destination the tide bore them in towards the shore, and the mighty wall of rock and forest towered in darkness on their left. The dead stillness was suddenly broken by the sharp "Qui vive?" of a French sentry, invisible in the thick gloom. "France!" answered a Highland officer of Fraser's regiment, from one of the boats of the light infantry. He had served in Holland, and spoke French fluently.

"À quel régiment?"

"De la Reine," replied the Highlander. He knew that a part of that corps was with Bougainville. The sentry, expecting the convoy of provisions, was satisfied, and did not ask for the password.

Soon after, the foremost boats were passing the heights of Samos, when another sentry challenged them, and they could see him through the darkness running down to the edge of the water, within range of a pistol shot. In answer to his questions, the same officer replied in French, "Provision boats. Don't make a noise, the English will hear us." In fact, the sloop of war *Hunter* was anchored in the stream not far off. This time, again, the sentry let them pass. In a few moments they rounded the headland above the Anse du Foulon. There was no sentry there. The strong current swept the boats of the light infantry a little below the intended landing-place. They disembarked on a narrow strand at the foot of heights as steep as a hill covered with trees can be. The twenty-four volunteers led the way, climbing with what silence they might, closely followed by a much larger body. When they reached the top, they saw in the dim light a cluster of tents at a short distance, and immediately made a dash at them. Vergor leaped from bed and tried to run off, but was shot in the heel and captured. His men, taken by surprise, made little resistance. One or two were caught, and the rest fled.

The main body of troops waited in their boats by the edge of the strand. The heights near by were cleft by a great ravine choked with forest-trees, and in its depths ran a little brook which, swollen by the late rains, fell plashing in the stillness over a rock. Other than this no sound could reach the strained ear of Wolfe, but the gurgle of the tide and the cautious climbing of his ad-

vance parties as they mounted the steeps at some little distance from where he sat listening. At length from the top came a sound of musket shots, followed by loud huzzas, and he knew that his men were masters of the position. The word was given; the troops leaped from the boats and scaled the heights, some here, some there, clutching at trees and bushes, their muskets slung at their backs. Tradition still points out the place, near the mouth of the ravine, where the foremost reached the top. Wolfe said to an officer near him, "You can try it, but I don't think you'll get up." He himself, however, found strength to drag himself up with the rest. The narrow, slanting path on the face of the heights had been made impassable by trenches and abatis, but all obstructions were soon cleared away, and then the ascent was easy. In the gray of the morning the long file of red coated soldiers moved quickly upward, and formed in order on the plateau above.

Before many of them had reached the top, cannon was heard close on the left. It was the battery at Sillery firing on the boats in the rear and the vessels descending from Cape Rouge. A party was sent to silence it. This was soon effected, and the more distant battery at Sillery was next attacked and taken. As fast as the boats were emptied they returned for the troops left on board the vessels, and for those waiting on the southern shore under Colonel Burton.

The day broke in clouds and threatening rain. Wolfe's battalions were drawn up along the crest of the heights. No enemy was in sight, though a body of Canadians had sallied from the town and moved along the strand towards the landing place, whence they were quickly driven back. He had achieved the most critical part of his enterprise, yet the success that he coveted placed

him in imminent danger. On one side was the garrison of Quebec and the army of Beauport, and Bōugainville was on the other. Wolfe's alternative was victory or ruin; for if he should be overwhelmed by a combined attack, retreat would be hopeless. His feelings no man can know, but it would be safe to say that hesitation or doubt had no place in them.

He went to reconnoiter the ground, and soon came to the Plains of Abraham, so called from Abraham Martin, a pilot known as Maitre Abraham, who had owned a¹⁰ piece of land here in the early times of the colony. The Plains were a tract of grass, tolerably level in most parts, patched here and there with cornfields, studded with clumps of bushes, and forming a part of the high plateau at the eastern end of which Quebec stood. On¹⁵ the south it was bounded by the declivities along the St. Lawrence; on the north by those along the St. Charles, or rather along the meadows through which that lazy stream crawled like a writhing snake. At the place that Wolfe chose for his battlefield the plateau was less than²⁰ a mile wide.

Thither the troops advanced, marched by files till they reached the ground, and then wheeled to form their line of battle, which stretched across the plateau and faced the city. It consisted of six battalions and the detached²⁵ grenadiers from Louisbourg, all drawn up in ranks three deep. Its right wing was near the brink of the heights along the St. Lawrence, but the left could not reach those along the St. Charles. On this side a wide space was perforce left open, and there was danger of being³⁰ outflanked. To prevent this, Brigadier Townshend was stationed here with two battalions, drawn up at right angles with the rest, and fronting the St. Charles. The battalion of Webb's regiment, under Colonel Burton,

formed the reserve; the third battalion of Royal Americans was left to guard the landing; and Howe's light infantry occupied a wood far in the rear. Wolfe, with Monckton and Murray, commanded the front line, on which the heavy fighting was to fall, and which, when all the troops had arrived, numbered less than thirty-five hundred men.

Quebec was not a mile distant, but they could not see it, for a ridge of broken ground intervened about six hundred paces off. The first division of troops had scarcely come up when, about six o'clock, this ridge was suddenly thronged with white uniforms. It was the battalion of Guienne, arrived at the eleventh hour from its camp by the St. Charles. Some time after there was hot firing in the rear. It came from a detachment of Bougainville's command attacking a house where some of the light infantry were posted. The assailants were repulsed and the firing ceased. Light showers fell at intervals, besprinkling the troops as they stood patiently waiting the event.

Montcalm had passed a troubled night. Through all the evening the cannon bellowed from the ships of Saunders, and the boats of the fleet hovered in the dusk off the Beauport shore, threatening every moment to land. Troops lined the intrenchments till day, while the general walked the field that adjoined his headquarters till one in the morning, accompanied by the Chevalier Johnstone and Colonel Poulariez. Johnstone says that he was in great agitation, and took no rest all night. At daybreak he heard the sound of cannon above the town. It was the battery at Samos firing on the English ships. He had sent an officer to the quarters of Vaudreuil, which were much nearer Quebec, with orders to bring him word at once should anything unusual

happen. But no word came, and about six o'clock he mounted and rode thither with Johnstone. As they advanced, the country behind the town opened more and more upon their sight, till at length, when opposite Vaudreuil's house, they saw across the St. Charles, some two miles away, the red ranks of British soldiers on the heights beyond.

"This is serious business," Montcalm said, and sent off Johnstone at full gallop to bring up the troops from the center and left of the camp. Those of the right were in motion already, doubtless by the Governor's order. Vaudreuil came out of the house. Montcalm stopped for a few words with him, then set spurs to his horse, and rode over the bridge of the St. Charles to the scene of danger. He rode with a fixed look, uttering not a word.¹⁵

The army followed in such order as it might, crossed the bridge in hot haste, passed under the rampart of Quebec, entered at the palace gate, and pressed on in headlong march along the quaint, narrow streets of the warlike town: troops of Indians in scalp locks and war-paint, a savage glitter in their deep-set eyes; bands of Canadians, whose all was at stake—faith, country, and home; the colony regulars; the battalions of old France, a torrent of white uniforms and gleaming bayonets, La Sarre, Languedoc, Rouissillon, Béarn—victors of Oswego, William Henry, and Ticonderoga. So they swept on, poured out upon the plain, some by the gate of St. Louis and some by that of St. John, and hurried, breathless, to where the banners of Guienne still fluttered on the ridge.²⁰

Montcalm was amazed at what he saw. He had expected a detachment, and he found an army. Full in sight before him stretched the lines of Wolfe—the close ranks of the English infantry, a silent wall of red, and

the wild array of the Highlanders, with their waving tartans, and bagpipes screaming defiance.

Vaudreuil had not come; but not the less was felt the evil of a divided authority and the jealousy of the rival chiefs. Montcalm waited long for the forces he had ordered to join him from the left wing of the army. He waited in vain. It is said that the Governor had detained them, lest the English should attack the Beauport shore. Even if they did so, and succeeded, the French might defy them, could they but put Wolfe to rout on the Plains of Abraham. Neither did the garrison at Quebec come to the aid of Montcalm. He sent to Ramesay, its commander, for twenty-five fieldpieces which were on the palace battery. Ramesay would give him only three, saying that he wanted them for his own defence. There were orders and counter-orders; misunderstanding, haste, delay, perplexity.

Montcalm and his chief officers held a council of war. It is said that he and they alike were for immediate attack. His enemies declare that he was afraid lest Vaudreuil should arrive and take command; but the Governor was not a man to assume responsibility at such a crisis. Others say that his impetuosity overcame his better judgment, and of this charge it is hard to acquit him. Bougainville was but a few miles distant, and some of his troops were much nearer; a messenger sent by way of Old Lorette could have reached him in an hour and a half at most, and a combined attack in front and rear might have been concerted with him. If, moreover, Montcalm could have come to an understanding with Vaudreuil, his own force might have been strengthened by two or three thousand additional men from the town and camp of Beauport; but he felt that there was no time to lose, for he imagined that Wolfe would soon be

reinforced, which was impossible, and he believed that the English were fortifying themselves, which was no less an error. He has been blamed not only for fighting too soon, but for fighting at all. In this he could not choose. Fight he must, for Wolfe was now in a position to cut off all his supplies. His men were full of ardor, and he resolved to attack before their ardor cooled. He spoke a few words to them in his keen, vehement way. "I remember very well how he looked," one of the Canadians, then a boy of eighteen, used to say in his old age; "he rode a black or dark bay horse along the front of our lines, brandishing his sword, as if to excite us to do our duty. He wore a coat with wide sleeves, which fell back as he raised his arm, and showed the white linen of the wristband."

The English waited the result with a composure which, if not quite real, was at least well feigned. The three fieldpieces sent by Ramesay plied them with canister shot, and fifteen hundred Canadians and Indians fusilladed them in front and flank. Over all the plain, from behind bushes and knolls and the edge of cornfields, puffs of smoke sprang incessantly from the guns of these hidden marksmen. Skirmishers were thrown out before the lines to hold them in check, and the soldiers were ordered to lie on the grass to avoid the shot. The firing was liveliest on the English left, where bands of sharpshooters got under the edge of the declivity, among thickets, and behind scattered houses, whence they killed and wounded a considerable number of Townshend's men. The light infantry were called up from the rear. The houses were taken and retaken, and one or more of them was burned.

Wolfe was everywhere. How cool he was, and why his followers loved him, is shown by an incident that

happened in the course of the morning. One of his captains was shot through the lungs, and on recovering consciousness he saw the general standing at his side. Wolfe pressed his hand, told him not to despair, praised his services, promised him early promotion, and sent an aide-de-camp to Monckton to beg that officer to keep the promise if he himself should fall.

It was towards ten o'clock when, from the high ground on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near. The French on the ridge had formed themselves into three bodies, regulars in the center, regulars and Canadians on right and left. Two field-pieces, which had been dragged up the heights, fired on them with grapeshot, and the troops, rising from the ground, prepared to receive them. In a few moments more they were in motion. They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts, and firing as soon as they were within range. Their ranks, ill ordered at the best, were further confused by a number of Canadians who had been mixed among the regulars, and who, after hastily firing, threw themselves on the ground to reload. The British advanced a few rods; then halted and stood still. When the French were within forty paces the word of command rang out, and a crash of musketry answered all along the line. The volley was delivered with remarkable precision. In the battalions of the center, which had suffered least from the enemy's bullets, the simultaneous explosion was afterwards said by French officers to have sounded like cannon shot. Another volley followed, and then a furious clattering fire that lasted but a minute or two. When the smoke rose, a miserable sight was revealed; the ground cumbered with dead and wounded, the advancing masses stopped short and turned into a frantic mob, shouting,

cursing, gesticulating. The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, mixed with the fierce yell of the Highland slogan. Some of the corps pushed forward with the bayonet; some advanced firing. The clansmen drew their broadswords and dashed on, keen and swift as bloodhounds. At the English right, though the attacking column was broken to pieces, a fire was still kept up, chiefly, it seems, by sharpshooters from the bushes and cornfields, where they had lain for an hour or more. Here Wolfe himself led the charge, at the head of the Louisbourg grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered, and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown of the grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. "There's no need," he answered; "it's all over with me." A moment after, one of them cried out, "They run; see how they run!" "Who run?" Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep. "The enemy, sir. They give way everywhere." "Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," returned the dying man; "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge." Then, turning on his side, he murmured, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!" and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled.

Montcalm, still on horseback, was borne with the tide of fugitives towards the town. As he approached the walls a shot passed through his body. He kept his

seat; two soldiers supported him, one on each side, and led his horse through the St. Louis gate. On the open space within, among the excited crowd, were several women, drawn, no doubt, by eagerness to know the result of the fight. One of them recognized him, saw the streaming blood, and shrieked, "*O mon Dieu! mon Dieu! le Marquis est tué!*" "It's nothing, it's nothing," replied the death-stricken man; "don't be troubled for me, my good friends."

LXXXIII.

A DAY IN JUNE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.¹

AND what is so rare as a day in June? 10
 Then, if ever, come perfect days;
 Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays:
 Whether we look, or whether we listen,
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten; 15
 Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
 And, groping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
 The flush of life may well be seen 20
 Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
 The cowslip startles in meadows green,
 The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
 And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
 To be some happy creature's palace; 25

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings, 5
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest:
In the nice ear of Nature, which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebbed away 10
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer

Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been, 15
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing; 20
The breeze comes whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near,

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by; 25
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;

We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year, 30

Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue:
'Tis the natural way of living.
Who knows whither the clouds have fled? 5
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe 10
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

LXXXIV.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY RICHARD O'GORMAN.¹

You have all read the Declaration of Independence. A hundred years ago it was a new revelation, startling with new terror kings on their thrones, and bidding 15 serfs, in their poor huts, arise and take heart, and look up, with new hope of deliverance. It asserted that all men, kings and peasants, master and servant, rich and poor, were born equal, with equal rights, inheritors of equal claim to protection from the law; that govern- 20 ments derived their just powers, not from conquest or force, but from the consent of the governed, and existed only for their protection and to make them happy. These were the truths eternal, but long unspoken—truths that few dared to utter, which Providence ordained 25 should be revealed here in America, to be the political

creed of the peoples all over the earth. Like a trumpet blast blown in the night, it pealed through the dark abodes of misery, and aroused men to thought and hope and action.

And that trumpet blast still is pealing and will peal, still summons whatever of manhood remains in mankind to assert itself. Still, at that sound, the knees of tyrants will be loosened with fear, and the hopes of freemen will rise, and their hearts beat faster and higher as long as this earth hangs poised in air, and men live upon it whose souls are alive with memories of the past.

The Declaration of American Independence was a declaration of war with Great Britain, war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt. There were fearful odds against the Colonies when they threw down the gauntlet of battle. On one side was England—strong in the consciousness of wealth and power, strong in the prestige of sovereignty, fully armed and equipped for war, insolent, haughty, scorning even to entertain the idea of possible check or defeat. On the other side, the Thirteen Colonies, stretching, for the most part, along the seaboard, vulnerable at a hundred points, and open to attack by sea and land, without army, without navy, without money or ammunition or material of war, having for troops only crowds of undisciplined citizens, who had left for a while plow and anvil and hurried to the front with what arms they could lay hands on to fight the veterans of King George, skilled in their terrible trade by long service in European wars.

On the second of July, 1776, the Continental Congress was in session in Philadelphia. There were about forty-nine delegates present. That day was a day of gloom. The air was dark and heavy with ill news: Ill news from the North—Montgomery had fallen at Quebec,

and the expedition against Canada had miserably failed; ill news from the South—a fleet of British men-of-war had crossed the bar of Charleston, South Carolina; ill news from New York—Lord Howe's ships were riding in the Lower Bay, and a British army of thirty thousand men menaced the city with attack. From all sides came ill tidings. Everywhere doubt and suspicion and despondency. It was a dark and gloomy time, when even the boldest might well be forgiven for losing heart.

Such was the hour when Congress entered upon the consideration of the great question on which hung the fate of a continent. There were some who clung still to British connection. The King might relent—conciliation was not impossible—a monarchical form of government was dear to them. The past of England was their past, and they were loath to lose it. Then, war was a terrible alternative. They saw the precipice, and they shuddered and started back appalled.

But on the other side were the men of the hour—the men of the people, who listened to the voice of the people, and felt the throbbing of the people's great heart. They, too, saw the precipice. Their eyes fathomed all the depth of the black abyss, but they saw beyond the glorious vision of the coming years. They saw countless happy homes stretching far and wide across a continent, wherein should dwell for ages generation after generation of men nurtured in strength and virtue and prosperity by the light and warmth of freedom.

Remember that between the Thirteen Colonies there were then but few ties. They differed in many things; in race, religion, climate, productions, and habits of thought, as much then as they do now. One grand purpose alone knit their souls together, North to South, Adams of Massachusetts to Jefferson of Virginia—the

holy purpose of building up here, for them and their children, a free nation, to be the example, the model, the citadel of freedom ; or, failing in that, to die and be forgotten, or remembered only with the stain of rebellion on their names.

The counsel of these brave and generous men prevailed. Some light from the better world illumined their souls and strengthened their hearts. Behind them surged and beat the great tide of popular enthusiasm. The people, ever alive to heroic purpose ; the people,¹⁰ whose honest instincts are often the wisest statesmanship ; the people waited but for the word ; ready to fight, ready to die, if need be, for independence. And so God's will was done upon the earth.

The word was spoken, the "Declaration" was made¹⁵ that gave life and name to the "United States of America," and a new nation breathed and looked into the future, daring all the best or the worst that future might bring. If that declaration became a signal of rescue and relief to countries far away, what word can describe²⁰ the miracles it has wrought for this people here at home ? It was a spell, a talisman, an armor of proof, and a sword of victory. The undisciplined throng of citizen-soldiers, taught in the stern school of hardship and reverse, soon grew to be a great army, before which²⁵ the veterans of Britain recoiled.

Europe, surprised into sympathy with rebellion, sent her best and bravest here to fight the battle of freedom, and Lafayette of France, De Kalb of Germany, Kosciuszko of Poland, and their compeers, drew their bright³⁰ swords in the ranks of the young republic. Best support of all was that calm, fearless, steadfast soul, which, undismayed in the midst of peril and disaster, undaunted amid wreck and ruin, stood like a tower, reflecting all

that was best and noblest in the character of the American people, and personifying its resolute will. Happy is that nation to whom, in its hour of need, bountiful Heaven provides a leader so brave and wise, so fitted to guide and rule, as was, in that early crisis of the American republic, its foremost man—George Washington.

Thus, from the baptism of blood, the young nation came forth purified, triumphant, free. Then the mystic influence, the magic of her accomplished freedom, began to work, and the thoughts of men, and the powers of earth and air and sea, began to do her bidding and cast their treasures at her feet.

From the thirteen parent Colonies thirty-eight great States and Territories have been born. At first a broad land of forest and prairie stretched far and wide, needing only the labor of man to render it fruitful. Men came; across the Atlantic, breasting its storms, sped mighty fleets, carrying hither brigades and divisions of the grand army of labor. On they came, in columns mightier than ever king led to battle—in columns millions strong—to conquer a continent, not to havoc and desolation, but to fertility and wealth, and order, and happiness.

They came from field and forest in the noble German land—from where, amid cornfield and vineyard and flowers, the lordly Rhine flows proudly towards the sea. From Ireland—from heath-covered hill and grassy valley—from where the giant cliffs standing as sentinels for Europe meet the first shock of the Atlantic and hurl back its surges, broken and shattered in foam. From France and Switzerland, from Italy and Sweden, from all the winds of heaven, they came; and as their battle line advanced, the desert fell back subdued, and

in its stead sprang up corn and fruit, the olive and the vine, and gardens that blossomed like the rose.

Of triumphs like these who can estimate the value ? The population of three millions a hundred years ago has risen to forty-three millions to-day. We have great cities, great manufactures, great commerce, great wealth, great luxury and splendor. Seventy-four thousand miles of railway conquer distance, and make all our citizens neighbors to one another. All these things are great and good, and can be turned to good. But they¹⁰ are not all. Whatever fate may befall this republic, whatever vicissitudes or disasters may be before her, this praise, at least, can never be denied to her, this glory she has won forever, that for one hundred years she has been hospitable and generous ; that she gave to the stranger a welcome—opened to him all the treasures of her liberty, gave him free scope for all his ability, a free career, and fair play.

And this it is that most endears this republic to other nations, and has made fast friends for her in the homes²⁰ of the peoples all over the earth ; not her riches, not her nuggets of gold, not her mountains of silver, not her prodigies of mechanical skill, great and valuable though these things be. It is this that most of all makes her name beloved and honored : that she has been always²⁵ broad and liberal in her sympathies ; that she has given homes to the homeless, land to the landless ; that she has secured for the greatest number of those who have dwelt on her wide domain a larger measure of liberty and peace and happiness, and for a greater length of³⁰ time, than has ever been enjoyed by any other people on this earth. For this reason, the peoples all over the earth, and through all time, will call this republic blessed.

LXXXV.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.¹

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,—At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at first. Then, a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this, four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city, seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish; and the war came.

One eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces. But let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!"

If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him?

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on, to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

LXXXVI.

THE HAND OF LINCOLN.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.¹

Look on this cast,² and know the hand
That bore a nation in its hold;
From this mute witness understand
What Lincoln was—how large of mould

The man who sped the woodman's team,
And deepest sunk the plowman's share,
And pushed the laden raft astream,
Of fate before him unaware.

This was the hand that knew to swing
The ax—since thus would Freedom train
Her son—and made the forest ring,
And drove the wedge, and toiled amain.

Firm hand, that loftier office took,
A conscious leader's will obeyed,
And when men sought his word and look,
With steadfast might the gathering swayed.

No courtier's, toying with a sword,
Nor minstrel's, laid across a lute;
A chief's, uplifted to the Lord
When all the kings of earth were mute!

The hand of Anak,* sinewed strong,
The fingers that on greatness clutch;
Yet, lo! the marks their lines along
Of one who strove and suffered much.

For here in knotted cord and vein
I trace the varying chart of years;
I know the troubled heart, the strain,
The weight of Atlas'—and the tears.

Again I see the patient brow
That palm erewhile was wont to press;
And now 'tis furrowed deep, and now
Made smooth with hope and tenderness.

For something of a formless grace
This molded outline plays about;
A pitying flame, beyond our trace,
Breathes like a spirit, in and out—

The love that cast an aureole
 Round one who, longer to endure,
 Called mirth to ease his ceaseless dole,
 Yet kept his nobler purpose sure.

Lo, as I gaze, the statured man,
 Built up from yon large hand, appears!
 A type that Nature wills to plan
 But once in all a people's years.

What better than this voiceless cast
 To tell of such a one as he,
 Since through its living semblance passed
 The thought that bade a race be free!

LXXXVII.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

BY WALT WHITMAN.

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought
 is won,
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all ex-
 ulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
 and daring;
 But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
 trills,
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the
 shores a-crowding,
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
 turning;
 Here, Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head!
 It is some dream that on the deck 10
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
 and done, 15
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
 won;
 Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
 But I with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies, 20
 Fallen cold and dead.

LXXXVIII.

THE MOUSE.

BY WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.¹

WISHING to tell the story of our Mouse, because I think it illustrates some amusing traits in a certain class of Venetians, I explain at once that he was not a mouse, but a man so called from his wretched, trembling little manner, his fugitive expression and peaked visage.

He first appeared to us on the driver's seat of that carriage in which we posted so splendidly one spring-time from Padua to Ponte Lagoscuro. But though he mounted to his place just outside the city gate, we did not regard him much, nor, indeed, observe what a mouse he was until the driver stopped to water his horses near Battaglia, and the Mouse got down to stretch his forlorn little legs. Then I got down too, and bade him good day, and told him it was a very hot day—for he was a mouse apparently so plunged in wretchedness that I doubted if he knew what kind of day it was.

When I had spoken, he began to praise (in the wary manner of the Venetians when they find themselves in the company of a foreigner who does not look like an Englishman) the Castle of the Obizzi near by, which is now the country-seat of the ex-Duke of Modena; and he presently said something to imply that he thought me a German.

"But I am not a German," said I.

"As many excuses," said the Mouse, sadly, but with evident relief; and then began to talk more freely, and of the evil times.

"Are you going all the way with us to Florence?" I asked.

"No, signor, to Bologna; from there to Ancona."

"Have you ever been in Venice? We are just coming from there."

"Oh yes."

"It is a beautiful place. Do you like it?"

"Sufficiently. But one does not enjoy himself very well there."

"But I thought Venice interesting."

"Sufficiently, signor *Ma!*" said the Mouse, shrug-

ging his shoulders, and putting on the air of being luxuriously fastidious in his choice of cities, "the water is so bad in Venice."

The Mouse is dressed in a heavy winter overcoat, and has no garment to form a compromise with his shirt-sleeves, if he should wish to render the weather more endurable by throwing off the surtout. In spite of his momentary assumption of consequence, I suspect that his coat is in the Monte di Pietà.² It comes out directly that he is a ship carpenter who has worked in the arsenal of Venice and at the shipyards in Trieste.

But there is no work any more. He went to Trieste lately to get a job on the three frigates which the Sultan had ordered to be built there. *Ma!* After all, the frigates are to be built in Marseilles instead. There is nothing. And everything is so dear. In Venetia you spend much and gain little. Perhaps there is work at Ancona.

By this time the horses are watered; the Mouse regains his seat, and we almost forget him, till he jumps³⁰ from his place, just before we reach the hotel in Rovigo, and disappears—down the first hole in the side of a house, perhaps. He might have done much worse, and spent the night at the hotel as we did.

The next morning at four o'clock, when we start,³⁵ he is on the box again, nibbling bread and cheese, and glancing furtively back at us to say good morning. He has little twinkling black eyes, just like a mouse, and a sharp mustache, and a sharp tuft on his chin—as like Victor Emmanuel's as a mouse's tuft can be. 30

The cold morning air seems to shrivel him, and he crouches into a little gelid ball on the seat beside the driver, while we wind along the Po on the smooth gray road; while the twilight lifts slowly from the distances

of field and vineyard ; while the black boats of the Po, with their gaunt white sails, show spectrally through the mists ; while the trees and the bushes break into innumerable voices, and the birds are glad of another day in Italy ; while the peasant drives his mellow-eyed, dun oxen afield ; while his wife comes in her scarlet bodice to the door, and the children's faces peer out from behind her skirts ; while the air freshens, the east flushes, and the great miracle is wrought anew .

Once again, before we reach the ferry of the Po, the Mouse leaps down and disappears as mysteriously as at Rovigo. We see him no more till we meet in the station on the other side of the river, where we hear him bargaining long and earnestly with the ticket seller for a third-class passage to Bologna. He fails to get it, I think, at less than the usual rate, for he retires from the contest more shrunken and forlorn than ever, and walks up and down the station, startled at a word, shocked at any sudden noise.

For curiosity, I ask how much he paid for crossing the river, mentioning the fabulous sum it had cost us.

It appears that he paid sixteen soldi only. "What could they do when a man was in misery ? I had nothing else."

Even while thus betraying his poverty the Mouse did not beg, and we began to respect his poverty. In a little while we pitied it, witnessing the manner in which he sat down on the edge of a chair, with a smile of meek desperation.

It is a more serious case when an artisan is out of work in the Old World than one can understand in the New. There the struggle for bread is so fierce and the competition so great ; and then, a man bred to one trade cannot turn his hand to another, as in America.

Even the rudest and least skilled labor has more to do it than are wanted. The Italians are very good to the poor, but the tradesman out of work must become a beggar before charity can help him.

We, who are poor enough to be wise, consult foolishly together concerning the Mouse. It blesses him that gives and him that takes—this business of charity. And then, there is something irresistibly relishing and splendid in the consciousness of being the instrument of a special providence! Have I all my life admired those¹⁰ beneficent characters in novels and comedies who rescue innocence, succor distress, and go about pressing gold into the palm of poverty, and telling it to take it and be happy, and now shall I reject an occasion, made to my hand, for emulating them in real life?

“I think I will give the Mouse five francs,” I say. ¹⁵

“Yes, certainly.”

“But I will be prudent,” I continue. “I will not *give* him this money. I will tell him it is a loan which he may pay me back again whenever he can. In this way I shall relieve him now and furnish him an incentive to economy.”

I call to the Mouse, and he runs tremulously towards me.

“Have you friends in Ancona?” ²⁵

“No, signor.”

“How much money have you left?”

He shows me three soldi. “Enough for a coffee.”

“And then?”

“God knows.” ³⁰

So I give him the five francs, and explain my little scheme of making it a loan, and not a gift; and then I give him my address.

He does not appear to understand the scheme of the

loan; but he takes the money, and is quite stunned by his good fortune. He thanks me absently, and goes and shows the piece to the guards, with a smile that illumines and transfigures his whole person. At Bologna, he has come to his senses; he loads me with blessings, he is ready to weep; he reverences me, he wishes me a good voyage, endless prosperity, and innumerable days; and takes the train for Ancona.

"Ah, ah!" I congratulated myself—"is it not a fine thing to be the instrument of a special providence?"

It is pleasant to think of the Mouse during all that journey, and if we are never so tired it rests us to say, "I wonder where the Mouse is by this time?" When we get home, and coldly count up our expenses, we rejoice in the five francs lent to the Mouse. "And I know he will pay it back if ever he can," I say. "That was a Mouse of integrity."

Two weeks later comes a comely young woman with a young child—a child strong on its legs, a child which tries to open everything in the room, which wants to pull the cloth off the table, to throw itself out of the open window—a child of which I have never seen the peer for restlessness and curiosity. This young woman has been directed to call on me as a person likely to pay her way to Ferrara.

"But who sent you? But, in fine, why should I pay your way to Ferrara? I have never seen you before."

"My husband, whom you benefited on his way to Ancona, sent me. Here is his letter and the card you gave him."

I call out to my fellow-victim, "My dear, here is news of the Mouse!"

"Don't *tell* me he's sent you that money already?"

"Not at all. He has sent me his wife and child, that I may forward them to him at Ferrara, out of my goodness and the boundless prosperity which has followed his good wishes—I, who am a great signor in his eyes, and an insatiable giver of five-franc pieces—the instrument of a perpetual special providence. The Mouse has found work at Ferrara, and his wife comes here from Trieste. As for the rest, I am to send her to him, as I said."

"You are deceived," I say, solemnly, to the Mouse's wife. "I am not a rich man. I lent your husband five francs because he had nothing. I am sorry; but I cannot spare twenty florins to send you to Ferrara. If *one* will help you?"

"Thanks the same," said the young woman, who was well dressed enough; and blessed me, and gathered up her child and went her way.

But her blessing did not lighten my heart, depressed and troubled by so strange an end to my little scheme³⁰ of a beneficent loan. After all, perhaps the Mouse may have been as keenly disappointed as myself. With the ineradicable idea of the Italians that persons who speak English are wealthy by nature, it was not such an absurd conception of the case to suppose that if I had³⁵ lent him five francs once I should like to do it continually. Perhaps he may yet pay back the loan with usury. But I doubt it. In the mean time, I am far from blaming the Mouse. I merely feel that there is a misunderstanding, which I can pardon if he can.

LXXXIX.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred cir-
cling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of
steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my
grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with
his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant,
my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the
sea,

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and
me;

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,

While God is marching on.

XC.

COMPENSATION.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

POLARITY, or action and reaction, we meet in every part of nature; in darkness and light; in heat and cold; in the ebb and flow of waters; in male and female; in the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals; in the systole and diastole of the heart; in the undulations of fluids and of sound; in the centrifugal and centripetal gravity; in electricity, galvanism, and chemical affinity. Superinduce magnetism at one end of a needle, the opposite magnetism takes place at the other end. If the South attracts, the North repels. To empty here, you must condense there. An inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole—as spirit, matter; man,

woman; odd, even; subjective, objective; in, out; upper, under; motion, rest; yea, nay.

While the world is thus dual, so is every one of its parts. The entire system of things gets represented in every particle. There is somewhat that resembles the ebb and flow of the sea, day and night, man and woman, in a single needle of the pine, in a kernel of corn, in each individual of every animal tribe. The reaction, so grand in the elements, is repeated within these small boundaries. For example, in the animal kingdom the¹⁰ physiologist has observed that no creatures are favorites, but a certain compensation balances every gift and every defect. A surplusage given to one part is paid out of a reduction from another part of the same creature. If the head and neck are enlarged, the trunk and¹⁵ extremities are cut short.

The theory of the mechanic forces is another example. What we gain in power is lost in time, and the converse. The periodic or compensating errors of the planets are another instance. The influences of climate²⁰ and soil in political history are another. The cold climate invigorates. The barren soil does not breed fevers, crocodiles, tigers, or scorpions.

The same dualism underlies the nature and condition of man. Every excess causes a defect; every defect an²⁵ excess. Every sweet hath its sour; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation with its life. For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For everything you have missed,³⁰ you have gained something else, and for everything you gain, you lose something. If riches increase, they are increased that use them. If the gatherer gathers too much, Nature takes out of the man what she puts into

his chest; swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions. The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing than the varieties of condition tend to equalize themselves. There is always some leveling^s circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others. Is a man too strong and fierce for society, and by temper and position a bad citizen—a morose ruffian, with a dash of the pirate in him—Nat-¹⁰ ure sends him a troop of pretty sons and daughters, who are getting along in the dame's classes at the village school, and love and fear for them smooths his grim scowl to courtesy. Thus she contrives to intenerate the granite and felspar, takes the boar out and puts¹⁵ the lamb in and keeps her balance true.

The farmer imagines power and place are fine things. But the President has paid dear for his White House. It has commonly cost him all his peace, and the best of his manly attributes. To preserve for a short time so²⁰ conspicuous an appearance before the world, he is content to eat dust before the real masters who stand erect behind the throne. Or do men desire the more substantial and permanent grandeur of genius? Neither has this an immunity. He who by force of will or of²⁵ thought is great, and overlooks thousands, has the responsibility of overlooking. With every influx of light comes new danger. Has he light?—he must bear witness to the light, and always outrun that sympathy which gives him such keen satisfaction, by his fidelity³⁰ to new revelations of the incessant soul. He must hate father and mother, wife and child. Has he all that the world loves and admires and covets?—he must cast behind him their admiration and afflict them by faith-

fulness to his truth and become a byword and a hissing.

This law writes the laws of cities and nations. It is in vain to build or plot or combine against it. Things refuse to be mismanaged long. Though no checks to a new evil appear, the checks exist, and will appear. If the government is cruel, the governor's life is not safe. If you tax too high, the revenue will yield nothing. If you make the criminal code sanguinary, juries will not convict. If the law is too mild, private vengeance comes in. Nothing arbitrary, nothing artificial can endure. The true life and satisfactions of man seem to elude the utmost rigors or felicities of condition and to establish themselves with great indifference under all varieties of circumstance. Under all governments the influence of character remains the same,—in Turkey and New England about alike. Under the primeval despots of Egypt, history honestly confesses that man must have been as free as culture could make him.

These appearances indicate the fact that the universe is represented in every one of its particles. Everything in nature contains all the powers of nature. Everything is made of one hidden stuff; as the naturalist sees one type under every metamorphosis, and regards a horse as a running man, a fish as a swimming man, a bird as a flying man, a tree as a rooted man. Each new form repeats not only the main character of the type, but part for part all the details, all the aims, furtherances, hinderances, energies and whole system of every other. Every occupation, trade, art, transaction, is a compend of the world and a correlative of every other. Each one is an entire emblem of human life; of its good and ill, its trials, its enemies, its course, and its

end. And each one must somehow accommodate the whole man and recite all his destiny.

The world globes itself in a drop of dew. The microscope cannot find the animalcule which is less perfect for being little. Eyes, ears, taste, smell, motion, resistance, appetite, and organs of reproduction that take hold on eternity—all find room to consist in the small creature. So do we put our life into every act. The true doctrine of omnipresence is that God reappears with all his parts in every moss and cobweb. The value¹⁰ of the universe contrives to throw itself into every point. If the good is there, so is the evil; if the affinity, so the repulsion; if the force, so the limitation.

Thus is the universe alive. All things are moral. That soul which within us is a sentiment, outside of us¹¹ is a law. We feel its inspiration; out there in history we can see its fatal strength. "It is in the world, and the world was made by it." Justice is not postponed. A perfect equity adjusts its balance in all parts of life. *Οί κυβοὶ Διὸς ἀεὶ ἐπίπτουσιν*,—the dice of God are¹² always loaded. The world looks like a multiplication table, or a mathematical equation, which, turn it how you will, balances itself. Take what figure you will, its exact value, nor more, nor less, still returns to you. Every secret is told, every crime is punished, every¹³ virtue rewarded, every wrong redressed, in silence and certainty. What we call retribution is the universal necessity by which the whole appears wherever a part appears. If you see smoke, there must be fire. If you see a hand or a limb, you know that the trunk to which¹⁴ it belongs is there behind.

Every act rewards itself, or in other words, integrates itself, in a twofold manner; first in the thing, or in real nature; and, secondly, in the circumstance, or in appar-

ent nature. Men call the circumstance the retribution. The causal retribution is in the thing, and is seen by the soul. The retribution in the circumstance is seen by the understanding; it is inseparable from the thing, but is often spread over a long time, and so does not become distinct until after many years. The specific stripes may follow late after the offence, but they follow because they accompany it. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it. Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed; for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end pre-exists in the means, the fruit in the seed.

While thus the world will be whole, and refuses to be disparted, we seek to act partially, to sunder, to appropriate; for example—to gratify the senses, we sever the pleasure of the senses from the needs of the character. The ingenuity of man has been dedicated to the solution of one problem,—how to detach the sensual sweet, the sensual strong, the sensual bright, etc., from the moral sweet, the moral deep, the moral fair; that is, again, to contrive to cut clean off this upper surface so thin as to leave it bottomless; to get a *one end*, without an *other end*. The soul says, Eat; the body would feast. The soul says, The man and woman shall be one flesh and one soul; the body would join the flesh only. The soul says, Have dominion over all things to the ends of virtue; the body would have the power over things to its own ends.

The soul strives amain to live and work through all things. It would be the only fact. All things shall be added unto it — power, pleasure, knowledge, beauty. The particular man aims to be somebody; to set up for

himself ; to truck and higgie for a private good ; and, in particulars, to ride, that he may ride ; to dress, that he may be dressed ; to eat, that he may eat ; and to govern, that he may be seen. Men seek to be great ; they would have offices, wealth, power, and fame. They think that to be great is to possess one side of nature the sweet, without the other side—the bitter.

This dividing and detaching is steadily counteracted. Up to this day, it must be owned, no projector has had the smallest success. The parted water reunites behind¹⁰ our hand. Pleasure is taken out of pleasant things, profit out of profitable things, power out of strong things, as soon as we seek to separate them from the whole. We can no more halve things and get the sensual good, by itself, than we can get an inside that shall have no¹⁵ outside, or a light without a shadow. “Drive out Nature with a fork, she comes running back.”

Life invests itself with inevitable conditions, which the unwise seek to dodge, which one and another brags that he does not know ; that they do not touch him ;—but the brag is on his lips, the conditions are in his²¹ soul. If he escapes them in one part, they attack him in another more vital part. If he has escaped them in form and in the appearance, it is because he has resisted his life, and fled from himself, and the retribution is so²⁵ much death. So signal is the failure of all attempts to make this separation of the good from the bad, that the experiment would not be tried,—since to try it is to be mad,—but for the circumstance, that when the disease began in the will, of rebellion and separation, the intellect³⁰ is at once infected, so that the man ceases to see God whole in each object, but is able to see the sensual allure-ment of an object, and not see the sensual hurt ; he sees the mermaid's head but not the dragon's tail ; and thinks

he can cut off that which he would have, from that which he would not have. "How secret art thou who dwellest in the highest heavens in silence, O thou only great God, sprinkling with an unwearied providence certain penal blindnesses upon such as have unbridled desires!" *

The human soul is true to these facts in the painting of fable, of history, of law, of proverbs, of conversation. It finds a tongue in literature unawares. Thus the Greeks called Jupiter, Supreme Mind ; but having traditionally ascribed to him many base actions, they involuntarily made amends to reason by tying up the hands of so bad a god. He is made as helpless as a king of England. Prometheus knows one secret* which Jove must bargain for; Minerva, another. He cannot get his own thunders; Minerva* keeps the key of them :

"Of all the gods, I only know the keys
That ope the solid doors within whose vaults
His thunders sleep."

A plain confession of the in-working of the All and of its moral aim. The Indian mythology ends in the same ethics; and indeed it would seem impossible for any fable to be invented and get any currency which was not moral. Aurora forgot to ask youth for her lover, and though Tithonus* is immortal, he is old. Achilles* is not quite invulnerable; the sacred waters did not wash the heel by which Thetis held him. Siegfried, in the Nibelungen, is not quite immortal, for a leaf fell on his back while he was bathing in the dragon's blood, and that spot which it covered is mortal. And so it must be. There is a crack in everything God has made. It would seem there is always this vindictive circumstance

* St. Augustine, "Confessions," B. I.

stealing in at unawares, even into the wild poesy in which the human fancy attempted to make bold holiday and to shake itself free of the old laws—this backstroke, this kick of the gun, certifying that the law is fatal; that in nature nothing can be given, all things are sold.

This is that ancient doctrine of Nemesis,⁹ who keeps watch in the Universe and lets no offence go unchastised. The Furies, they said, are attendants on Justice, and if the sun in heaven should transgress his path they would¹⁰ punish him. The poets related that stone walls and iron swords and leather thongs had an occult sympathy with the wrongs of their owners; that the belt which Ajax gave Hector dragged the Trojan hero over the field at the wheels of the car of Achilles, and the sword which¹¹ Hector gave Ajax was that on whose point Ajax fell. They recorded that when the Thasians erected a statue to Theagenes, a victor in the games, one of his rivals went to it by night, and endeavored to throw it down by repeated blows, until at last he moved it from its pedestal,¹² and was crushed to death beneath its fall.

This voice of fable has in it somewhat divine. It came from thought above the will of the writer. That is the best part of each writer, which has nothing private in it; that which he does not know; that which flowed¹³ out of his constitution, and not from his too active invention; that which in the study of a single artist you might not easily find, but in the study of many, you would abstract as the spirit of them all. Phidias it is not, but the work of man in that early Hellenic world¹⁴ that I would know. The name and circumstance of Phidias, however convenient for history, embarrasses when we come to the highest criticism. We are to see that which man was tending to do in a given period,

and was hindered, or, if you will, modified in doing, by the interfering volitions of Phidias, of Dante, of Shakespeare, the organ whereby man at the moment wrought.

Still more striking is the expression of this fact in the proverbs of all nations, which are always the literature of reason, or the statements of an absolute truth, without qualification. Proverbs, like the sacred books of each nation, are the sanctuary of the intuitions. That which the droning world, chained to appearances, will not allow the realist to say in his own words, it will suffer him to say in proverbs without contradiction. And this law of laws, which the pulpit, the senate, and the college deny, is hourly preached in all markets and all languages by flights of proverbs, whose teaching is as true and as omnipresent as that of birds and flies.

All things are double, one against another.—Tit for tat; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; blood for blood; measure for measure; love for love.—Give and it shall be given you.—He that watereth shall be watered himself.—What will you have? quoth God; pay for it and take it.—Nothing venture, nothing have.—Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no less.—Who doth not work shall not eat.—Harm watch, harm catch.—Curses always recoil on the head of him who imprecates them.—If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own.—Bad counsel confounds the adviser.—The devil is an ass.

It is thus written, because it is thus in life. Our action is overmastered and characterized above our will by the law of nature. We aim at a petty end quite aside from the public good, but our act arranges itself by irresistible magnetism in a line with the poles of the world.

A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his

will, or against his will, he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every word. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it. It is a thread ball thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag. Or, rather, it is a harpoon hurled at the whale, unwinding, as it flies, a coil of cord in the boat, and, if the harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, it will go nigh to cut the steersman in twain, or to sink the boat.

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. "No man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him," said Burke. The exclusive in fashionable life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment, in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself, in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns, and ninepins and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their heart, you shall lose your own. The senses would make things of all persons; of women, of children, of the poor. The vulgar proverb, "I will get it from his purse or get it from his skin," is sound philosophy.

All infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by fear. While I stand in simple relations to my fellow-man, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or as two currents of air mix, with perfect diffusion and interpenetration of nature. But as soon as there is any departure from simplicity and attempt at halfness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbor feels the wrong; he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him; his eyes no longer seek mine; there is war between us; there is hate in him and fear in me.

All the old abuses in society, universal and particular,

all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he always teaches, that there is rottenness where he appears. He is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our laws are timid, our cultivated classes are timid. Fear for ages has boded and mowed and gibbered over government and property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised.

Of the like nature is that expectation of change which instantly follows the suspension of our voluntary activity. The terror of cloudless noon, the emerald of Polycrates,' the awe of prosperity, the instinct which leads every generous soul to impose on itself tasks of a noble asceticism and vicarious virtue, are the tremblings of the balance of justice through the heart and mind of man.

Experienced men of the world know very well that it is best to pay scot and lot' as they go along, and that a man often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained anything who has received a hundred favors and rendered none? Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbor's wares, or horses, or money? There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgment of benefit on the one part and of debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of himself and his neighbor; and every new transaction alters according to its nature their relation to each other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neighbor's coach, and that "the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

A wise man will extend this lesson to all parts of life, and know that it is always the part of prudence to face every claimant, and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart. Always pay; for first or last you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt. If you are wise you will dread a prosperity which only loads you with more. Benefit is the end of nature. But for every benefit which you receive, a tax is levied.¹⁰ He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base—and that is the one base thing in the universe—to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive¹¹ must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt and worm worms. Pay it away quickly in some sort.

Labor is watched over by the same pitiless laws.¹² Cheapest, say the prudent, is the dearest labor. What we buy in a broom, a mat, a wagon, a knife, is some application of good sense to a common want. It is best to pay in your land a skillful gardener, or to buy good sense applied to gardening; in your sailor, good sense¹³ applied to navigation; in the house, good sense applied to cooking, sewing, serving; in your agent, good sense applied to accounts and affairs. So do you multiply your presence, or spread yourself throughout your estate. But because of the dual constitution of things, in labor¹⁴ as in life there can be no cheating. The thief steals from himself. The swindler swindles himself. For the real price of labor is knowledge and virtue, whereof wealth and credit are signs. These signs, like paper

money, may be counterfeited or stolen, but that which they represent, namely, knowledge and virtue, cannot be counterfeited or stolen. These ends of labor cannot be answered but by real exertions of the mind, and in obedience to pure motives. The cheat, the defaulter, the gambler, cannot extort the knowledge of material and moral nature which his honest care and pains yield to the operative. The law of nature is, Do the thing, and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing have not the power. ¹⁰

Human labor, through all its forms, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe. The absolute balance of Give and Take, the doctrine that everything has its price,—and if that price is not paid, not that thing but something else is obtained, and that it is impossible to get anything without its price,—is not less sublime in the columns of a ledger than in the budgets of states, in the laws of light and darkness, in all the action and reaction of nature.* I cannot doubt that the high laws which each man sees ever implicated in those processes with which he is conversant, the stern ethics which sparkle on his chisel edge, which are measured out by his plumb and foot rule, which stand as manifest in the footing of the shop-bill as in the history of a state—do recommend to him his trade, and though seldom named, exalt his business to his imagination.

The league between virtue and nature engages all things to assume a hostile front to vice. The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor. He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit, but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of

glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge and fox and squirrel and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the foot track, you cannot draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clew. Some damning circumstance always transpires. The laws and substances of nature—water, snow, wind, gravitation—become penalties to the thief.

On the other hand, the law holds with equal sureness¹⁰ for all right action. Love, and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation. The good man has absolute good, which, like fire, turns everything to its own nature, so that you cannot do him any harm; but as the royal¹¹ armies sent against Napoleon, when he approached, cast down their colors and from enemies became friends, so do disasters of all kinds, as sickness, offence, poverty, prove benefactors:—

“Winds blow and waters roll
Strength to the brave, and power and deity,
Yet in themselves are nothing.”

20

The good are befriended even by weakness and defect. As no man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him, so no man had ever a defect that was¹² not somewhere made useful to him. The stag in the fable admired his horns and blamed his feet, but when the hunter came, his feet saved him, and afterwards, caught in the thicket, his horns destroyed him. Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults. As no man¹³ thoroughly understands a truth until first he has contended against it, so no man has a thorough acquaintance with the hindrances or talents of men until he has

suffered from the one, and seen the triumph of the other over his own want of the same. Has he a defect of temper that unfits him to live in society? Thereby he is driven to entertain himself alone, and acquires habits of self-help; and thus, like the wounded oyster, he mends his shell with pearl.

The history of persecution is a history of endeavors to cheat nature, to make water run up hill, to twist a rope of sand. It makes no difference whether the actors be many or one, a tyrant or a mob. A mob is a society of bodies voluntarily bereaving themselves of reason, and traversing its work. The mob is man voluntarily descending to the nature of the beast. Its fit hour of activity is night. Its actions are insane like its whole constitution. It persecutes a principle; it would whip a right; it would tar and feather justice, by inflicting fire and outrage upon the houses and persons of those who have these. It resembles the prank of boys, who run with fire engines to put out the ruddy aurora streaming to the stars. The inviolate spirit turns their spite against the wrongdoers. The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; every prison a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. Hours of sanity and consideration are always arriving to communities, as to individuals, when the truth is seen, and the martyrs are justified.

NOTES

FOR THE USE OF TEACHERS AND PUPILS.

ABBREVIATIONS: Ar.—Arabic; A. S.—Anglo-Saxon; Du.—Dutch; Fr.—French; Gael.—Gaelic; Ger.—German; Gr.—Greek; Lat.—Latin; Mid. E.—Middle English; Mid. Lat.—Middle Latin; O. Eng.—Old English; O. Fr.—Old French; pro.—pronounced; Span.—Spanish.

I.—THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

Page 18, Note 1.—GEORGE BANCROFT, from whose "History of the United States" this extract is taken, was born in Worcester, Mass., October 3, 1800. At the age of thirteen he entered Harvard College, where he devoted much attention to mental science and the Platonic philosophy. After graduating in 1817 he went to Europe, spending several years in the best universities, and making the acquaintance of many of the great men of that time. He returned to America in 1822, and was for a short time tutor of Greek in Harvard University. In 1823 he assisted in founding, at Northampton, the Round Hill School, with which he remained connected for several years. He was elected, in 1830, to a seat in the Legislature of Massachusetts, but declined to serve. In 1845 he received from President Polk the appointment of Secretary of the Navy, a position which he resigned the following year in order to accept the office of Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain. During his residence in England he made use of every opportunity to perfect his collection of materials relating to American history. In the British Museum and in some private libraries he found many valuable manuscripts, and he was given access to the records of the state paper office, and also the records of the treasury. He was thus enabled, on his return to America in 1849, to continue with great satisfaction his work on the "History of the United States," on which he had already been engaged nearly twenty years. In 1867 he was appointed Minister to Prussia, and in 1871 he was accredited Minister Plenipotentiary to the German Empire. He died in 1891. The great work of his life was the preparation of his "History of the United States," the first volume of which was published in 1834. Other volumes followed at intervals — the twelfth, which was issued in 1882, bringing the history down to the adoption of the Constitution. This history occupies a most prominent position in the literature of America, it being

everywhere a recognized authority concerning the period which it covers. It has been translated into several languages.

2.—This "long-expected" discovery occurred in the year 1673. De Soto and his party of Spanish adventurers had reached the Mississippi in 1541, and even penetrated some distance into the country beyond. But during the one hundred and thirty-two years which intervened between these dates the great river was known to Europeans only through hearsay and the traditions of the Indian tribes.

At this time the Indians occupied, undisturbed by the whites, the entire continent west of the Alleghanies. The Iroquois, living in central and northern New York, were known and feared by all the tribes, and especially by the Hurons, in the vicinity of the Great Lakes. The Chippewas, Illinois, Kickapoos, Mascoutins, Pottawatomies, and numerous smaller tribes—all included in the great family of Algonquins—occupied the country between Lake Ontario and the upper Mississippi, and among them the French had established several trading posts and missionary stations. The Miamis and Shawnees lived in the Ohio Valley, and the Chickasas in the region of the Tennessee. The Algonquins were a great family of Indians embracing nearly all the above-named tribes except the Iroquois.

Who was the true discoverer of the Mississippi, De Soto or Marquette? Who was the true discoverer of America, Leif Ericsson or Columbus? Why is the discovery by Marquette here spoken of as a "long-expected" one?

3.—JAMES MARQUETTE (*mar kët'*), a French Jesuit missionary, born in 1637, died, as narrated in this extract, in 1675. The best part of his life was spent among the Indian tribes, especially the Hurons, in the region of the Great Lakes, by whom he was regarded with the greatest esteem and veneration.

4.—LOUIS JOLIET (*zhō le ā*), or Jolliet, a French-Canadian explorer, born about the year 1645, died in 1700.

5.—TALON (*tā lōng'*), the French governor general, or intendant, of Canada, succeeded by Frontenac in 1672.

6.—FRONTENAC. Louis de Buade, Count de Frontenac (*fron' te nak*), was born in France about 1620. He was appointed governor of Canada, or New France, in 1672, and held that office until 1682, when he was recalled. In 1689 he was again sent out. This time he remained in charge of the colonial government until his death, at Quebec, in 1699.

7.—ALLOUËZ. Claude Allouëz (*āl wā*) was a French Jesuit missionary, who, like Marquette, lived many years among the Indians in Michigan. He was born in 1620, died in 1690.

8.—GREAT MANITOU. (*mān' i tōō*.) The Great Spirit.

9.—ANCIENTS. The old men who were supposed to have superior wisdom, and hence consulted on all important occasions.

10.—PORTAGE. A carrying place, from Fr. *porter*, to carry. The narrow tract of land over which boats or canoes were carried from one river to another. See map of Wisconsin. The city of Portage now stands not far from the place here mentioned.

11.—CALUMET. (*cāl' ū mēt*.) From Lat. *calamus*, a reed. An Indian pipe, emblem or symbol of peace, sometimes of war.

12.—FIVE NATIONS. A name often applied to the Iroquois, a powerful confederation of Indians in which were included the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas. They afterwards admitted their kinsmen the Tuscaroras into the confederacy, and were then called the Six Nations.

- 13.—**ARBITER.** One who decides. From Lat. *arbiter*.
 14.—**MISSOURI.** (mīs ōō' rī.) The word in the Indian language means "muddy water."
 15.—**CONFLUENCE.** From Lat. *con*, together, and *fluo*, to flow. The junction of two or more streams.
 16.—**MAIZE.** From *mahiz*, a word in the language of the Haytian Indians. The grain now commonly called corn, or Indian corn.
 17.—**FATHER OF RIVERS.** Such is the meaning, in the Indian language, of the word Mississippi.
 18.—**PARAGON.** A model or pattern. Perhaps from Gr. *părăgō*, to go beyond.
 19.—The city of Chicago has since been built at the place thus described by Joliet.
 20.—**EUCCHARIST.** The sacrament or commemoration of the Lord's Supper. From Gr. *eucharistia*, a giving of thanks—from *eu*, well, and *chāris*, favor.

PRONUNCIATION.—Ā kăn se ä; Āl gōn' quin (-kwin); ās sī dū' i ty; Des Moines (de moin'); Īr' o quois (-kwoi); Mās cōu tins; Mī ām' ī; Mō in gō' na; Pēk ī tăn ō' nī; Pōt ta wāt' o mies; Que bēc'; Wā bāsh.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED BY THIS EXTRACT: The discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto, as related in Bancroft's "United States," vol. i., chap. ii.; Abbott's "History of Ferdinand De Soto"; Parkman's "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West"; Ellis's "The Red Man and the White Man."

II.—THE HIGH SOCIETY OF INQUIRY.

Page 19, Note 1.—**JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND** was born in Belcher-town, Mass., July 24, 1819. He studied medicine, and, after practising three years, went to Vicksburg, Miss., where for one year he was Superintendent of Schools. Returning to New England in 1849, he became associate editor of the *Springfield Republican*, with which paper he continued as one of the editors and proprietors for nearly twenty years. In 1870 he assumed the editorship of *Scribner's Monthly*. He died in 1881. He wrote many books, both in prose and poetry. Among the former are a series of didactic works, written under the *nom de plume* of "Timothy Titcomb"—including "Gold Foil," and "Lessons in Life"—and the novels, "The Bay Path," "Arthur Bonnicastle," and "The Story of Sevenoaks." Among his poems are "Bittersweet" and "Kathrina," both of which attained very great popularity.

2.—**ARTHUR BONNICASTLE.** The chief character in the novel of the same name from which this extract is taken. The story is said to be in great part autobiographical. It is a highly interesting narrative, presenting in the garb of fiction many wholesome lessons and practical moral truths.

3.—**LARK.** A frolic, a jolly time. From A. S. *lac*, play.

4.—**CHUM.** From A. S. *cuma*, a comer or guest. A chamber-mate at school or college, an intimate friend.

PRONUNCIATION.—Ex pēr' ī ment; ĩn quī' ry; ĩn' e a ment; ōf fī' cials (-fish' als), se vēr' ī ty, s'pōge (= sup pōse').

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: The works of Dr. Holland mentioned above. Readers of "Arthur Bonnicastle" will not fail to be interested also in "John Halifax, Gentleman," by Mrs. Craik, a tale which, in its purity of sentiment and its noble moral purpose, it much resembles.

III.—THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Page 26, Note 1.—RICHARD HENRY STODDARD was born in Hingham, Mass., in July, 1825. His first volume of poems, entitled "Footprints," was printed in 1849. In 1853 he published "Adventures in Fairy Land," a book for children. Since then he has written many other works, among which we mention "Songs of Summer" (1857); "The King's Bell" (1865); "Abraham Lincoln, a Horatian Ode" (1865); "The Book of the East" (1871). A complete edition of his poems was published in 1889. He has been for many years the literary editor of the New York *Mail and Express*.

2.—Necessity, rather than inclination, most frequently determines one's course in life. Men who would prefer the quiet, uneventful routine of farm life sometimes find themselves called upon to lead armies in the defence of their country; others, whose ambition leads them to crave fame acquired in war are often, by force of circumstances, obliged to remain in obscurity.

Explain, in this manner, the meaning of each stanza in this poem.

3.—CLEAVE. This word has two meanings, each the exact opposite of the other: (1) Cleave, from A. S. *clifan*, means to adhere to, to suit; (2) cleave, from A. S. *cleofan*, means to separate, to open. Which meaning is intended here? Give examples of the use of the word in each sense.

4.—LAURELS. The laurel was in ancient times used to crown the victor in the games of Apollo. The word is here used in a figurative sense. What does it mean?

5.—ME. What is the force of this word, as here used? Why use the pronoun in the objective form?

6.—GRAVE. The words cradle and grave in this stanza are used metaphorically, and perhaps also literally. Explain their metaphorical meaning. Give other examples of the figurative use of these words. What other metaphorical expressions occur in this poem?

7.—HOMESTEAD. From A. S. *hām*, home, and *stede*, place.

8.—RIFLES. Plucks, carries off. From O. Fr. *ryfter*, to sweep away. INDIAN PIPE.—A plant having a single upright stem, and wax-like leaves of a pure white color, and a single colorless nodding flower; found in dark woods at the roots of trees.

9.—HAP. Used instead of *happen*. Why? This word is properly employed only in poetry.

10.—BABELS. The word here denotes great cities, like those which "perished long ago." An allusion to the great tower built on the plains of Shinar, where, according to the Biblical narrative, the confusion of languages occurred. (Genesis xi, 1-9.)

"God made the country, and man made the town."—COWPER.

"Man has always dwelt in cities, but he has not always in the same sense been a dweller in the country. Rude and barbarous people build cities. Hence, paradoxical as it may seem, the city is older than the country."—JOHN BURROUGHS

PRONUNCIATION.—Bă' bels; ră' tion al; lăm en tă' tions; mën' açe.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED:—*Phases of Farm Life*, in "Signs and Seasons," by John Burroughs. Emerson's essays on "Works and Days" and "Nature." Cowper's "Task," latter half of Book I.

IV.—AN OCTOBER EVENING'S RAMBLE.

Page 28, Note 1.—DR. CHARLES C. ABBOTT was born in Trenton, New Jersey, in 1848. He is an enthusiastic archæologist, and an ardent lover of nature. He has written several delightful works on subjects relating to popular science, among which are "A Naturalist's Rambles About Home," "Waste-Land Wanderings," and "Upland and Meadow."

2.—A HANDFUL OF GOLDEN ARROWS. Why are the last rays of the sun so called? What figure of rhetoric is here used?

3.—ROOSTWARD. Compare with *homeward*. What is the force of the syllable *-ward* in these words, also in *toward*, *backward*, *forward*, *upward*? etc.

4.—SUBTERRANEAN. Underground. From Lat. *sub*, under, and *terra*, earth. RETREAT. A place of safety. From Lat. *retrahere*, to draw back.

5.—MIGRATORY. Removing from one place to another. From Lat. *migrare*, to move. Compare *migrate*, *immigrate*, *emigrate*.

6.—INSOMNIA (in sôm ni a). Sleeplessness. From Lat. *in*, not, and *somnus*, sleep.

7.—WORM FENCE. A zigzag fence made of rails.

8.—AUDIBLY. So as to be heard. From Lat. *audire*, to hear.

9.—POAETQUISSINGS. The name of a creek near the home of the author.

10.—CREPUSCULAR (cre püs' cu lar). Flying in the evening or the early morning. From Lat. *creper*, dusky, dark.

11.—COONS. A common abbreviation of the word *raccoons*. Small animals allied to the bear family.

PRONUNCIATION.—Col lăpse'; cō' si ly; ăx' it; hër' ons; pre lîm' i nă ry; rē ap pēar' açe.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: The works of Dr. Abbott mentioned above; selections from White's "Natural History of Selborne"; selections from "Pepacton," by John Burroughs, and from Thoreau's "Walden"; Cooper's "Animal Life in the Sea and on the Land."

V.—THE BLIND PREACHER.

Page 31, Note 1.—WILLIAM WIRT was born in Bladensburg, Maryland, in 1772. At the age of twenty he began the practice of law at Culpeper Court House, Virginia, removing soon afterwards to Charlottesville. He settled in Richmond in 1806, where he became known as one of the ablest lawyers of that time. From 1817 to 1829 he was Attorney-general of the United States. After his retirement from that office he made his home in Baltimore. He died in 1834. He was the author of a series of sketches

entitled "Letters of a British Spy," of which the selection here presented is one. His best known work is his "Life and Character of Patrick Henry."

2.—ORANGE. A county in the central part of Virginia. The incident here narrated occurred almost a century ago, when portions of this county were still a wilderness. Bear in mind that the writer of this sketch is represented as a British subject, hence such expressions as "through these States" and (page 35) "our learned and amiable countryman."

3.—PRETERNATURAL. Wonderful, extraordinary. The prefix *præter*, from Lat. *præter*, used in the composition of English words, has the meaning of *past, beyond, more than*. Hence, preterhuman = more than human.

4.—A FEW MOMENTS ASCERTAINED TO ME. Notice the peculiarity of this expression, equivalent to "a few moments' observation enabled me to discover." Observe other odd forms of expression as you read this selection—as in the 21st line below, and elsewhere—and explain.

5.—PLATO. A celebrated Greek philosopher, born about 429 B.C., died 347 B.C. It is related that, when an infant in his cradle, a swarm of bees settled upon his lips, thus indicating, it was thought, the fluency of speech for which he was afterwards distinguished.

6.—PROGNOSTIC. Foretelling, prophetic. From Gr. *pro*, before, and *gignōskein*, to know.

7.—PASSION. Suffering. From Lat. *passio*. Used in reference to the crucifixion and death of the Saviour.

8.—PATHOS. That which excites deep emotion. From Gr. *pathōs*, a suffering. Can one witness a pathos?

9.—MYSTIC. Emblematical, mysterious. From Gr. *mystikos*, belonging to secret rites; from *muein*, to shut the eyes. The mystic symbols—the bread and wine of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. See note on *eucharist*, p. 459.

10.—UNISON. Agreement as of musical tones with each other. From Lat. *unus*, one, and *sonus*, a sound.

11.—ROUSSEAU. Jean Jacques Rousseau (Rōō sō'), a French philosopher and writer, born in Geneva, Switzerland, 1712, died 1778.

12.—SOCRATES (sōc' ra tēs), a celebrated Athenian philosopher, born 469 B.C. Being sentenced to death on the false charge of corrupting the youth of Athens and of despising the gods, he refused to make any effort to escape, but spent his last days in conversation with his friends on the immortality of the soul, and on the duty of obedience to the laws. He drank with composure and cheerfulness the cup of hemlock given to him, and died in the seventieth year of his age, 399 B.C.

13.—DEMOSTHENES (de mōs' the nēs). The greatest orator of ancient or modern times. He was born near Athens, Greece, about 385 B.C. He died in 322 B.C., in the temple of Poseidon, on the island of Calauria, having taken poison in order not to fall alive into the hands of his enemies.

14.—HOMER, OSSIAN, and MILTON. Homer, the reputed author of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," is supposed to have lived about 1000 B.C. Ossian, the celebrated Gaelic bard, is said to have flourished in Scotland in the second or third century of the Christian era. John Milton, author of "Paradise Lost," was born in London in 1608, died in 1674. All were blind.

15.—MASSILLON. Jean Baptiste Massillon (mās' sil lōn) was a famous French pulpit orator (1673–1742).

16.—LOUIS BOURDALOUE (bōōr dā lōō') was a French Jesuit preacher (1632–1704).

17.—Sir Robert Boyle, an Irish chemist and philosopher (1626–1691). He

was the author of several works on theology and philosophy, and was called "the great Christian philosopher."

18.—**BARD.** Thomas Gray, a poet chiefly remembered as the author of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," was born in London in 1716, died at Cambridge in 1771. The quotation here given is from the second stanza of the poem entitled "The Bard." Gray was a man of great attainments—a botanist, a zoologist, an architect, an antiquarian, familiar with history and art. He wrote but little, but what he did write is singularly perfect.

PRONUNCIATION.—E nŭn ci ā' tion; őr u dī' tion; fal lā' cioŭs; gēs' ture; ın cōm' pa ra ble; lāç' er ā ted; māl' ıçe; pal' gy; pār' ox ỹsm; por tēnt' oŭs; sēc' ra ment; shrīv' eled.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Gray's "The Bard" (in "Gray's Select Poems," edited by Rolfe); Plato on the "Death of Socrates" (in "Half-Hours with the Best Authors," vol. vi.); the "Gospel of St. John," chapters xvii., xviii., and xix.

VI.—THE SPANIARDS' RETREAT FROM MEXICO.

Page 36, Note 1.—**WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT** was born in Salem, Mass., May 4, 1796. He graduated at Harvard College in 1814. After leaving college he traveled in England, France, and Italy, returning to Boston in 1817. In 1826 he began his first great historical work, the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," to which he devoted ten years' labor. The work was published in 1837. Six years were next given to the preparation of the "History of the Conquest of Mexico," and four to the "Conquest of Peru." In 1850 he began a "History of the Reign of Philip II." It was expected that this work would be embraced in six volumes, but it was never completed, and three volumes only have been published. Mr. Prescott died in Boston, January 28, 1859. He is justly regarded as one of the greatest of modern historians.

2.—The Spaniards had now been more than seven months in the city of Mexico. During that time they had committed many atrocities upon the natives, robbed them of their treasures, and made their emperor a prisoner. Driven to desperation by these outrages, the Aztecs had resolved to destroy their enemies, and several encounters had taken place, ending in the defeat of the Spaniards.

3.—**TLASCALA.** A small free republic not far from the city of Mexico. Its inhabitants being at enmity with the Aztecs, were friendly to the Spaniards.

4.—**CAUSEWAY OF TLACOPAN.** The city of Mexico was built on islands in the midst of a large lake, and connected with the mainland by causeways or highroads, built of earth, stones, and timber. These roads were in certain places intersected by canals, the canals being spanned by wooden bridges. To prevent the escape of the Spaniards, the Aztecs had recently destroyed all the bridges. (The word *causeway* is derived from O. Eng. *calsey*, from Lat. *calx*, *calcis*, limestone, and means literally a road paved with limestone.)

5.—**CORTÉS.** Hernando Cortés was born in Spain in 1485. In 1504, at the age of nineteen, he sailed for Santo Domingo, where he was received with great favor, and where for several years he held important offices in connection with the government of the new colony. In 1518 he organized the

expedition for the conquest of Mexico. The city was finally captured, after a gallant defence of 77 days, August 13, 1521. Utterly neglected and forsaken in his old age, Cortés died at Seville, in Spain, December 2, 1547.

6.—CASTILIAN SOLDIERS. Soldiers from Castile, one of the states of Spain. Notwithstanding Cortés's advice, many of his followers, especially the later recruits, overloaded themselves with the heavy treasures, and were lost in the retreat. (See p. 42, l. 14.) The order of march determined upon was as follows: The van was composed of two hundred Spanish foot under Sandoval, together with about twenty cavaliers. The center, commanded by Cortés himself, had charge of the baggage, the treasure, and the prisoners. The rear guard, composed of the best part of the infantry, and retaining most of the heavy guns, was intrusted to two tried leaders, Alvarado and Leon.

7.—MONTEZUMA. The Emperor of Mexico and the Aztec Empire. Within a week after the arrival of the Spaniards in the city he had been taken prisoner by Cortés and carried to the Spanish headquarters, where for seven months he was held as a kind of hostage. He was finally induced by his captors to address his people from the battlements of his prison, advising them to submit and make peace with the invaders. The Aztecs were only exasperated by this appearance of weakness on the part of their emperor. Several missiles were thrown at him, one of which struck him senseless to the ground. He died from the effects of this blow on the 30th of June, 1520.

TEOCALLIS. Aztec temples.

8.—AZTECS. The native inhabitants of Mexico.

9.—TUNICS. Loose frocks or coats. From Lat. *tunica*.

10.—MÊLÉE (*mâ lâ'*). A fight in which the participants are mingled in one confused mass. From Fr. *mêler*, to mix.

11.—PANOPLY. Complete armor. From Gr. *pan*, all, and *hopla*, armor.

PRONUNCIATION.—Äd' e quâte; cäv a liörs' (-lērs); cöm' bat ants; de fīle'; dis cērñ' (diz zērn'); ǝb' on; ım pēt u ǝs' i ty; ın döm' it a ble; mīs' siles; Pō pǝt' la; säc' rī fice (-fize); träv' ersed.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Every student of history should read Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," from which this extract has been taken. A smaller work on the same subject for younger readers is Abbott's "History of Hernando Cortéz." Sir Arthur Helps's "Spanish Conquest of America" is also a valuable work. Lew. Wallace, in his historical romance, "The Fair God," tells in a charming manner the story of the invasion of Mexico by the Spaniards, ending with their disastrous retreat from the Aztec capital.

VII.—THE OWL—CRITIC.

Page 44, Note 1.—JAMES THOMAS FIELDS was born at Portsmouth, N. H., December 31, 1817. He was educated at the Portsmouth High School, and at the age of fourteen became a clerk in a bookstore in Boston. In 1839 he was a partner in the bookselling firm of Ticknor, Reed & Fields, which about 1844 became the publishing house of Ticknor & Fields. In 1870 Mr. Fields withdrew from the publishing business, in order to devote himself to authorship and public lecturing. His first volume of poems was published

in 1849; other volumes have appeared at intervals, and a collected edition has been published. Among his prose works is a volume of sketches of his literary friends, entitled "Yesterdays with Authors." He died in 1881.

2.—PREPOSTEROUS (Lat. *præ*, before, and *posterus*, coming after), having that first which ought to come last; contrary to nature.

3.—APOLOGY. Something said in defence of what appears to be wrong or unjustifiable. From Gr. *apo*, from, and *logos*, word.

4.—TAXIDERMISTS. Persons skilled in preparing and preserving the skins of animals so as to represent their natural appearance. From Gr. *tassein*, to arrange, and *derma*, a skin.

5.—AUDUBON. John James Audubon (aw' du bon), an American ornithologist, 1780-1851. See "Harper's Fourth Reader," page 152.

6.—JOHN BURROUGHS. See biographical note, page 483.

VIII.—DAVID SWAN.

Page 47, Note 1.—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, one of the greatest of American novelists, was born in Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804. He was educated at Bowdoin College, graduating in 1825 in the same class with the poet Longfellow. After quitting college, he resided for several years in Salem, leading a life of solitude and study, and writing short stories and other articles for the newspapers and annuals. In 1837 he collected a number of these tales and sketches, and published them at Boston under the title of "Twice-told Tales." In 1846 he published "Mosses from an Old Manse," and in 1850 "The Scarlet Letter," a powerful romance of early life in New England. Several other works followed, among which were "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance," "The Wonder Book for Boys and Girls," and "Tanglewood Tales." His longest and perhaps his best work is "The Marble Faun," a romance of Italy. Hawthorne's writings occupy a very high place in American literature. For purity of diction and sentiment, and for beauty of thought and expression, they have seldom been equaled. Mr. Hawthorne died at Plymouth, N. H., May 19, 1860.

A FANTASY. A fantasy is something presented to the mind which is unreal, imaginary, fanciful. From Gr. *phantasiā*, vision, fancy.

2.—WAYFARER. Traveler. From A. S. *weg*, way, and *faran*, to go.

3.—AFOOT. The prefix *a* in such words as *afoot*, *aboard*, etc., is equivalent to the preposition *on* or *at*. Make a list of such words.

4.—LINCHPIN. The pin or bolt which fastens the wheel on the axletree. From A. S. *lynus*, an axletree, and *pin*.

5.—OPIATE (ô' pî äte). A preparation used to induce sleep. From Lat. *opium*, the juice of the poppy.

6.—DAMASK (däm' ask). Figured linen or silk. From *Damascus*, an ancient city of Syria—perhaps the oldest in the world—where such goods were probably first obtained.

7.—FORTUNE. What figure of rhetoric is used here? Why does the word Fortune begin with a capital letter?

8.—ASYLUM (a sy' lum). A place of refuge and protection. From Gr. *a*, not, and *sulōō*, I rob, or plunder—a place out of which he that has fled to it cannot be taken or robbed.

Page 51, Note 9.—DRAGON. A winged monster. From Gr. *drakein*, to look—so called from its terrible eyes. Page 52, line 24.—SMARTNESS. The

word is here used, as very commonly in England, in the sense of showiness. The word *smart* is much used in this country to describe a person who is active or intelligent. The nearest approach to this in England is its use in the sense of witty or pungent.

10.—INTERIM (in' ter ium). Time between, or intervening. From Lat. *inter*, between, and *in*, this, that.

PRONUNCIATION.—Eġ ŭl tǎ' tion (egz-); pre ċise' ly (*not* pre ċize' ly); rĭ dĭc' ŭ loŭs; sĕv' ered; vĕ' hi cles; vĕn' om oŭs; vĭl' lain; vĭl' lan y.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Other selections from Hawthorne's "Twice-told Tales," as "The Town Pump," "Little Annie's Ramble," "The Maypole of Merry Mount," etc.

IX.—SCENERY OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Page 55, Note 1.—THOMAS STARR KING was born in New York, December 16, 1824, died in San Francisco, March 4, 1864. He was in a measure self-educated, being employed during his youth in clerking and teaching, and devoting his leisure to theological studies. At the age of twenty-one he became pastor of his father's church in Charlestown, Mass., and in 1848 of a Unitarian Church in Boston. In 1860 he was called to the charge of a Unitarian congregation in San Francisco. Among his literary works may be mentioned "The White Hills, their Legends, Landscape, and Poetry," and a volume entitled "Patriotism, and Other Papers."

THE YOSEMITE (yo sēm' i tē) VALLEY, noted for its beautiful and majestic scenery, is in Mariposa County, California. It is now a national park.

2.—MARIPOSA (mǎ rĭ pō' za) TRAIL, the Mariposa road.

3.—FISSURE OF THE SIERRAS. The valley is, in truth, a great chasm, cleft, or fissure in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. "Sierra" is a Spanish word, originally meaning saw, applied to a range of mountains or mountain-peaks.

4.—CLOVEN. See note on the word *cleave*, page 460.

5.—EGYPTIAN WALLS; that is, walls of great thickness and strength.

6.—SINAI (sĭ' nǎ, or sĭ' nǎ i), now Jebel Mooza, a mountain in Arabia Petraea, 8593 feet high.

7.—HOREB (hō' reb), a mountain in the peninsula of Sinai, Arabia. Both these mountains are famous in Scripture history.

8.—HIMALAYAS (hĭm a lǎ' yās). The highest of the Himalaya mountains is Mount Everest, 29,000 feet.

9.—GOTHIC MINSTER. A monastery church built in the Gothic style of architecture, i. e., with high and sharply-pointed arches, clustered columns, etc.

10.—BATTLEMENT. A battlement in the mediæval castle was a wall on which the warriors stood and "battled"—a notched or indented parapet.

EL CAPITAN. The captain (Spanish).

11.—POLE STAR. The star *Alpha* in the constellation *Ursa Minoris*, commonly called the North Star.—SIRIUS (sĭr' i us; Gr. *scirōs*, hot, scorching), a large, bright star, commonly called the *Dog-star*. Its distance from the earth is estimated to be about a million times the distance of the sun.

PRONUNCIATION.—A' pex; be nēath' (*not* be nēath'); crěv' iče; dī ām'e ter; ĩm pāl' pa ble; lēi' sure (-zhur); lū' mi noŭs.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Selections from Reclus's "History of a Mountain."

X.—MANNERS.

Page 59, Note 1.—THEODORE T. MUNGER is a native of the State of New York. He graduated with honor at Yale College in 1851, and soon afterwards became a minister in the Congregational Church. With the exception of a short sojourn in California his ministerial life has been spent in the New England States. He is at present (1889) the pastor of the United Church at New Haven, Conn. He is widely known both as a preacher of practical Christianity and as a writer of clear and forcible English. "He belongs rather to literature than to dogma. His standpoint is not theology of any school, but life, and human nature and its manifestations; and his masters are to be found not in the schools of divinity, but in the world of literature." Besides contributing to the magazines, he has written several books, among which are "The Freedom of Faith," "Lamps and Paths," and "On the Threshold." The two last named are for younger readers.

2.—CHARLES SUMNER. See biographical note, page 504.

3.—MR. SMILES. Samuel Smiles, a Scottish author, born in 1816. He has written a number of interesting and helpful books, among which are "Self-Help," "Character," and "Life and Labor"—all works of sterling worth.

4.—WELLINGTON. The Duke of Wellington (Arthur Wellesley), born in 1769, died in 1852. He was commander of the English forces at the battle of Waterloo, in which Napoleon Bonaparte was overthrown.

5.—See note on Robert Burns, page 493.

6.—MENTOR. A wise and faithful counselor. From the name of the friend and adviser of Telemachus, in Homer's "Odyssey."

7.—NORMAN. The ancestors of the English people were Anglo-Saxons and Normans. From the former they are said to have inherited their stubborn pluck, and from the latter whatever they have of politeness and gentility of manners.

Observe the meaning of the word *respect* in line 16, above, and its distinction from the same word as used in line 9.

8.—SIDNEY. Sir Philip Sidney, the great English pattern of gentility and good breeding, was born in 1554. He was killed in the battle of Zutphen, in the Netherlands, in 1586.

9.—

"How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Merchant of Venice, Act v., sc. 1.

10.—SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE, a British general, 1738–1801, commander of the English troops in Egypt during the war with Napoleon.

11.—NAVVIERS. Laborers on public works, railroads, and the like.

Page 62, line 33.—BROWBEAT. To bear down by impudence.

12.—TOUCHSTONE. A species of rock used to determine the purity of gold and silver. Called also *basanite*.

Page 63, line 10.—GIANT. Our author uses the word giant in the sense

often given to it of a destructive force. There are stories, however, of many good giants who used their strength for the benefit of mankind. It is never tyrannous to use great strength in a good cause. Giant from *Gr. ge*, the earth, and *gencin*, to bear—*gegenes*, earthborn.

13.—SCOTT. Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Macdonald, Tennyson, Shakespeare—celebrated British authors, each to some extent distinguished for the "temper" or trait designated in the text.

14.—Observe the summing up of the qualities requisite to the true gentleman. What are those qualities? "Truth, honor, delicacy, kindness, and consideration." Make these qualities your own.

XI.—THE LAND OF SOULS.

Page 64, Note 1.—HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT was born in Watervliet, New York, March 28, 1793. He studied at Union College, and afterwards learned the art of glass making. Between 1817 and 1821 he made several tours in the West in the interest of science, and in 1822 was appointed Indian agent at Sault Ste. Marie. In 1823 he married the granddaughter of an Indian chief, and soon afterwards was elected a member of the Michigan Legislature—a position which he held several years. In 1832 he conducted the expedition which discovered the source of the Mississippi River, and in 1836 was appointed acting superintendent of Indian affairs. In 1846 he removed to Washington, D.C., where he remained until his death, in 1864. He was the author of many works relating to the Indian tribes, among which are "Personal Memoirs of Thirty Years' Residence with the Indian Tribes," "The Myth of Hiawatha, and Other Legends," and "The Indian Fairy Book."

2.—LODGE. An Indian wigwam. Page 67, line 7.—MASTER OF LIFE. The Supreme Being, often called by the Indians the Great Manitou, or the Great Spirit.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Longfellow's "Hiawatha"; Schoolcraft's "Indian Fairy Book," mentioned above; Ellis's "The Red Man and the White Man."

XII.—THE RIDE OF COLLINS GRAVES.

Page 68, Note 1.—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY was born at Dowth Castle, County Meath, Ireland, June 28, 1844. When only eighteen years old he enlisted as a trooper in the Tenth Hussars. While a member of this company he was accused of entertaining revolutionary ideas, was tried for high treason, and sentenced to death. The sentence, however, was commuted to twenty years' imprisonment, and in October, 1867, he was transported to one of the penal colonies in West Australia. After a year's servitude he escaped in an open boat, was picked up by an American whaling ship, and reached Philadelphia in November, 1869. He was connected with the Boston *Pilot* from 1870, of which paper he was the editor. He wrote several volumes—some in prose, some poetry. Among the latter are "Songs of the Southern Seas," and "Statues in Block, and Other Poems." He died in 1892.

The incident described in this poem occurred May 16, 1874, on the occasion of the bursting of a dam in the Hampshire hills above Williamsburg, Mass.

2.—**WINCHESTER TOWN.** Winchester, in Frederick County, Virginia. The allusion is to "Sheridan's Ride," a poem by T. Buchanan Read.

3.—The allusion here is to Longfellow's poem, "The Ride of Paul Revere":

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere."

4.—**HAMPSHIRE.** Hampshire County, Mass.

5.—**AFIRE.** See note on afoot, page 465. Line 18.—**WILLIAMSBURG,** a town in Hampshire County, Massachusetts, a few miles northwest of Northampton.

6.—**BRUNT.** The force of the blow. From A. S. *bront*, boiling, raging.

7.—**SWATH** (swawth). The whole sweep of a scythe in mowing. From A. S. *swadhu*.

8.—**CURTIUS.** A Roman tradition relates that in B.C. 362 the earth in the Forum gave way and a great chasm appeared, which the soothsayers asserted could only be closed by casting into it the most precious treasure in Rome. Marcus Curtius, a noble youth, declaring that Rome had no greater treasure than a brave citizen, thereupon clad himself in full armor, mounted his steed, and rode into the abyss; the earth at once closed over him.

XIII.—THE ARABS IN SPAIN.

Page 71, Note 1.—**JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER** was born in the parish of St. Helen's, near Liverpool, England, May 5, 1811. He received his earlier education at home and at a public school at Woodhouse Grove. In 1829 he entered the University of London, where he devoted especial attention to the study of chemistry. Leaving the university before graduation, he came to America in 1832. In 1836 he graduated from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, and in the same year was appointed to the professorship of chemistry and natural philosophy in Hampden Sidney College, Virginia. Three years later he accepted a similar position in the University of New York, with which institution he remained connected until 1873, being for twenty-three years the president of its medical department. He died on the 4th of January, 1882. Dr. Draper was the author of a large number of scientific works, chief among which is his "Human Physiology, Statical and Dynamical," a text-book of such recognized value that it has been translated into many foreign languages, and even into Russian. His "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe" was published in 1863; his "History of the American Civil War" in 1870; and his "History of the Conflict between Religion and Science" in 1874.

2.—**COMMANDERS OF THE FAITHFUL.** The caliphs, or acknowledged successors of Mohammed, who were regarded as having supreme power in all matters of religion and government.

3.—**EMIRS** (ē' mirs). Governors; Arabian princes.

4.—**CALEDUCTS** (cāl' e dücts). Pipes for conveying warm air. From Lat. *calere*, to be warm, and *ducere*, to lead.

5.—**HYPOCAUST** (hîp o caust). An arched chamber in which a fire was kindled. From Gr. *hupo*, under, and *kaustos*, that may be burnt.

6.—**ARABESQUES** (ār' a bēsks). A species of ornament, either painted, inlaid in mosaic, or carved, representing foliage, etc., fancifully arranged.

7.—**VERD ANTIQUE** (vērd-ān tēek'). A mottled-green serpentine marble.—**LAPIS LAZULI** (lā' pis lāz' ū li). A mineral of a fine azure-blue color.

8.—**MALACHITE**. Native carbonate of copper, either green or blue. From Gr. *malāchē*, a mallow, so named from its resembling the green color of the leaf of mallows.—**MOSAIC**. Inlaid work of colored stones or hard substance, natural or artificial. From Gr. *mosaios*, belonging to the Muses.

9.—**SARACEN** (sār' a sēn). From Ar. *Sharkūn*, the Eastern people. An Arabian, a Mohammedan.—**ALCARRAZAS** (āl car rā' zas). Porous earthenware jugs or pitchers for holding water.

10.—**CALIGRAPHY** (ca lig' ra phy). Fair or elegant penmanship. From Gr. *kalos*, beautiful, and *graphein*, to write.

11.—**ABDERRAH'MAN III.** One of the most magnificent of the sultans of Spain. His reign extended from 910 to 961.

12.—**HAREM** (hā' rem). From Ar. *haram*, anything sacred or forbidden. The portion of the house allotted to females.

13.—**FILIGREE WORK**. Very fine ornamental thread-like work made of gold or silver wire. From Lat. *filum*, a thread, and *granum*, grain.

14.—**THOMAS A BECKET**. Archbishop of Canterbury, 1117–1170.

15.—**THE CHEMISE** (she mēez'). From Ar. *kamis*.

16.—**CHRYSLITE** (krīs' o lite). From Gr. *chrysos*, gold, and *lithos*, stone. A silicate of magnesia and iron, occurring in fine green-colored crystals.—

HYACINTHS (hī' a sínths). Hyacinth, in ancient mythology, was a Spartan youth accidentally killed by Apollo. From his blood sprang the flower of that name. The word here refers to a precious stone of a violet color.—**EMERALDS** are precious stones of a deep-green color.—**SAPPHIRES** are stones of great hardness and beauty, and of various shades of blue and other colors.

17.—**KORAN** (kō rān'). The Mohammedan book of faith and worship. From Ar. *al-kuran*, the book.—**ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS**. A famous collection of tales of unknown date and origin. It was first made known to Europeans about the end of the seventeenth century by Antoine Galland, who was employed by the French minister Colbert to collect manuscripts in the East. The composition of this collection was probably not earlier than the fifteenth century, but it contains several stories from a much more ancient collection, called the "Thousand Fanciful Stories."

18.—**Rhyme** was not introduced into English poetry until more than four hundred years later.

PRONUNCIATION.—Ā' vi a ries; bou' doir (bōō dwōr); chān de liēr' (shān de lēēr'); Cōr' dō vā; ăx' ōt' ics (ăgz-); līt er ā' tī; nū mis māt' ics; pā' trons; Se vīllō'; sūl tā' nā; tāp' es try; To lē' do; Zār' y āb.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Irving's "Conquest of Granada"; Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella"; Yonge's "The Christians and the Moors in Spain"; Irving's "Alhambra."

XIV.—PRINCE YOUSUF AND THE ALCAYDE.

Page 78, Note 1.—**CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH**, a poet and artist, was born at Alexandria, Va., March 8, 1813. He was educated at Columbian College, in Washington, D. C., and at the divinity school of Harvard

University, but in 1842 decided to devote himself to landscape painting. He spent several years in Europe in the practice of his art. He is now a resident of New York City. He has done much admirable work in literature, and has published several volumes of poetry, the latest of which, "Ariel and Caliban," appeared in 1887. He has also written and illustrated some volumes of tales for children, and is the author of one of the best translations of Virgil's "Æneid" yet produced.

2.—**GRANADA** (grăn ä' dă'). A province of Spain from which the Moors, or Spanish Arabs, were expelled by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492.

3.—**ALCAYDE** (äl căde'). This is the Spanish word; the English spelling is usually *alcade* or *alcaid*. A governor of a castle, fort, or fortified town. From Ar. *al'-gaid*, governor, from *gāda*, to lead.

4.—**CHESS**. A very ancient game, played by two persons on a board having sixty-four squares, with two differently colored sets of men.

5.—**KNIGHTS AND BISHOPS**. Pieces used in playing chess.

6.—**BROTHER**. Observe the irony of this sentence. What is irony?

7.—**AMAIN**. At once. From A. S. *a*, with, and *māgn*, strength.

8.—**CHECKMATE**. The movement in the game of chess which ends the contest. From Per. *shah māt*, the king is conquered.

9.—**ALLAH AKBAR**. A battle cry of the Moslems, meaning "God is great."

PRONUNCIATION. — Mo hām' med; u şûrp' er (û zûrp' er);
Yqu' sūf.

XV.—THE EARLY NEW ENGLAND MINISTER.

Page 82, Note 1.—**MOSES COIT TYLER** was born at Griswold, Conn., August 2, 1835. He graduated at Yale College in 1857, and studied in the theological seminary at Andover, Mass. In 1860–62 he was pastor of the First Congregational Church at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. In 1867 he was elected to the chair of English literature and language in the University of Michigan. This position he resigned in 1881 to accept the professorship of American history at Cornell University. His principal literary work is "A History of American Literature," two volumes of which have been published.

2.—**THEOCRACY** (thē ōc' ra cy). Government by the immediate direction of God. From Gr. *Theos*, God, and *kratein*, to govern.

3.—**COVENANT**. The word is here used in its theological sense, meaning the promises of God conditioned on certain terms on the part of man, as faith, obedience, etc. A covenant of works refers to salvation for one's good works alone, without reference to one's faith.

4.—**TITHING-MEN**. Parish officers, whose duty it was to preserve good order in the church and to enforce the observance of the Sabbath. From A. S. *teothingman*, the chief man of a company of ten householders.

5.—**STOCKS**. A machine consisting of a frame of timber with holes, in which the feet and hands of criminals were confined by way of punishment.

6.—**SYLLOGISM** (sil' lō jizm). From Gr. *sun*, together, and *logiz' ō mai*, I reckon. A form of argument consisting of three terms or propositions, the first two of which are called premises and the third the conclusion, and are such that if the premises be allowed as true, the conclusion must be true also.

PRONUNCIATION.—Děf' er ençə; ha rănġue'd; hōm' age; mēt a phŷs' ic al; ōr' a to ry; phī lăn' thro py; Plŷm' ōūth; sōv' er eign (sŭv' er in); strĕn' u ōūs; tŷp' i fŷ ing.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Palfrey's "History of New England"; Tyler's "History of American Literature"; Longfellow's "Miles Standish"; Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter"; Mrs. Stowe's "The Minister's Wooing."

XVI.—RESOLUTIONS.

Page 86, Note 1.—JONATHAN EDWARDS was born at East Windsor, Conn., October 5, 1703. He graduated at Yale College in 1720; preached for about eight months in New York; was a tutor in Yale College from the summer of 1824 until the summer of 1826; was pastor of the church at Northampton from 1727 to 1750; was missionary to the Stockbridge Indians from 1751 to 1758; was installed as president of the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, February 16, 1758; and died on the 22d of March following. When a child he was acquainted not only with the ordinary writings in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, but with the abstruse and difficult works of modern philosophers. At the age of twelve he wrote a paper ridiculing the idea that the soul is material. The "Resolutions" were written for his own personal guidance while he was still a mere boy. As a preacher, and as an original thinker and reasoner, it is probable that no one in America has ever excelled him. His chief literary work was "An Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will," published in 1754; a volume of such enduring value that it is still sometimes used as a college text-book.

2.—NEVER SO MANY MYRIADS. Our more modern idiom would have it *ever* instead of *never*. In reading this extract take note of the many other peculiarities of expression.

3.—DEVOUT FRAMES. Devout conditions of mind.

4.—THE GOLDEN RULE. "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." Compare resolutions 9, 16, and 18, and account, if possible, for the repetition of the same idea.

XVII.—THE RIVER.

Page 89, Note 1.—PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1831. He was educated in Charleston, and was for several years engaged in journalism in that city. His first volume of poems, consisting chiefly of sonnets and lyrics, was published in 1854. At the close of the Civil War he removed to Georgia, and resided not far from Augusta until his death, which occurred July 6, 1886.

2.—SUNDOWN'S QUIVER. See note on "golden arrows," page 461.

3.—CLOUD-RACKS. Thin, flying, broken clouds. A. S. *racu*, rain.

4.—KNOLLED. Sounded as a bell. From A. S. *cnellan*, to sound a bell.

5.—PINIONS. Wings. From Lat. *pinna*, *penna*, feather, wing.

6.—BIGHT. Bending or bay. From A. S. *bugan*, to bend.

7.—MISKERĒ, Lat., have mercy—a prayer for mercy.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Tennyson's "The Brook"; Byron's "Apostrophe to the Ocean"; Lanier's "Song of the Chattahoochee"; Southey's "How the Water Comes Down at Lodore."

XVIII.—SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY.

Page 92, Note 1.—PATRICK HENRY was born at Studley, Va., in 1736; died at Red Hill, Va., June 6, 1799. His education was quite limited, being confined to the instruction received in an "old field school" and in a grammar school taught by his father in his own house. Such was his indolence in youth and early manhood that although he attempted at different times several trades and professions, he failed in all. At length, after studying law six weeks, he was admitted to the bar, where he soon distinguished himself for his eloquence. "It seems to me," said Jefferson, "that he speaks as Homer wrote." The speech here presented was delivered before the Virginia House of Burgesses, March 23, 1775. At its conclusion the resolution in favor of resistance to British tyranny was unanimously passed.

2.—**SIREN.** Sea nymphs said to dwell on some island in the Mediterranean, and to sing with such sweetness that those who sailed within hearing of them forgot all things else, and died in an ecstasy of happiness. It was not the sirens, but Circe, who was said by means of enchantments to transform men into beasts.

3.—There are several scriptural allusions in this speech, such as in the lines just above, also in line 17, and on page 95, lines 15 and 25.

4.—**MARTIAL.** Warlike. From Lat. *Mars*, the god of war.

5.—**PROSTRATED.** Bowed in humble reverence. From Lat. *pro*, before, and *sternere*, to stretch out.

6.—**SUPINELY.** Helplessly. From Lat. *supinus*, thrown backward.

XIX.—BOOKS.

Page 96, Note 1.—EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE was born at Gloucester, Mass., March 8, 1819. He was a distinguished lecturer and critic, and in his several volumes reviewed the works of many of the best British and American writers. His principal works are "Lectures on Literature and Life"; "Character and Characteristic Men"; and "The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth." He died June 16, 1886.

2.—**PAPYRUS.** A species of reed common in Egypt, from which was made a material for writing upon. The word *paper* is derived from the name of this plant.

3.—**ARCADIA.** A mountainous district in the southern part of Greece, famed in ancient times for the quiet, pastoral habits of the people. The scenes of pastoral poems and romances are frequently located in Arcadia.

4.—**WAR OF TROY.** The war of the Greeks against Troy, celebrated by Homer in the "Iliad." Explain the meaning of this sentence.

5.—Allusion to the characters described in the "Faerie Queene," written by Edmund Spenser about the end of the sixteenth century.

6.—**MILTON'S ANGELS.** The angels, "innumerable before the Almighty's throne," described so graphically by Milton in "Paradise Lost."

7.—From Burns's "Tam O'Shanter." The stanza reads thus:

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever."

8.—Milton's "Areopagitica, a Speech on the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing," was written in 1644, and addressed to Parliament as a protest against the official censorship of the press.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Selections from Milton's "Areopagitica"; Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies"; "The Choice of Books," by F. Harrison.

XX.—WHALE FISHING IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

Page 99, Note 1.—HERMAN MELVILLE was born in New York in 1819. At the age of eighteen he embarked as a sailor on a vessel bound for Liverpool. Three years later he was one of the crew of a whaling vessel in the South Pacific Ocean. On account of the ill-treatment which he received from the captain he deserted, with a comrade, on one of the Marquesas islands. For four months he remained in captivity to the natives in the valley of Typee. Being rescued by a whaler from Australia, he was carried to the Society and Sandwich islands, and finally arrived in Boston in 1844. In 1846 he published an account of his adventures in a book entitled "Typee." In "Omoo," published the next year, he narrated his escape from Typee and his subsequent voyage. Both these books were very successful. Several other works followed, such as "Mardi, and a Voyage Thither," "Redburn," and "Moby Dick, or the White Whale." In 1866 Mr. Melville published a volume of poems called "Battle Pieces, and Aspects of the War."

2.—ROYAL SHROUDS. Ropes attached to the sails above the topgallant sails.—MAIN AND MIZZEN. The main or middle mast, and the hindmost mast of a ship.

3.—TRANSE. Passage, extent. An uncommon use of this word. Observe its use in another sense, page 104, line 18. From Lat. *transire*, to go over.

4.—SPERM WHALE. The species of whale from which spermaceti is obtained.—LEE. The side which is sheltered from the wind. From A. S. *leo*, shelter.—LEEWARD. That part towards which the wind blows.

5.—ETHIOPIAN HUE. Black.

6.—BURGHER. A free citizen.—GREAT FISH. The whale, although popularly so regarded, is not a fish, but a warm-blooded, air-breathing mammal.

7.—LUFF. Turn the head of the ship towards the wind.

8.—FLUKES. The points of a whale's tail, so called from their resembling the flukes, or points of an anchor.

9.—JEOPARDY. Peril, danger. From Fr. *j'ai perdu*, I have lost.

10.—LOGGERHEAD. A piece of round timber in a whaleboat over which the line is passed to make it run more slowly. From *log* and *head*.

11.—LEES. The dregs or sediment. Used only in the plural.

XXI.—PEASANT LIFE IN AFRICA.

Page 105, Note 1.—HENRY M. STANLEY was born near Denbigh, Wales, in 1840. His original name was John Rowlands. At the age of

three he was sent to the poorhouse at St. Asaph, where he remained ten years. While still a youth he shipped as cabin boy on board a vessel bound from Liverpool to New Orleans. At the latter place he found employment with a merchant named Stanley, who adopted him and gave him the name by which he has since been known. Upon the death of his benefactor young Stanley was again thrown upon his own resources. He enlisted in the Confederate army, was taken prisoner, and afterwards enlisted in the United States navy. After the close of the war he traveled in Turkey, and, as correspondent of the *New York Herald*, visited Abyssinia, Spain, and many other countries. In 1871 he set out for the interior of Africa in search of Dr. Livingstone, whom he found at Ujiji. Since that time he has been chiefly occupied in exploring the central regions of Africa, and in opening to commerce and civilization the great Congo Free State. He has, in the midst of his labors, found time to write many books, such as "How I Found Livingstone," "Through the Dark Continent," "My Kalulu," and "The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State."

- 2.—UGANDA. A country north and west of Lake Victoria Nyanza.
- 3.—VETCHES. Leguminous plants, valuable for fodder.
- 4.—MANIOC. A tropical plant, from which tapioca is prepared.
- 5.—SESAMUM. A herbaceous plant, the seeds of which are sometimes used for food, and from which a kind of oil is obtained.
- 6.—POMBE. A kind of liquor.
- 7.—MUZIMU. Protecting deity.—GENIUS. A good or evil guardian spirit.
- 8.—HARTBEEST. A species of antelope.
- 9.—TORUS. A large molding, used in the bases of columns.
- 10.—MARAUDER. Plunderer. From Fr. *maraud*, a prowling cat.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED. Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent" and "My Kalulu"; Knox's "Boy Travelers in Central Africa"; Livingstone's "South Africa."

XXII.—JOHN BULL AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

Page 109, Note 1.—JAMES KIRKE PAULDING was born at Nine Partners, Dutchess County, N. Y., August 22, 1779. His education was such as he could obtain in the village school, aided by a course of self-instruction. He went to New York in 1800, and, with Washington Irving and William Irving, edited a series of papers called *Salmagundi*. He was for several years Navy Agent for New York; and during the administration of President Van Buren (1837-1841) he held the office of Secretary of the Navy. He died April 6, 1860. His principal writings are "The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan," "The Dutchman's Fireside," "Westward, Ho!" and a "Life of George Washington."

JOHN BULL is a collective name often applied to the English nation. It was first used by John Arbuthnot near the beginning of the last century in a satire—"The History of John Bull"—written to ridicule the Duke of Marlborough. In this satire the English are designated as John Bull, the French as Lewis Baboon, and the Dutch as Nicholas Frog.

BROTHER JONATHAN. When Washington assumed charge of the colonial army in 1775 he found a great lack of military supplies, and the officers were unable to suggest any means by which these supplies might be procured. Jonathan Trumbull was at that time Governor of Connecticut, and in him Washington placed great confidence. "We must consult Brother Jonathan,"

said he. It was done, and many of the wants of the army were soon supplied. Afterwards, when the aid of some competent adviser and helper was desired, the soldiers were wont to repeat the saying, "We must consult Brother Jonathan." This passed finally into a byword, and the name *Brother Jonathan* became a sobriquet of the American people.

2.—CHOLERIC. Easily irritated. From Gr. *cholē*, bile.

3.—THIRTY-NINE DIFFERENT ARTICLES. The thirty-nine articles of faith in the English established church.

4.—THIRTEEN GOOD FARMS. The thirteen original colonies. Name them.

5.—LINSEY-WOOLSEY. A kind of homemade cloth, woven partly of flax and partly of wool.

6.—TEAKETTLE. An allusion to the "Boston tea-party," for an account of which see Harper's "Fourth Reader," page 266.

7.—FEE SIMPLE. Property held without conditions or limits. The word *fee* is from A. S. *feoh*, cattle; cattle being used in early times as a medium of exchange or payment, the word came to signify money, value, price, hire, goods, property.

XXIII.—SAINT JONATHAN.

Page 112, Note 1.—JOHN GODFREY SAXE was born at Highgate, Vermont, June 2, 1816. He graduated at Middlebury College in 1839, and soon afterwards entered upon the practice of law at St. Albans. In 1850 he became editor of the *Burlington Sentinel*, with which paper he remained connected for several years. In 1856 he was appointed State's Attorney for Vermont. His last years were years of reverses and great gloom and sadness. He died in 1887. His poems are remarkable for their witty turns of language and their delicately pointed moral lessons.

2.—ST. GEORGE, the patron saint of the English.—ST. NICHOLAS, the patron saint of boys. He is said to have been Bishop of Myra, and to have died in the year 326. Children were everywhere taught to revere him. Santa Claus is but another name for this saint. In the first draft of this piece the name in this line was St. Patrick instead of St. Nicholas.—ST. VITUS. A witty allusion to St. Vitus's dance, a functional disorder of the nervous system occurring usually in young persons.—ST. DENIS, the patron saint of the French.—ST. ANDREW, the patron saint of the Scotch.

3.—GAUL. Frenchman. The ancient name of France was Gaul; the inhabitants were called Gauls.

4.—SOOTH. Truth. From A. S. *sōðh*, truth.

5.—CALENDAR NEIGHBORS. In the Catholic Church each saint is assigned a day in the calendar; hence, those canonized by the Church are sometimes called calendar saints.

6.—LUGUBRIOUS. Mournful. From Lat. *lugere*, to mourn.

7.—ANON. Soon. From O. Eng. *anoon*, in one—that is, in one moment.

XXIV.—CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

Page 115, Note 1.—ROBERT COLLYER was born in Keighley, Yorkshire, England, December 8, 1823. Being obliged when eight years of age to

find employment in a factory and earn his own living, he educated himself. In 1837 he was apprenticed to a blacksmith. In 1849 he became a local Methodist preacher. In 1850 he came to the United States, and opened a blacksmith's shop at Shoemakertown, Pennsylvania, preaching to the Methodists of that village on Sundays. In 1859 he united with the Unitarian Church, and went to Chicago to take charge of a small mission church. There he soon became known as a speaker and writer of much more than ordinary ability, and his reputation as a preacher and lecturer extended rapidly to all parts of the country. In 1879 he became pastor of the Church of the Messiah, in New York City. He has written several books on subjects of a religious or ethical character. Among these are, "Nature and Life," "The Life that Now Is," and "Talks to Young Men."

2.—CHARLES LAMB was born in London, February 18, 1775. His "Essays of Elia" are perhaps the most delightful writings of their class in existence, remarkable for their quaint gracefulness and their rare felicities of expression. Mary Lamb assisted her brother in some of his literary labors, writing with him a volume of "Tales from Shakespeare" and another of "Poems for Children." When in good health she was remarkable for her sweet temper and gentle manners. Her last years were spent in an asylum for the insane. She died in 1847, aged eighty-two years.

EDMONTON. A village about seven miles north-northeast of London; a favorite residence of London merchants. Charles Lamb is buried there.

3.—JOHN GILPIN. Every one has read Cowper's famous ballad :

"John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown."

4.—THOMAS HOOD. An English poet, born 1798, died 1845.

5.—SHEER. Unrelieved. Used in a very different sense, page 61, line 12.

—THE BELL. Taverns and houses of entertainment were formerly known and designated by the figure painted on the signboard which hung before them, as the "Bell," the "Lion," the "King's Arms," etc.

6.—MY FOLIOS. Charles Lamb was a most sincere lover of books, caring nothing for fine binding, "but hugging a rare folio all the nearer to his heart for its worn edges and shabby binding." Leigh Hunt says that he once saw Lamb kiss a volume of Chapman's "Homer."

7.—The battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill were both fought in the same year in which Lamb was born.

8.—THE TEMPLE. The Inner Temple is the name of a famous law school and corporation of lawyers in London. Lamb's father was a servant to one of the benchers or governors of the Temple, and here were spent the first seven years of his life. Read Lamb's essay on "The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple."

9.—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. A well-known English poet (1770-1850).

10.—DAVID GARRICK. A celebrated actor and dramatist (1716-1779).

11.—IZAAB WALTON. A quaint English writer, celebrated as the author of "The Compleat Angler" (1598-1683).

12.—ANOTHER HUMORIST. Charles Dickens, the well-known author of "David Copperfield" and many other works of fiction (1812-1870).—MICAWBER. A character in the story of "David Copperfield."

13.—CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. Commonly called the Bluecoat School, one of the oldest and most famous of the charitable schools of London. It was founded in 1552, and chartered by Edward VI. Several eminent men have

been educated there.—**HUMANITIES.** Those branches of learning which were supposed to polish or humanize the mind. In Scotland, rhetoric, poetry, Greek, and Latin—now restricted to the Latin language.

14.—Observe the irony in this sentence, and read it so as to bring out its full meaning.

15.—**OLD BURTON.** One of Lamb's favorite folios was "The Anatomy of Melancholy," by Robert Burton (1576–1640).

16.—**WILLIAM HAZLITT.** English critic and miscellaneous writer (1778–1830).—Line 22. Lamb's friend—Thomas Moore, the poet.

17.—**THE WIND WAS TEMPERED TO THE SHORN LAMBS.** Laurence Sterne, an English novelist and humorist (1713–1768) first used the expression: "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." This is in his "Sentimental Journey." The poet George Herbert expresses the same idea thus: "To a close-shorn sheep God gives wind by measure." The thought was probably borrowed originally from Virgil.

18.—The story of the **BABES IN THE WOOD.**

19.—**BUSK.** To array one's self. From Lat. *buscus*, *boscus*, originally to go through a bush.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Selections from the "Essays of Elia," by Charles Lamb.

XXV.—MARCO BOZZARIS.

Page 122, Note 1.—**FITZ-GREENE HALLECK** was born at Guilford, Conn., in 1790. He was educated chiefly at the grammar school of Guilford, and at the age of twenty-one entered a banking house in New York, where he remained for many years. He visited Europe in 1822–23, and about that time wrote "Marco Bozzaris." The first collected edition of his poems was published in 1827. Mr. Halleck died at Guilford November 17, 1867.

2.—**MARCO BOZZARIS.** A Greek patriot, born about 1790. On the night of August 19, 1823, he made an attack on the Turkish camp, and, with three hundred and fifty Suliotes, defeated the pasha of Scutari, who had been sent against him with a considerable army. While marching at the head of his band he was killed by a shot in the face. Mr. Halleck's poem commemorating his heroism is regarded as one of the finest battle lyrics ever written. It has been translated into modern Greek.

3.—**SULIOTES.** Natives of the Suli mountain region.

4.—**PERSIAN.** Xerxes the Great, King of Persia, in the year 480 B.C., invaded Greece with a large army. Being defeated in naval battles at Artemisium and Salamis, he returned to Asia, leaving three hundred thousand men under Mardonius to carry on the conquest of Greece. Mardonius was utterly overthrown at Plataea in 479.

5.—**MOSLEM** (Ar. *muslim*, a true believer). Believers in the Mohammedan religion. Written also *Mussulman*.

6.—**STORIED BRAVE.** The heroic warriors of Ancient Greece, whose deeds are related in song and story, as Leonidas and his Spartans at the battle of Thermopylae, etc. See "Harper's Fourth Reader," page 347.—**STORIED.** Having a history.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Stephens's account of Bozzaris in his "Travels in Greece"; "The Isles of Greece," by Lord Byron.

XXVI.—A TEMPEST AT SEA.

Page 124, Note 1.—JOHN HUGHES, the first archbishop of New York, was born in Ireland in 1797. He emigrated to Maryland in 1817, and for two years worked as a day-laborer. When twenty-two years of age he was admitted to Mount St. Mary's College on condition of managing the garden in return for his boarding and instruction. He was ordained priest in 1826, and began his ministry in Philadelphia. In 1838 he was consecrated coadjutor-bishop of New York, and in 1842 succeeded to the bishopric. His rule from the first was vigorous and active. He established schools, founded colleges, introduced several religious orders, and engaged in numerous controversies on religious, educational, and political topics. At the request of the Government he went to Europe in 1861 to exert his influence for the benefit of the national cause. After his return, Mr. Lincoln requested the Pope to elevate him to the rank of cardinal. He died in 1864. The description of a tempest here given was written at sea on the day following the storm.

2.—**FAST DAY.** On fast days Catholics are required not to eat more than one full meal, which must not be taken before midday. On such days the Church limits the quantity as well as the kind of food. On an abstinence day the limit imposed affects only the nature of the food. 3.—**CAPRICE.** Sudden change, or whim. From Lat. *capra*, a goat, on account of the sudden starts or capers of that animal. 4.—**ELEMENTS.** Formerly *earth, air, water*, and *fire* were called the four *elements*, because they were deemed first principles.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: "The Voyage," by Washington Irving.

XXVII.—THE BELL OF LIBERTY.

Page 130, Note 1.—JOEL TYLER HEADLEY was born in Walton, N. Y., December 30, 1814. He was educated at Union College, where he graduated in 1839, and at Auburn Theological Seminary. He was for two years pastor of a church at Stockbridge, Mass., after which he abandoned the ministry and devoted himself to literature. He is the author of a large number of works, chiefly biographical and historical, among which are "Napoleon and his Marshals," "Washington and his Generals," "History of the Civil War in the United States," and "Sacred Heroes and Martyrs." His style is sometimes florid to a fault, and he is not always strictly accurate in his historical statements; but his works were once very popular.

2.—**RICHARD HENRY LEE.** An American statesman, born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, in 1732; died in the same county in 1794.

3.—**JOHN ADAMS.** Second President of the United States. See note 1, on next page.

4.—**BOWLING GREEN.** A small circular park at the foot of Broadway.

5.—**FANEUIL HALL** (fān el, or fūn el). The original building was presented to the city of Boston in 1742 by Peter Faneuil. It was burned in 1761, but rebuilt shortly afterwards. It was the usual place of meeting of the patriots during the Revolution, and hence has sometimes been called the cradle of American liberty.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: The Declaration of Independence. The "Supposed Speech of John Adams," by Daniel Webster.

XXVIII.—PREDICTIONS CONCERNING FOURTH OF JULY.

Page 133, Note 1.—JOHN ADAMS, the second President of the United States, was born at Quincy, Mass., October 19, 1735; he died July 4, 1826. He was a statesman rather than an author, and hence his writings consist of state papers and political documents, and selections from his autobiography and correspondence. The Declaration of Independence was drawn up by Jefferson, but the task devolved on Adams of battling it through Congress. On July 1st Richard Henry Lee's resolution, which had been introduced June 7th, was taken up, and nine colonies voted for it in *committee of the whole*. The final vote was taken upon it by Congress July 2d, and twelve of the colonies voted in favor of it, New York not being ready to act. The Declaration of Independence, submitted to Congress June 28th, was agreed to on the evening of July 4th, New York not voting. The debate upon the Declaration occupied the three days intervening between the adoption of the resolution and the final vote. The measure was so powerfully opposed by some of the members that Jefferson compared the opposition to "the ceaseless action of gravity, weighing upon us by night and by day." The Declaration was signed by John Hancock, and published July 4th. The other delegates, including those from New York, signed it on the 2d of August, after it had been engrossed. Compare these statements with those of Mr. Headley in the preceding extract.

2.—EPOCH. A fixed point of time. From Gr. *ēpi*, upon, and *schēin*, to hold. 3.—APT. Inclined. Seldom used in this sense.

XXIX.—ABSALOM.

Page 135, Note 1.—NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS was born in Portland, Me., in 1806. He graduated at Yale College in 1827. In 1828 he established the *American Monthly Magazine*, which, two years afterwards, was merged into the *New York Mirror*. He visited Europe in 1830, remaining abroad until 1837. In 1846, in conjunction with George P. Morris, he established the *Home Journal*, with which he remained connected until his death. He died at Idlewild, near Newburgh, N. Y., in 1867. "Absalom" is probably his best poem, and the work by which he will be longest remembered.

2.—JORDAN. A river of Palestine famed in sacred history. What figure of rhetoric is used in this sentence?

3.—The story of Absalom's rebellion is given in 2 Samuel, xv.—xviii.

4.—"And when he polled his head (for it was at every year's end that he polled it; because the hair was heavy on him, therefore he polled it): he weighed the hair of his head at two hundred shekels after the king's weight."—2 Samuel, xiv., 26.

5.—SACKCLOTH. Coarse cloth put on as a sign of mourning.

6.—MANTLING. Reveling in pleasure, joyful. The mantling blush would indicate pleasure and health.

XXX.—HORSESHOE ROBINSON.

Page 139, Note 1.—JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1795. He was educated at Baltimore College, and in 1816

entered into the practice of law, a profession which he followed for more than twenty years. He was the author of several works of fiction, the most successful of which was "Horseshoe Robinson, a Tale of the Tory Ascendancy," published in 1835. Other popular works are "Swallow Barn, or a Sojourn in the Old Dominion," descriptive of plantation life in Virginia, and "Rob of the Bowl," a story of the Maryland provinces in the time of Lord Calvert. He wrote also a "Life of William Wirt," and some historical works of minor value. He was for several years a member of Congress from Maryland, and in 1852 was appointed Secretary of the Navy by President Fillmore. He died in Newport, R. I., in 1870.

- 2.—HORSESHOE ROBINSON. The hero of the tale of the same name.
- 3.—SERGEANT (*sâr' jent*). A noncommissioned officer next in rank above a corporal. From Mid. Lat. *servicus*, from *servire*, to serve.
- 4.—NINETY SIX. A village in Abbeville County, South Carolina.
- 5.—ENNOREE. A river in South Carolina.
- 6.—TORIES. In the time of the Revolution the Tories were those who favored the claims of Great Britain against the colonies. The name Tory is now applied to the Conservative party in England. The word is said to have been derived from the Irish *toir*, a robber, a savage, a pursuer.
- 7.—ENSCONCE. To hide securely. From *en*, in, and *sconce*, a shelter.
- 8.—TRENCHER. A large wooden plate or platter.
- 9.—TANTAMOUNT. Equivalent. From Lat. *tantus*, so much, and Eng. *amount*.
- 10.—CAMDEN. The county seat of Kershaw County, South Carolina.
- 11.—SUMTER. Thomas Sumter, an American general in the Revolutionary War—1784–1832.
- 12.—SCRUMMAGE. A corruption of *skirmish*, a general row or fight.

XXXI.—ON THE BANKS OF THE TENNESSEE.

Page 150, Note 1.—WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER was born in Philadelphia in 1808. When still a child he went to Cincinnati, and in 1825 entered a printing office in that city. He was the editor at different times of several periodicals, and from 1839 to 1850 was associate editor of the *Cincinnati Gazette*. He published three small volumes of poetry in 1835–37, and in 1846 issued a select edition of his poetical works. In 1853 he became one of the editors of the *Louisville Daily Courier*. During the Civil War he was engaged in the Treasury Department at Washington, D. C.

XXXII.—AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

Page 152, Note 1.—ISAAC ISRAEL HAYES was born in Chester County, Pa., in 1832. He was educated in Philadelphia, and at the age of twenty-one graduated from the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, and was appointed surgeon of Dr. Kane's Grinnell Expedition to the Arctic Ocean. In 1860 Dr. Hayes, with fourteen companions, himself being the commander, made a second voyage to the polar regions. He returned to Boston late the following year, and entered the United States Army as surgeon. In 1869 he sailed in the steamer *Panther*, and explored

the southern coasts of Greenland. On his return he published an account of the voyage in a book entitled "The Land of Desolation." He had previously published "The Open Polar Sea" (1867) and "Cast Away in the Cold" (1868). He died December 27, 1881.

2.—**CAMERA** (cām' e rā). A box in which by means of lenses external objects are represented on a surface within. From Gr. *kamāra*, an arched chamber.

3.—**FUSILLADE OF ARTILLERY**. A simultaneous discharge of cannon.

4.—**GOTHIC SPIRES**. See note on "Gothic minster," page 466.

5.—**"PANTHER."** The name of the vessel commanded by Dr. Haysa.

6.—**VORTEX**. See "description of Niagara," page 204.

7.—**UNDERTOW**. The returning flow of the wave.

8.—**FJORD** (fyōrd, pro. in one syllable). A long, narrow inlet.

XXXIII.—THE SAVAGES OF NORTH AMERICA.

Page 158, Note 1.—**BENJAMIN FRANKLIN** was born in Boston, January 17, 1706. His father was a tallow chandler. At an early age Benjamin was bound as apprentice to his brother James, a printer. The boy, besides learning his trade, now carried on a system of self-education, reading all the books that came in his way. When seventeen years of age he left his brother and went to New York in search of work. Disappointed there, he continued his journey to Philadelphia, where he finally found not only employment, but the favor of the governor of the province, who proposed to him to set up business for himself, and promised him the public printing. Induced by these promises, he made a voyage to England to purchase types and material, but upon his arrival in London he found that he had been deceived by the governor. Being alone and penniless, he was again obliged to seek employment in a printing office until opportunity offered for his return, which did not occur until October, 1726. In 1732 he began the publication of "Poor Richard's Almanac," an annual, which was continued for twenty-five years. In 1744 he became the founder of the University of Pennsylvania and of the American Philosophical Society. In 1753 he was appointed Postmaster-general for America. In 1757 he was sent to England as a commissioner from the colonies to ask the home government for a redress of grievances; and in 1764 he was sent a second time on a similar mission, this time remaining abroad several years. Returning to America, he was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776, and was soon afterwards sent to Paris as a commissioner to treat with the French Government. He did not return again to America until 1785, after having concluded treaties not only with France, but with Sweden and Prussia. On September 14, 1785, he was elected "President of Pennsylvania." He died April 17, 1790, honored by the entire country. His works fill ten large volumes.

2.—**SAVAGES** (Lat. *silvaticus*, living in the woods—from *silva*, a wood—literally, one who lives in the woods). Uncivilized human beings.

3.—**SIX NATIONS**. See note on "Five Nations," page 458.

4.—**WILLIAMSBURG**. A town, on James River, fifty miles E.S.E. of Richmond. The College of William and Mary was located here.

5.—**APT**. Disposed, inclined. See note on same word, p. 480.

XXXIV.—NOVEMBER.

Page 164, Note 1.—Mrs. ELIZABETH (Barstow) STODDARD was born at Mattapoisett, Mass. In 1852 she was married to Richard Henry Stoddard. (See page 460.) She has written not only many poems of a high order of merit, but several works of fiction descriptive of New England life and manners. "Temple House," the best of these stories, published in 1856, has recently been reissued. Mrs. Stoddard has also assisted her husband in editing several valuable literary works.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Bryant's "The Death of the Flowers."

XXXV.—THE SNOWSTORM.

Page 165, Note 1.—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was born in Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807. He worked on a farm till his twentieth year, in the mean while attending the Haverhill Academy two years. In 1829 he was editor of the *American Manufacturer* in Boston, and in 1830 of the *New England Weekly Review*. Returning to the farm, he was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature in 1835. Three years afterwards he removed to Philadelphia to edit the *Pennsylvania Freeman*. The office of his paper being destroyed by a mob, he removed in 1840 to Amesbury, Mass. His first volume of poetry was published in 1836. Many other volumes and collected editions have since been issued. He died at Hampton Falls, N. H., Sept. 7, 1892.

2.—STANCHION. A prop, support, post.—WANING (A. S. *wan*, wanting). Decreasing, growing smaller.—STUFF (Lat. *stuppa*, tow, oakum). Woven material, cloth.—CHORES. Tasks—a word now used only in the United States—from Eng. *char*, or *chare*, a task, a single job (A. S. *cerr*, *cyrr*, business).—STALLS. Divisions in a stable for horses or cattle.

3.—QUERULOUS. Complaining. From Lat. *queri*, to complain.

4.—SPHERULE. A little sphere.

5.—PELLICLE. Thin crust. From Lat. *pellis*, skin.

6.—HOARY (A. S. *hár*, gray. White or whitish.—METEOR (Gr. *metēōra*, things in the air). This word in its broader sense, as used here, means any phenomenon in the atmosphere, as rain, hail, snow, etc.

7.—SWEEP. The pole, moved on a fulcrum or post, used to raise and lower a bucket in a well.—MIRACLE. The famous leaning tower at Pisa in Italy.

XXXVI.—A SNOWSTORM.

Page 167, Note 1.—JOHN BURROUGHS was born at Roxbury, N. Y., April 3, 1837. He was the son of a farmer, and received only an academic education. He taught school for eight or nine years, and from 1864 to 1873 he was clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington, D. C. In the latter year he returned to his native State and settled on a farm at Esopus, N. Y., where he devoted his time to literature and fruit culture. He has written several volumes, chiefly on rural themes, the most popular of which are "Peapon," "Winter Sunshine," "Wake Robin," and "Signs and Seasons."

2.—EMERSON. See biographical note, page 505.

- 3.—HOMER. See "Iliad," Book xii., line 280.
 4.—LOWELL. See biographical note, page 508.
 5.—WRAITH. A Scottish word, meaning apparition, likeness.
 6.—EMBARGO (Spanish *embargar*, to restrain, to impede). An order to a ship or ships not to trade or leave port for a time.
 7.—SERAPHIC. Bright, pure, angelic. From Heb. *seraph*, to burn.
 8.—BOLTING. Separating the bran from the flour. From Mid. Lat. *bulk-larē*, to sift meal, from *burra*, coarse, woollen cloth.
 9.—FORM. The seat or bed of a hare.
 10.—OURIK. Drooping. 11.—BRATTLE (Icelandic *bradr* violent). Clashing. 12.—SPRATTLE (Sw. *sprattla*). Sprawl. 13.—SCAUR (Icelandic *sker*, a rock in the sea). A steep bank. 14.—ILK (A. S. *ylc*, the same). The same, each.—HAPPING. Hopping.—CHITTERING. Chattering.
 15.—PSALMS, cxlvii., 16.
 16.—BESOM. A broom. From A. S. *besmas*, twigs.
 17.—PARIAN. From *Paros*, an island in the Ægean Sea, famed for its fine quality of marble.
 18.—PLUTARCH. Greek biographer and moralist, born A.D. 49, died A.D. 120.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Emerson's poem, "The Snowstorm"; Burns's "A Winter Night."

XXXVII.—THE OLD-TIME THANKSGIVING DAY.

Page 174, Note 1.—DONALD GRANT MITCHELL was born in Norwich, Conn., in April, 1822. He graduated at Yale College in 1841, and afterwards studied law in New York. In 1850, under the pseudonyme of "Ik Marvel," he published "The Reveries of a Bachelor," a book which at once attained remarkable popularity, and has not yet lost favor. "Dream-Life," a work of similar character and almost equal excellence, appeared in 1851. In 1853 Mr. Mitchell was appointed United States Consul at Venice. Returning to America in 1855, he settled on his farm at Edgewood, near New Haven, where he has since resided. In his "My Farm at Edgewood," and "Wet Days at Edgewood," he treats of farm subjects in a most entertaining manner. He has also written "Dr. Johns," a successful novel, "Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic," "Rural Studies," and "Bound Together."

- 2.—BASTED. Roasted in fat.
 3.—SCALLOPED. With curved edges like a scallop shell.
 4.—DOXOLOGY. Hymn of praise. From Gr. *doxa*, praise, and *logos*, a word.
 5.—MÆLSTROM. Whirlpool. From the name of a celebrated whirlpool on the coast of Norway.
 6.—CRÆSUS. A king of Lydia famed for his great wealth (560 B.C.).
 7.—SOROSIANS. A humorous allusion to a society of ladies advocating woman suffrage.
 8.—SATYRS (sā' ters). Sylvan demigods, part man and part goat, characterized by their riotous merriment.
 9.—PERDU (pěr dū'). Lost to view.
 10.—ATREOLE. A halo, or circle of rays.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Selections from "The Reveries of a Bachelor," and "Dream-Life."

XXXVIII.—INTO THE BETTER LAND.

Page 180, Note 1.—ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN, sometimes called the poet-priest of the South, was born at Norfolk, Va., August 15, 1839. He entered the priesthood at an early age, and during the war was chaplain of a regiment in the Confederate army. In 1865 he settled in New Orleans, and was for a short time editor of the *Star*, a Catholic paper published in that city. He was for several years pastor of St. Mary's Church at Mobile, after which he spent some time with the Jesuit fathers at Loyola College, Baltimore, making frequent lecturing tours in the South and West. He died at Louisville, Ky., April 22, 1886. At the time of his death he was engaged in writing a Life of Christ.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard."

XXXIX.—THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

Page 181, Note 1.—THOMAS JEFFERSON, the third President of the United States, was born in Albemarle County, Va., April 2, 1743; died at Monticello, July 4, 1826. He was appointed by the Continental Congress in 1776 to draft the Declaration of Independence, and this document may be regarded as his greatest literary work. His collected works, embracing his autobiography, correspondence, reports, messages, addresses, and other writings, fill nine large octavo volumes.

2.—Sir FRANCIS BACON, philosopher and statesman, and founder of the modern system of philosophy, was born in 1561; died in 1626. His "Essays" are among the best ever written.—JOHN LOCKE, philosopher and theologian, was born in 1632; died in 1704. His "Essay on the Human Understanding" occupies a high place in English metaphysical literature.—Sir ISAAC NEWTON, philosopher and mathematician, was born in 1642; died in 1727.

3.—CONSANGUINITY. Blood relationship. From Lat. *con*, with, and *sanguis*, blood.

4.—BIAS. Prejudice in favor of. From Mid. Lat. *bif' acem*, a two-faced thing.

5.—JOURNALIZING. Entering in a book or journal. From Mid. Lat. *diurnal*, daily.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: "Life of Thomas Jefferson," by James Parton; Morse's "Thomas Jefferson," in the American Statesmen Series.

XL.—ORATION ON THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

Page 184, Note 1.—HENRY LEE was born in Westmoreland County, Va., January 29, 1756; died at Cumberland Island, Ga., in 1818. In 1799, when Congress received intelligence of the death of Washington, Lee, being a member of that body, was appointed to pronounce the eulogium. The resolutions which he drew up for the occasion, and from which this extract is taken, were presented during Lee's temporary absence by his friend Judge Marshall. Henry Lee was long known in Virginia by the name of "Legion Harry," or "Light-horse Harry," in allusion to the rapid and daring move-

ments of his corps in the War of the Revolution. He was the father of General Robert E. Lee, commander of the Confederate armies in the Civil War.

2.—SINGLE. A peculiar use of this word. The sentence probably means, "How shall I *present separately* his worthiest characteristics?"

3.—BRADDOCK. The defeat of Braddock occurred July 9, 1755, near the present site of Pittsburg. Washington was then about twenty-three years old.

4.—YEOMANRY. A collective body of farmers. The word is little used in America. From O. Eng. *yeman*, a servant, or a young man.

5.—YORK ISLAND. Manhattan Island, on which is the city of New York.

6.—FIELDS OF TRENTON. Observe the similar forms of expression which follow, used, doubtless, for rhetorical effect, as: "The lawns of Princeton," "the strong grounds of Morristown," "the vales of Brandywine," "the plains of Monmouth."

7.—CHIEF. Lord Howe. See page 413. 8.—HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM. See page 410. 9.—WOLFE, MONTCALM. The opposing generals in the Battle of Quebec, 1759.

10.—MONTGOMERY. Richard Montgomery, an American general who fell at Quebec, 1775.

11.—Generals HORATIO GATES and NATHANAEL GREENE.

12.—The French forces under D'Estaing at the siege of Yorktown.

13.—Lord Cornwallis became Governor general of India in 1786; and in a war with Tippoo Saib, the powerful sovereign of Mysore, obliged that monarch in 1792 to sign a treaty by which he ceded to the English about half his dominions, and paid them \$16,500,000 in money.

14.—This expression, now so commonly applied to Washington, was used for the first time in this oration as here quoted.

PRONUNCIATION.—Mo nŏn ga hě' la; cŏm' bat ing; fŏr' mi da ble; săt' el lites; ěf fŭl' ģenĉe.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Winthrop's "Oration at Washington's Monument"; Howland's "Birthday of Washington"; "The Brightest Name of History," by Eliza Cook; J. Q. Adams on "Washington and Jefferson."

XLI.—THE BISON TRACK.

Page 187, Note 1.—BAYARD TAYLOR was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, January 11, 1825. His opportunities during youth were but limited, and he was in a measure self-educated. At the age of seventeen he entered a printing office in West Chester as apprentice. Two years later he visited Europe, and made a pedestrian tour to the principal places of interest in that continent. The account of this journey in his "Views Afoot," which he published on his return, at once made him famous. He afterwards visited California, Egypt, Asia Minor, India, Japan, and other countries, and described his observations and experience in a series of interesting works. At a later date (1863-1870) he published four novels, "Hannah Thurston," "John Godfrey's Fortunes," "The Story of Kennett," and "Joseph and his Friend." These stories are highly interesting, and are particularly valuable for their accurate pictures of certain phases of American life. But it was as a poet that Mr. Taylor preferred to be remembered. His poems, which origi-

nally appeared in several volumes, have been collected into a single book; and his translation of Goethe's "Faust" is, without doubt, the best rendition into English yet made of that world-famous work. During the administration of President Hayes, Mr. Taylor was our Minister Plenipotentiary to the German Empire. He died in Berlin, Prussia, December 19, 1878.

2.—Before the invention of percussion caps, and indeed for some time afterwards, flintlock guns were commonly used. Powder was placed in the small pan attached to the lock, and this was ignited by a spark struck from a flint fixed in the hammer of the gun and made to strike on the cap of the pan. Frequently the powder would be shaken out of the pan, and then it became necessary to "prime afresh."

3.—BISON. A large wild animal, once very numerous in North America, but now almost extinct. It is popularly called the *buffalo*; but the true buffalo belongs to the Eastern Continent and to a different subdivision of the ox family. See in the next lesson the discussion in regard to the name.

XLII.—THE BUFFALO HERD.

Page 189, Note 1.—JAMES FENIMORE COOPER was born at Burlington, N. J., September 15, 1789. At the age of thirteen he entered Yale College, where he remained only three years. In 1805 he became a cadet in the United States navy, rising in due time to the rank of lieutenant. He resigned his commission in 1811, married, and settled at Mamaroneck, a few miles from New York City. In 1819 he published his first novel—"Precaution"—at his own expense. It attracted but little attention. Two years later he published "The Spy," a work which gained remarkable popularity, and was translated into nearly all the European languages. A large number of novels followed—some relating to frontier life, some to the sea, and some to the social and political problems of the day. Mr. Cooper also wrote a "Naval History of the United States." He died at Cooperstown, N. Y., September 14, 1851.

2.—IMAGES LIKE WATER. A homely allusion, doubtless, to the phenomenon, not unusual on the great deserts, called mirage. It is doubtful, however, whether a genuine mirage was ever witnessed on the American prairies.

3.—GARDEN. See Genesis, ii., 19.

4.—NOMENCLATURE (nō men clăt' ure). The words, terms, or language employed in any science or art. From Lat. *nomen*, name, and *calo*, I call.

5.—CULINARY. Pertaining to cookery. From Lat. *culīna*, a kitchen.

6.—SIRLOIN. A loin of beef. From Fr. *sur*, over, and *longe*, a loin. Another, but doubtful, etymology of the word is given in the story that Charles II., being very fond of loin-steak, conferred upon it, in sport, the honor of knighthood and the title Sir Loin.

7.—SANCTUARY. This word is now commonly used to designate a place consecrated for the worship of the Deity; it was formerly applied to a sacred asylum for persons accused of crime, and in that sense it is here used. See note on "Asylum," page 465.

PRONUNCIATION.—A sī' nus; con tēmt' ; hērb' age (ērb' aj); vāç' il la ting; vūl' tures.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Cooper's "The Pathfinder," and "The Prairie."

XLIII.—THE CITY OF IS.

Page 196, Note 1.—MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE was born at Norridge-
wood, Me., June 10, 1841. He was educated at Bowdoin College and at the
Bangor Theological Seminary. Graduating from the latter in 1865, he went
for a short time to California as a missionary. He was pastor of the Con-
gregational Church at Framingham, Mass., in 1867, and at Hannibal, Mo., in
1869. In 1873 he took charge of a Unitarian church in Chicago, which in
the following year he relinquished in order to become pastor of the Church
of the Unity in Boston. He is the author of several volumes, chiefly of a
religious character, and is an occasional writer of poetry.

2.—Is. An ancient city on the coast of Brittany, which, according to nu-
merous legends, was utterly overwhelmed by the sea. Remnants of paved
roads still exist issuing from the water.

3.—DÉBRIS (dā brée'). Ruins. Do not make this word rhyme with *Is*.

XLIV.—A VISIT TO NIAGARA.

Page 198, Note 1.—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER was born in
Plainfield, Mass., in 1829. He graduated at Hamilton College in 1851, after
which he studied law in New York, was admitted to the bar in Philadelphia,
and for a short time practised in Chicago. About 1860 he became editor of
the *Hartford Press*, and in 1867 assistant editor of the *Hartford Courant*.
He has been for several years the conductor of the "Editor's Drawer" in
Harper's Magazine. He has written many books, among the most popular
of which are "My Summer in a Garden," "Backlog Studies," "Their Pilgrim-
age," and "A Little Journey in the World." Not only as a humorist, but
as a careful observer and discriminating critic he holds high rank among
American authors.

2.—KING. The name of the principal character in the series of sketches
called "Their Pilgrimage."

3.—CONTINENT. Europe, exclusive of the British Isles.

4.—CLEVER. Mrs. Stubbs uses the word as Americans use it, meaning
good-natured, agreeable. In England it is not so used, but means skillful,
adroit, expert.

5.—SATURDAY REVIEW. One of the great London newspapers, whose oc-
casional ignorance of American affairs is both remarkable and amusing.

6.—PATERSON. The Falls of the Passaic are at Paterson.

7.—YOSEMITE. See Lesson IX., p. 56.

8.—The importunities of hackmen and porters at Niagara were formerly
well compared to assaults by savages.

9.—PARAPET. A low wall. From It. *parapetto*.

10.—MAELSTROM. See note 5, page 484.

11.—PYGMY. Of dwarf-like appearance. From Gr. *pygmā*, the distance
from the elbow to the knuckles.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Warner's "Their Pilgrimage"; How-
ells's "Their Wedding Journey."

XLV.—THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Page 207, Note 1.—JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE was born in New York
in 1795 and died in 1820. His chief poetical work is the "Culprit Fay," a

purely imaginative poem; but it is by his stirring lyric, "The American Flag," that he is best known and will probably be longest remembered.

2.—BALDRIC. Girdle. An allusion here to the Milky Way.

3.—HARBINGERS. Forerunners. Originally applied to an officer who preceded the king when travelling, and secured lodgings and other accommodations.

4.—WELKIN. The sky. From A. S. *welcn*.

XLVI.—RICHES AND POVERTY.

Page 209, Note 1.—HENRY WARD BEECHER was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813. He graduated at Amherst College in 1834, and afterwards studied theology at Lane Seminary. He was pastor of a Presbyterian church at Lawrenceburg, Ind., in 1837; two years afterwards he removed to Indianapolis, and for eight years remained in charge of a Presbyterian church in that city. In 1847 he was chosen pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church, Brooklyn, in which charge he continued until his death in 1887. He was for nearly twenty years contributing editor to *The Independent*, and afterwards editor of *The Christian Union*. Among his best works are "The Star Papers," "Lectures to Young Men," "Industry and Idleness," "Norwood," and a "Life of Christ."

2.—"The generation of the upright shall be blessed. Wealth and riches shall be in his house."—Psalm cxii., 2, 3.

"He that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."—Jeremiah, xvii., 11.

ALMONER.—One who gives alms. From Gr. *elēmōs' unē*, pity.

SATIETY (*să tî' ē tî*).—Fullness of gratification. From Lat. *satis*, enough.

PRONUNCIATION.—Āl' mon er; āv' a rīce; ěq' ui page (ěk' wī paj); hōm āge (*not* ōm' āge); păt' ron āge; ră' tion al ly; rēs' er voirs; vīne' yard.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Selections from Beecher's "Lectures to Young Men"; also from Collyer's "Talks to Young Men."

XLVII.—RIP VAN WINKLE.

Page 213, Note 1.—WASHINGTON IRVING was born in New York, April 3, 1783; died near Tarrytown, N. Y., November 28, 1859. At the age of sixteen he left school and began the study of law. In 1804 he visited Europe, remaining until 1806, when he returned and resumed his law studies. In 1807, with his brother William and James K. Paulding, he began the publication of a serial called *Salmagundi*, which appeared at irregular intervals, and was discontinued with its twentieth number. In 1809 appeared "A History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker." In 1815 Irving again visited Europe, and while in England wrote the "Sketch Book," containing the story of Rip Van Winkle. In 1828 he published his first historical work, the "Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus." This was followed by the "Conquest of Granada," and other works of great merit. The "Life of Washington," in five volumes, was published in 1859, only three months before the author's death.

- 2.—**PETER STUYVESANT.** Dutch Governor of New Netherland (1602–82).
- 3.—**FORT CHRISTINA.** A fortified post of the Swedes on the Delaware. Taken by the Dutch in 1655.
- 4.—**HENPECKED.** Governed by one's wife.
- 5.—**TRIBULATION.** From Lat. *tribulum*, an instrument for threshing corn; literally, that which threshes the chaff from the wheat.
- 6.—**TERMAGANT.** Quarrelsome. From *Termagant* or *Tervagant*, one of the supposed deities of the Mohammedans, represented in old plays as a personage of most violent character.
- 7.—**GALLIGASKINS.** Loose, wide trousers, such as the canvas overalls worn by fishermen. From Gaelic *gille*, a youth, and *gaskan*, an appendage.
- 8.—**RUBICUND.** Ruddy. From Lat. *rubicundus*, from *ruber*, red.
- 9.—**JUNTO.** An assemblage. From Span. *junta*, a meeting.
- 10.—**VIRAGO** (vī rā' gō). A turbulent, impudent woman.
- 11.—**SHAGGED.** Rugged, rocky.—**DOUBLET.** A waistcoat; originally a garment in folds or doubles for defence.
- 12.—**JERKINS.** Jackets. Dut. *jurkken*, from *jurk*, a child's pinafore.
- 13.—**HANGER.** A short broadsword.—**FLEMISH.** Belonging to Flanders.
- 14.—**HOLLANDS.** A kind of gin brought from Holland.
- 15.—**FIRELOCK.** A gun with a flintlock. See note on "Prime," page 487.
- 16.—**ROISTERS.** Rude fellows. Lat. *rusticus*, from *rus*, the country.
- 17.—**ADDLED.** Disturbed, made sick. From A. S. *adl*, disease.
- 18.—**PHLEGM.** Dullness, inaction. From Gr. *phlegma*, flame.
- 19.—**AKIMBO.** With a crook. From Celtic *cam*, a crook, and Eng. *bow*, to bend.
- 20.—**ANTHONY'S NOSE.** A bold promontory on the east side of the Hudson River, in Putnam County, N. Y.
- 21.—**DITTO.** The same as before, repetition. From Lat. *dictus*, said.

XLVIII.—THE CLOSING YEAR.

Page 233, Note 1.—**GEORGE DENNISON PRENTICE** was born at Preston, Conn., December 18, 1802. He graduated at Brown University in 1823. After studying law for some years, he removed to Louisville, Ky., and in 1831 became editor of the *Louisville Journal*. His short newspaper articles were very popular, and, being widely copied, gave to their author a national reputation. His poetry takes rank with that of N. P. Willis, Halleck, and Hayne. He died January 22, 1870.

- 2.—**ERST.** First; long ago. From A. S. *ær*, early, before.—**SERRIED.** Crowded close together. From Mid. Lat. *serare*, to lock.
- 3.—Time is usually represented as an old man holding an hourglass in one hand and a scythe in the other.
- 4.—**AVALANCHE** (äv' a länsh). A vast body of snow sliding down the side of a mountain. From Lat. *ad*, to, and *vallum*, valley.
- 5.—**PLEIADES** (plē' ya dēz). A cluster of seven stars in the constellation Taurus. Gr. *Plei'ades*, the seven daughters of Atlas and Pleione, said to have been placed by Zeus among the stars.—**DARKLE.** To remain in darkness. There is really no such word as darkle in the language. The nearest approach to it is *darkling*, meaning, in the dark, without light.

XLIX.—THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

Page 236, Note 1.—HORACE GREELEY was born at Amherst, N. H., February 3, 1811. His father being a poor farmer, his education was limited. At the age of fifteen he entered a printing office at East Poughkeepsie, N. Y. In 1831 he went to New York, where for two years he worked as journeyman printer. In 1833 he commenced business on his own account, printing the *Morning Post*. In 1834 he became editor of *The New Yorker*. On April 10, 1841, he issued the first number of the *Daily Tribune*, and in the autumn of the same year the *Weekly Tribune* was commenced. In 1848 he was elected to Congress. In 1851 he visited Europe, and again in 1855. In 1872 he was the candidate of the Democratic and Liberal Republican parties for the Presidency of the United States, but was defeated by a large majority. He died November 29th the same year. Among his works are "Glances at Europe," "What I Know about Farming," and "History of the American Conflict."

2.—The Cathedral of St. Peter's at Rome was commenced in 1450 by Pope Nicholas V., on plans of Bernardino and other famous architects. It was dedicated by Urban VIII. in 1626, but was not fully completed until about 1795, in the time of Pius VI. Thus its building occupied a period of nearly 350 years, and was continued during the reigns of forty-one popes. The length of the interior of the church is 613½ feet; the length of the transept from wall to wall, 446½ feet; the circumference of the pillars which support the dome, 253 feet; the diameter of the cupola, 193 feet; the height of the dome to base of lantern, 405 feet, and to top of cross, 448 feet.

3.—VATICAN. A magnificent group of buildings, including the Pope's palace, a library, a museum, etc., at the foot of one of the hills on which Rome is built.—THE CAPITOL. The Capitol, or Capitulum, was anciently the temple of Jupiter, situated on the Mons Capitolinus and overlooking the city of Rome. The temple is said to have been called Capitulum because a human head (Lat. *caput*) was discovered in digging the foundation.

4.—DILAPIDATION. Destruction, ruin. From Lat. *dis*, not, and *lapidis*, stone.

PRONUNCIATION.—Ac çës' sa ries; ä' re ä; cöl on näde'; cöm' pen sates; Pîn' çian; re mön' strate; ter rës' tri al; Tî' ber.

L.—SELF-CULTURE.

Page 240, Note 1.—WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING was born at Newport, R. I., April 7, 1780. He graduated at Harvard College in 1798, and afterwards studied theology at Cambridge. In 1803 he became pastor of the Congregationalist Church in Federal Street, Boston. When the Unitarian controversy soon afterwards arose in the church, Dr. Channing became the acknowledged head of the liberal party and the new church. In 1837 he became actively identified with the movement in favor of the abolition of slavery, and the last public act of his life was to deliver an address at Lenox, Mass., August 1, 1842, on the anniversary of the emancipation in the West Indies. He died at Bennington, Vt., October 2, 1842. His works are very voluminous, and many of his essays have been translated into foreign languages.

2.—**RAPHAEL.** A celebrated Italian painter, 1483–1520.

PRONUNCIATION.—Ād' mi ra ble; ĩn' fi nĭte; e thē' re al; ũn couth'.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Smiles's "Self-Help," and "Character."

LI.—LOST IN THE WOODS.

Page 244, Note 1.—**SYLVESTER JUDD** was born at Westhampton, Mass., in 1813. He graduated at Yale College in 1836, studied theology at Cambridge, and was ordained pastor of the Unitarian Church in Augusta, Me., in 1840. He was the author of several works, but that one on which his literary fame entirely rests is "Margaret, a Tale of the Real and Ideal," a romance which attracted great attention, and which may be regarded as an American classic. He died in Augusta, Me., January 20, 1853.

2.—**PARASITE.** A plant which grows upon another plant and obtains nourishment from its juices. The dodder is a parasite which grows on flax, clover, and the like. Gr. *pará sitos*, one who eats at another's expense at table—*para*, beside, and *sitō*, I nourish.

3.—**POLYPOD.** A species of fern. From Gr. *polus*, many, and *poda*, a foot. The teacher will observe the large number of wild flowers and plants mentioned in this selection, and it would be well to require the class to make a complete list of them, describing as many as are familiar. This may serve as the basis for several delightful talks on botany.

4.—Humming birds visit flowers not so much to obtain honey as to capture the insects which have been attracted by the sweet juices found there.

5.—**MARTIN.** An animal resembling the weasel.

6.—A somewhat liberal Latin rendering of the well-known nursery rhyme:

"Hey diddle, diddle! the cat and the fiddle!
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see the sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon."

7.—**DEMIURGIC.** Having creative power. From *демиурге*, from Gr. *de miōs*, of or for the people, and *ergon*, a work—one working for the people.

8.—**SCONCE.** A hiding place. From Lat. *abscondus*, concealed, hid.

9.—**BOSKET** (Lat. *boscus*, a thicket). A grove, a little wood.—**HUMMOCK** (probably from an Indian word). A small conical hill covered with trees.—

DINGLE. A narrow dale or valley.

10.—**PAVONINE** (pāv' o nĭne). Of many brilliant colors, like the tail of a peacock. From Lat. *pavo*, peacock.

PRONUNCIATION.—Tor nā' do; mā' nĭ āc; u tēn' sil; vē' he ment; or' chis (ōr' kis).

LII.—LITTLE GIFFEN.

Page 254, Note 1.—**FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR, M.D.**, was born in Baldwin County, Ga., 1822. He died near Columbus, Georgia, 1874. His

poems, many of which are highly meritorious, have been collected and published in a single volume.

2.—LAZARUS. See Luke, xvi., 20.

PRONUNCIATION.—Găṇ grēne'; de spīte'; chiv' al ry; lē' gend.

LIII.—THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

Page 256, Note 1.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809. He graduated at Harvard College in 1829, studied law for a time, and directed his attention to medicine. In 1832 he visited Europe, and spent several years in study and observation in the hospitals of the great cities. He was appointed, in 1838, professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth College. In 1847 he was called to fill the same chair at Harvard. As a writer of lyrics, both humorous and serious, Dr. Holmes has but few equals. He is best known as the author of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." Among his writings are also "Elsie Venner, a Romance of Destiny," "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table," "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table," and several medical works. He died Oct. 7, 1894, at Boston.—THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS. The nautilus (Gr. *nautilus*, a seaman, a sailor) is a kind of mollusk having a spiral, symmetrical shell divided by partitions into several chambers or cavities. "The animal which is said to sail in its shell upon the surface of the water is the *Argonauta Argo*, very different from the nautilus. Perhaps *nautilus* may be said to be its poetical name."

2.—SIREN. See note, page 473.

3.—SEA-MAIDS. Mermaids.

4.—IRISED. Like the rainbow. See note on "Pavonine," page 492.

5.—TRITON. In the Greek mythology the son and herald, or trumpeter, of Poseidon. His home was said to be in the deep sea, and he is represented as having the upper part of his body like that of a man, and the lower like that of a fish.

LIV.—FROM THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

Page 257, Note 1.—HERCULES. The most famous hero in the Greek mythology. A story invented by the Greek sophist, Prodicus, relates that when Hercules was but a youth he was met, at the intersection of two ways, by two beautiful ladies—Pleasure and Labor—each of whom offered gifts to the young man if only he would follow her. He decided to pursue the rugged and toilsome footpath to which Labor pointed rather than follow the shaded and flower-strewn highway to which Pleasure beckoned him.

2.—FERÆ NATURE. Of a wild nature, generally used with reference to wild beasts.

LV.—ROBERT BURNS.

Page 260, Note 1.—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS was born at Providence, R. I., February 24, 1824. His early education was received at a private school at Jamaica Plain, Mass. At the age of fifteen he removed with his parents to New York. The years 1842-1846 were spent at Brookfarm,

Mass., and on a farm near Concord. In the latter year he went to Europe, and visited Egypt and Syria. On his return, in 1850, he published his first book, "Nile Notes of a Howadji." In 1851 he was attached to the editorial staff of the *New York Tribune*, and in 1852 was one of the editors of *Putnam's Monthly*. Since 1853 he was a constant contributor to *Harper's Magazine*, and since 1857 to *Harper's Weekly*. As a lyceum lecturer and popular orator Mr. Curtis had but few equals, while in the use of pure and elegant English no writer or speaker has excelled him. His chief works, besides that already named, are "The Potiphar Papers," "Prue and I," and "Manners upon the Road." He died in 1892.

This oration was delivered on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of Robert Burns, in Central Park, New York, October 2, 1880.

2.—**LORD CHESTERFIELD.** Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield (1694-1773).

3.—**LORD CHATHAM.** William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham (1708-1778), a celebrated orator and statesman; Prime Minister of Great Britain.

4.—**MINDEN.** A town of Westphalia, Prussia, situated on the Weser River.

—**QUIBERON.** A peninsula seven miles long projecting from the coast of Brittany, France.

5.—**HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM.** See Lesson LXXXII., page 410.

6.—**ROBERT CLIVE.** Founder of the British Empire in India, a general and statesman (1725-1774). For an account of his life and achievements read Macaulay's "Essay on Lord Clive."—**EDWARD BOSCAWEN.** An English admiral (1711-1761). What is meant by "sweeping France from the ocean"? What figure of rhetoric is contained in this expression?

7.—**HORACE WALPOLE.** The fourth Earl of Orford, a celebrated English author and wit (1717-1797).

8.—**JAMES WATT,** inventor of the steam engine, was born in Greenock, Scotland, in 1736, and died in 1819. See "Harper's Fourth Reader," page 164.—**JAMES HARGREAVES** died in 1776.—**SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.** The perfecter of the spinning jenny (1732-1792).—**JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.** A famous manufacturer of pottery (1730-1795).

9.—**HENRY FIELDING.** An English novelist (1707-1754). He was one of the greatest writers of English prose fiction; but his writings are now seldom read, being little adapted to the literary tastes of the present day.—**GRAY'S ELEGY.** See Note on "Gray," page 468.

10.—**DR. JOHNSON.** Samuel Johnson (1709-1784) was the author of the first English dictionary of any real importance. His best prose works were "The Lives of the Poets," "A Journey to the Hebrides," and "Rasselas." Among his poems, perhaps the best known is "The Vanity of Human Wishes." "The Life of Dr. Johnson," by James Boswell, is the most remarkable biographical work in the English language. Read Macaulay's "Essay on Dr. Johnson."—**EDMUND BURKE.** A British statesman and orator (1730-1797).

11.—**DAVID GARRICK.** A famous actor, and the friend and pupil of Dr. Johnson (1716-1779).—**SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.** The greatest of English portrait painters (1723-1792).

12.—**EDWARD GIBBON.** Author of the "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" (1737-1794).—**DAVID HUME.** Author of the "History of England," was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1711; died in 1776.—**WILLIAM ROBERTSON.** A Scotch historian, born in Borthwick, in 1721; died in 1792. His most famous work was the "History of Charles V."—**REV. LAURENCE STERNE,** an English novelist and humorist (1718-1768). "Tristram Shandy,"

a novel, was his greatest work; but his writings, like those of Fielding, are now of but little interest to readers.

13.—**OLIVER GOLDSMITH**, sometimes called "the learned fool," was born in Ireland, 1728; died in London, 1774. Among his prose works the most famous is "The Vicar of Wakefield," a novel. His best poems are "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village." "Goldsmith took a garret in a miserable court, to which he had to climb from the brink of Fleet Ditch by a dizzy ladder of flagstones called Breakneck Steps. The court and the ascent have long disappeared; but old Londoners well remember both. Here, at thirty, the unlucky adventurer sat down to toil like a galley slave."—Macaulay's "Essay on Oliver Goldsmith."

14.—**ROBERT BURNS** was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, 1759; died in 1796.

15.—**AYR, YARROW, TEVIOT, TWEED.** Rivers in Scotland.

16.—**BURN AND BRAE.** Brook and hill.

17.—**LAVEROCK.** Lark.—**CURLEW.** A wild bird of the snipe tribe.

18.—**BRAW.** Handsome, well-dressed.—**SONSIE.** Happy, lucky.

19.—**SIR WALTER SCOTT.** Poet and novelist (1771–1832), author of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," and the "Waverley Novels."

20.—**WALHALLA.** A place in which the statues of persons assumed to be worthy of lasting commemoration are placed, as the national building at Donaustauf, near Regensburg, in Germany. (Icel. *valhöll*, hall of the slain. In Scandinavian mythology, the palace of immortality.)

21.—**MAUT.** Malt.—**FREE.** Taste.—**LEE-LANG.** Livelong.—**CHRISTENDIE.** Christendom.

22.—These lines are from the conclusion of Dryden's ode on "Alexander's Feast":

"Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

23.—**JOHN KNOX.** A Scotch reformer (1505–1572).—**COVENANTERS.** Members of religious and political organizations in Scotland during the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II., called the Solemn League and Covenant.

24.—**THOMAS CARLYLE.** Essayist and historian, born in Scotland, 1795; died in London, 1881. Read Carlyle's "Essay on Robert Burns."

25.—**ADAM SMITH.** Scotch political economist (1723–1790), author of "The Wealth of Nations."—**DUGALD STEWART.** A Scotch metaphysician (1753–1828).

26.—**HUGH BLAIR.** A Scotch preacher and rhetorician, author of "Blair's Rhetoric."—**ARCHIBALD ALISON, FRASER TYTLER, ADAM FERGUSON, HENRY ERSKINE.** Famous Scotchmen of the period. Alison was an author and celebrated divine, the father of Sir Archibald Alison, who afterwards wrote the "History of Europe." Tytler was a jurist and an author of some note. Ferguson was a writer and speaker on philosophical subjects.

27.—**ALLAN RAMSAY** (1685–1758) and **ROBERT FERGUSON** (1750–1774). Scottish poets. Ramsay's best work was a pastoral poem entitled "The Gentle Shepherdess."

28.—**A BOY OF FIFTEEN.** Sir Walter Scott.

29.—**WEANS.** Children.

30.—**ANCE.** Once.—**ONY.** Any.—**DOWIE.** Down.—**LINKING.** Tripping

- 31.— "I see amid the fields of Ayr
A plowman who, in foul and fair,
Sings at his task
So clear, we know not if it is
The laverock's song we hear, or his,
Nor care to ask."—LONGFELLOW.
- 32.—JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688). Author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," etc.
- 33.—RAMSGATE. A town in Kent County, England, on the east shore of the island of Thanet.—ISLE OF DOGS. A small peninsula, formed by the winding of the Thames, three and a half miles from St. Paul's, London.
- 34.—DANTE DEGLI ALIGHIERI (dān' te dāl yee ä le gē ä' rē). The greatest of Italian poets, author of "The Divine Comedy" (Divina Commedia), (1265-1321.) One of the best English translations of "The Divine Comedy" is that of our American poet, Longfellow.—JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (fon gē' teh). The greatest of German poets, author of many works in both prose and poetry, among which the most noteworthy are "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" and "Faust." Of these there are several good English translations.
- 35.—AULD SCOTIA. Old Scotland.—THISTLE. The thistle is the national emblem of Scotland, as the rose is of England, the shamrock of Ireland, and the lily of France.
- 36.—RAPHAEL. A celebrated Italian painter (1483-1520).
- 37.—MOZART. Johann Chrysostomus Wolfgang, a celebrated German musical composer (1756-1791).
- 38.—GOWAN. The daisy.—CUSHAT (kōosh' at). The ringdove or wood pigeon.—PLOVER (plūv' er). A bird of several species frequenting the banks of rivers and the shore of the sea.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: The following selections from Burns's poems: "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "To Mary in Heaven," "To a Mountain Daisy," "Tam O'Shanter," "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;" Whittier's and Longfellow's poems on "Robert Burns."

LVI.—SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.

Page 275, Note 1.—SIDNEY LANIER was born at Macon, Ga., February 2, 1842. He graduated at Oglethorpe College in 1860, and soon afterwards enlisted in the Confederate army. After the close of the war he was for two years a clerk in Montgomery, Ala., and in 1868 he assumed the principalship of the Prattville, Ala., Academy. In 1869 he began the practice of law with his father, in Macon, Ga., but did not continue long in the profession. In 1876, through the influence of his friend Bayard Taylor, he was selected to read a Centennial Ode at the Philadelphia Exposition. He soon afterwards removed to Baltimore, Md., and in 1879 was chosen lecturer on English literature at Johns Hopkins University. He died at Lynn, N. C., September 7, 1881. Besides a volume of poetry, he was the author of a work on "The Science of English Verse," and one on "The English Novel," and the compiler of several books for boys.

2.—HALL AND HABERSHAM. The names of two counties in Georgia, through which the Chattahoochee flows.

LVII.—THE OUTLAW AND THE FLOOD.

Page 277, Note 1.—GEORGE W. CABLE was born at New Orleans, La., October 12, 1844. On account of the failure in business of his father, he was obliged to leave school at the age of fifteen and seek employment as a clerk. In 1863 he volunteered in the Confederate army. At the close of the war he returned to New Orleans, where he studied civil engineering. He was afterwards employed, for several months, in surveying portions of the Teche country and the levees of the Atchafalaya. At this time he collected much material which has since done good literary service. Returning to New Orleans, he was engaged as clerk and accountant for a cotton dealer until 1879. In the mean while he had contributed short articles for the *New Orleans Picayune*, and was for a short time attached to its editorial staff. He also contributed several articles of more than ordinary merit to *Scribner's Monthly* and *The Century*, and in describing life and manners among the creoles and Acadians of Louisiana, opened up a new field in literature. He has resided for several years at Northampton, Mass. Among his best works are "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Dr. Sevier," "The Creoles of Louisiana," and "Bonaventure."

The scene of this story is on one of the great bayous of Louisiana. A break has occurred in the levee, or high artificial banks of the Mississippi, several miles above, and the water from the river has flooded the entire lowlands adjoining. The principal character in the sketch, an Acadian living alone upon an island in the bayou, does not understand the cause of the flood. Years ago he had been obliged to conceal himself among these swamps because of a crime which he had committed; and now he imagines that, his hiding place being discovered, his enemies have flooded the lowlands in order to drive him out from his haunts and bring him to justice.

2.—ACADIAN. A name originally applied to the French inhabitants of Acadia, now Nova Scotia. In 1755 these people, to the number of seven thousand, were removed forcibly from their homes by the English army and carried to different colonies. Many of them finally settled in Louisiana near the Red River, where their descendants, still known as Acadians, now live.

3.—LUGGER. A small sailing vessel. It will be understood that the Acadian was provided with two boats, the lugger, and a small canoe or pirogue.

4.—CREVASSE (cre vâsse). A breach in the levee or embankment of a river.

5.—PIROGUE. A canoe consisting of the hollowed trunk of a single tree. Sp. *piragua*, originally a West Indian word.

6.—The hornsnake is a harmless reptile of bluish-black color above and red beneath. It is found in the southern part of the United States. There are many authenticated instances of persons dying from fright and an overwrought imagination.

PRONUNCIATION.—Choir (kwîre); gäl' lows (gäl' lus); lûx ü rî ant; süb' tle (süt' tle); trê' mors; tor nâ' do.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Longfellow's "Evangeline"; selections from Cable's works mentioned above.

LVIII.—WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Page 286, Note 1.—GEORGE WASHINGTON was born February 22, 1732, and died December 16, 1799. Of the particulars of his life, so well

known to every American student, it is unnecessary to speak. The address, of which a very brief extract is here given, was occasioned by his determination to retire to private life at the close of his second term of office as President of the United States. It is dated September 17, 1796.

2.—**PALLADIUM** (Gr. *Pallas*, a name applied to Athene, the goddess of wisdom and war). The image or statue of Pallas at Troy was said to have fallen from heaven, and the fate of the city was believed to depend upon its possession. The word *palladium* is now used with reference to anything which may be regarded as the safeguard of the people's liberties.

LIX.—KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

Page 289, Note 1.—**CININNATUS HEINE MILLER** was born in Indiana, November 10, 1841. At the age of eleven he emigrated with his father to Oregon, and three years later went to California. In 1860 he entered a lawyer's office at Eugene, Oregon, and soon afterwards assumed control of the *Democratic Register*, a weekly newspaper. In 1870 he was elected County Judge of Grant Co., Oregon, and while serving in that capacity he published a volume of poems entitled "*Joaquin, et al.*," from which originated the surname by which he has since been known. The next year he went to England, where he remained for some time. His "*Songs of the Sierras*" was published in London in 1871, and "*Songs of the Sun Lands*" at the same place in 1872. Returning to America, he finally settled at Oakland, Cal.

KIT CARSON.—Christopher Carson was a noted American frontiersman (1809-1868). The story here given is supposed to have been related by him as a personal experience.

2.—**BRAZOS** (brá' zós). A river of Texas, 950 miles long.

3.—**SINCHED**. Tightened.

4.—**MACHEKES, TAPIDAROS, CATENAS, SERAPES**. Articles of clothing or ornament.—**COLT'S**. A pistol, so called from its inventor.

LX.—THE SHEEP-SHEARING.

Page 294, Note 1.—**HELEN MARIA FISKE** (Helen Jackson) was born at Amherst, Mass., October 10, 1831. In 1852 she was married to Capt. Edward B. Hunt, who died in 1863. She contributed frequently to the magazines and other periodicals, and her articles, signed H. H., attracted the favorable attention of readers in all parts of the country. In 1875 she was married to William S. Jackson, a banker at Colorado Springs, Col. In 1883 she was appointed special commissioner to examine into the condition of the mission Indians in California. In 1884 she published "*Ramona*," a story illustrating the mistreatment of the Indians at the hands of the United States Government. The rest of her life was devoted to the cause of the oppressed Red Men of the West. She died in 1886. Besides "*Ramona*," she wrote many books both for children and for adults, such as "*Bits of Talk about Home Matters*," "*Bits of Travel*," "*The Hunter Cats of Connorloa*," "*A Century of Dishonor*," and a volume of poems.

2.—**SEÑORA**. Madame. A title of respect used in addressing or speaking of a married lady. An unmarried lady is called *señorita* (sã nyó rē' tá); a gentleman is addressed as *señor* (sã nyór').

3.—COWL. The hood or habit of a monk or priest.

4.—TULE REEDS. A variety of bulrushes found in great abundance in the western part of the United States.

5.—NEOPHYTES. New converts. From Gr. *neos*, new, and *phutos*, grown.

6.—BABEL. See note on same word, page 460.

PRONUNCIATION.—Sə nō' rā; Sə nō ri' tā; phe nōm' e non;
Fe li' pē; cor rōb' o rā ting; Juan (hūō ān'); Lu i' go (lōō ē'
gō); Te mēc' u là; aisle (īle); Ra mō' nā; cār' i ca tūre; re
stōr' a tives; gēs tīc ū lāt' ing.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Mrs. Jackson's "Ramona," and "A Century of Dishonor."

LXI.—WHERE SUMMER BIDES.

Page 304, Note 1.—ROBERT BURNS WILSON was born in Washington County, Pa., October 30, 1850. His childhood and youth were spent in Virginia. At the age of twenty-two he removed to Louisville, and shortly afterwards to Frankfort, Ky., where he still resides. Mr. Wilson is artist as well as poet. His pictures have received merited attention and praise, and his poems, which are full of melody, exhibit the thoughtful student of Nature in her varying moods.

2.—LICHENED (lī' kend). Covered with lichens—often improperly called *rock moss* or *tree moss*.

3.—LABYRINTHINE (lăb ĭ rĭn' thĭn). Intricate. A labyrinth, among the ancients, was a building constructed with a multitude of winding passages, so that a person could hardly avoid being lost.

4.—AVALANCHE. The word is here used figuratively. For derivation, see note, page 490.

PRONUNCIATION.—A nēm' o nē; ēg' lan tīne; frā' grānce; in-
īm' i ta ble; săx' ī frāge.

LXII.—SPEECH AT BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

Page 309, Note 1.—DANIEL WEBSTER, a celebrated statesman and orator, was born in Salisbury (now Franklin), N. H., in 1782. His early education was such as his father and mother could give him at home. In 1796 he attended Phillips Exeter Academy, and the following year entered Dartmouth College, from which he graduated in 1801. He next studied law, and in 1805 was admitted to the bar, soon afterwards establishing himself at Portsmouth, then the capital of the state. In 1812 he was elected to Congress. His history from that time until his death in 1852 is identified with the political history of the country. As an orator and as a master of the purest English there have been few, if any, who excelled him.

The battle of Bunker Hill was fought June 17, 1775. Fifty years afterwards the corner stone of the monument which marks the spot was laid with appropriate ceremonies, and the oration, from which this is an extract, was delivered.

2.—**OLON AND ALFRED.** Great lawgivers. Solon, one of the wise men of Greece, lived B.C. 638-558. Alfred the Great, King of Saxon England and founder of the English nation, was born A.D. 849; died 901.

LXIII.—DANIEL WEBSTER AS AN ORATOR.

Page 314, Note 1.—**ORESTES A. BROWNSON** was born in Vermont in 1803, and was reared in the simple, rigorous discipline of Puritanism. After removing to Saratoga he entered an academy at Ballston, where he joined the Presbyterian Church in 1822. He afterwards changed his views, and became a Universalist minister in 1825. The writings of Dr. Channing drew him to Unitarianism, and in 1832 he became pastor of a congregation of that denomination. Four years later he organized in Boston the Society for Christian Union and Progress, of which he retained the pastorate until he ceased preaching in 1843. He was received into the Catholic Church the following year. In 1838 he established the *Boston Quarterly Review*, of which he was the proprietor and almost sole writer until it was merged into the *Democratic Review* five years later. In 1844 his review again became a separate publication under the title of *Brownson's Quarterly Review*, and was continued until Dr. Brownson came into collision with the authorities of the Catholic Church in 1864. His extreme opinions touching certain points of discipline, and his liberality in other matters, brought about the suspension of the first American periodical that attracted sufficient attention in England to warrant its republication there. He still continued writing, and revived his review in 1873 for two years. Failing health and domestic afflictions making literary work impossible, he removed to Detroit, where he died in 1876.

LXIV.—FLOWERS.

Page 320, Note 1.—**HENRY W. LONGFELLOW** was born in Portland, Me., February 27, 1807. When fourteen years old he entered Bowdoin College, where he graduated in 1825. The next year after graduation he was offered the chair of modern languages in the same college; and to qualify himself for this position he went to Europe, where he spent three years in study. From 1829 to 1835 he was professor at Bowdoin, writing short poems and prose articles. In 1835 he was elected to the chair of modern languages at Harvard University, which place he held until 1854. He died at Cambridge, Mass., in 1882. His poems are distinguished for their grace and beauty, and, moreover, possess that element of human sympathy which will render them always popular. His prose works are "Outre-Mer," a collection of sketches of travel, and two romances, "Hyperion" and "Kavanagh." He also translated into English verse the "Divina Commedia" of Dante, a work on which he was occupied for more than thirty years.

2.—**ELD.** Old time; antiquity. From A. S. *eald*, old.

RUTH.—A young woman of Moab, whose story is related in the Old Testament in the book known by her name. See Ruth, ii., 3.

LXV.—A CHARIOT RACE.

Page 322, Note 1.—**LEWIS WALLACE** was born at Brookville, Ind., in 1828. He served with distinction in the Civil War, and became major general of volunteers in 1862. He was appointed United States Minister to

Turkey in 1881. Returning to America in 1885, he has since devoted himself almost entirely to literature. He has written "The Fair God" a story of the conquest of Mexico; "Ben-Hur, a Tale of the Christ"; "The Boyhood of Christ"; and "The Prince of India."

The scene of the chariot race is at Antioch. There are six competitors, the names of whom are here given. As may be inferred, there was already a bitter enmity existing between the two principal characters, Ben-Hur and Messala.

2.—**NESTOR.** An aged hero, celebrated by Homer as one of the chiefs of the Trojan War. See "Iliad," XXIII., 318. The literal rendering is: "By cunning hath charioteer the better of charioteer."

3.—**EDITOR.** Superintendent of the races.

4.—**SESTERTII.** Plural of sestertium, a denomination of Roman money equal at this time to about \$40. A hundred sestertii = \$4000.

5.—**ORESTES.** Son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, celebrated in the tragedies of Æschylus.

6.—**TALENT.** A sum of money. In silver, equal to about \$1180, if the Attic talent is meant; if the Hebrew talent, about \$1645. A talent in gold was worth about \$27,000.

7.—**VELARIA.** Lat. awnings, screens.

8.—See "Iliad," XXIII., 380.

PRONUNCIATION.—Är a mā' ic; Bÿ zăn' tîne; Çac sa rē' an; Clē än' thēs; hau teur' (hō tēr'); Īl' der im; Mäl' luch; Mes sã' lâ; San bäl' lat; shēik; Si mōn' i deg.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: The description of the chariot race in the "Iliad," Book XXIII.; also that in "Serapis," by Georg Ebers.

LXVI.—THE STORMING OF THE BASTILE.

Page 337, Note 1.—**JOHN STEVENS CABOT ABBOTT** was born at Brunswick, Me., September 18, 1805. He was educated at Bowdoin College, and in the theological seminary at Andover, Mass. He was ordained as a minister in the Congregational Church, and was settled successively at Worcester, Roxbury, and Nantucket, Mass.; but in 1844 he retired from the ministry in order to devote himself entirely to the profession of literature. He was the author of a large number of historical works, chief among which are the "History of the French Revolution of 1789," and the "History of Napoleon Bonaparte." Much of the value of these works is lost by reason of their partisan character. Mr. Abbott's best books were "The Mother at Home" and "The Child at Home" (1835). He died in 1877.

2.—**BASTILE** (bäs tēl'). From Fr. *bastille*, a fortress or castle with towers. An old fortified castle at Paris, built in the fourteenth century, and used as a state prison until it was destroyed by the people, July 14, 1789.

3.—**GIBRALTAR.** A strongly fortified rock at the southern point of Spain, belonging to the British.

4.—**MICHELET.** Jules Michelet (mēsh lä'), a French historian and miscellaneous writer (1798-1874).

5.—**FAUBOURG** (Fr. for *faux-bourg*, a false town). A suburb of a French city.

6.—**PREROGATIVE.** Lat. *prærogatīvā*—from *præ*, before, and *rogāre*, to ask. Exclusive or peculiar right or privilege.

- 7.—LINGUET. Simon Nicolas Henri Linguet (lăn gã'), a French lawyer and writer (1736-1794).
 8.—VERSAILLES (ver sá' ēl). A city near Paris, where was the residence of the king.
 9.—CONDÉ (kōn dā'). A French general (1621-1686).
 10.—LOUIS XIV. (Le Grand, or The Great). King of France (1638-1715).
 —TURENNE (tū rēn'). Marshal of France (1611-1675).
 11.—OUBLIETTE (ō blē ēt'). A dungeon open only at the top, for persons condemned to perpetual imprisonment, or to perish secretly. Fr. from *oublier*, to forget.

LXVII.—THANATOPSIS.

Page 343, Note 1.—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born at Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794. He entered Williams College at the age of sixteen, but at the end of two years took honorable dismissal, and engaged in the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1815; removed to New York in 1825; was editor of the *New York Review* in the same year; and in 1826 became connected with the *Evening Post*, with which he continued until his death, which occurred in 1878. "Thanatopsis" was written by Bryant in his eighteenth year, and was published in the *North American Review* in 1817. The first collected edition of Bryant's poems was published in 1855. His translation of Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey," completed in 1871, is commended as the best English version of these great poems.—THANATOPSIS (Gr. *thanatos*, death, and *opsis*, view). A view of, or meditation on, death.

2.—SWAIN (Icel. *sveinn*, a young man, a boy). A countryman.—INFANT WORLD, *i. e.*, the world in the early ages, or in ancient times.

3.—TAKE THE WINGS OF MORNING. What figure of rhetoric is here used? See Psalm cxxxix., 9.

4.—BARCAN WILDERNESS. The Barcan desert, perhaps the great desert of Sahara is here intended. *Wilderness* (from A. S. *wilder*, a wild animal) is a term used to designate any wild or uncultivated tract of country.

LXVIII.—CHARACTER.

Page 346, Note 1.—EDWARD EVERETT HALE was born in Boston, April 3, 1822. He graduated at Harvard College in 1839, and was pastor of Unity Church, Worcester, Mass., from 1846 to 1856. Since the latter date he has been pastor of the South Congregational Church in Boston. His works are very numerous, and relate to a great variety of themes.

2.—PALMYRA. See note, page 507.

3.—LONGINUS (lōn jī' nus). A Greek philosopher (A.D. 213-273).

4.—DEMETRIUS PHALEREUS. A Greek statesman (B.C. 345-307).

5.—CORNELIUS NEPOS. A Roman historian, who flourished in the time of Augustus.

6.—MILTIADES (mil tī' a dēz). Athenian general and statesman, born about 500 B.C.

7.—CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE. An obelisk, so called in honor of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt (B.C. 68-30).

8.—**KENILWORTH.** The castle and manor of the Earl of Leicester, famous in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

9.—**ABELARD** (ăb'e lard). A French scholastic philosopher (1079–1142).

10.—**CHARLES THE BOLD.** Duke of Burgundy (1433–1477).

11.—**BLOOM.** A mass of crude iron from the puddling furnace while undergoing the first hammering. From A. S. *blōma*, a mass or lump.

12.—**PENTHESILEA.** Queen of the Amazons, a mythical race of female warriors.

13.—**WILLIAM PITT.** English statesman and orator (1759–1806).

LXIX.—SPRING BESIDE WALDEN.

Page 355, Note 1.—**HENRY DAVID THOREAU** was born at Concord, Mass., July 12, 1817. He graduated at Harvard in 1837. He taught school for some time, after which he found occasional employment as a land surveyor. In 1845 he built a small hut on the shores of Walden Pond, near Concord, and there he lived for two years as a recluse. He died May 6, 1862. His best book is "Walden." "Few lives contain so many renunciations. He was bred to no profession; he never married; he lived alone; he never went to church; he never voted; he refused to pay a tax to the State; he ate no flesh, he drank no wine; he never knew the use of tobacco; and, though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun."—**EMERSON.**

2.—**LEUCISCUS** (leu cis' cus). A genus of fish, including the chub, minnow, and the like.

3.—**PLUMP.** A word rarely used in the sense of company or flock.

4.—**TITANIC** (tī tăn' ic). Superhuman. From Titan, one of the twelve sons and daughters of Heaven and Earth.

5.—**SAKUNTALA** or Sakoontala (sha kŭŏn' tā lă). A drama written in the Sanscrit language by Kalidasa, a poet of India, about 200 B.C.

LXX.—HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

Page 361, Note 1.—**LUCY LARCOM** was born at Beverly, Mass., in 1826. While a young girl working in a cotton factory in her native town, she contributed some poems to the *Lovell Offering*, which won the admiration and encouragement of the poet Whittier. At the age of twenty she went with a married sister to Illinois. After teaching for a short time she entered the Monticello Female Seminary, where she remained three years. Returning to Massachusetts, she taught several years in the seminary at Norton. Her first volume of poetry was published in 1859, and a complete edition has recently been issued.

LXXI.—THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS.

Page 363, Note 1.—**CHARLES SUMNER** was born in Boston, Mass., January 6, 1811. He was educated at the Boston Latin School and at Harvard University, graduating at the latter in 1830. He was soon afterwards admitted to the bar, and appointed reporter of the Circuit Court of the United States. He visited Europe in 1837, returning in 1840, and continuing his

law practice. On the 4th of July he delivered before the authorities of Boston the oration from which the present extract is taken. This oration attracted unusual attention, and was widely circulated both in America and Europe. In 1851 he was elected Senator of the United States, a position which he continued to hold until his death, March 11, 1874. His works, which are quite voluminous, are chiefly on subjects of a political character.

2.—**ROBERT HALL.** An English preacher, born in 1764; died in 1831.

3.—**MARATHON.** The battle of Marathon, in which the Persian invaders, under Datis and Artaphernes, were defeated by the Athenians, under Miltiades, was fought in the year 490 B.C.—**BANNOCKBURN.** The battle of Bannockburn was fought in the year 1314. The Scotch, fighting for their freedom, defeated the English invaders under Edward I. Read Burns's little poem, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," also Scott's description of the battle in the "Lord of the Isles," canto vi.

4.—**VALE OF TEMPE.** A beautiful and romantic valley in the north of Thessaly in Greece. The lovely scenery of this glen is frequently described by the ancient poets and declaimers; and it was also celebrated as one of the favorite haunts of Apollo.—**THE HESPERIDES.** The Hesperides were the maidens, in the Greek mythology, who guarded the golden apples which Ge (Earth) gave to Hera at her marriage with Zeus. The gardens of the Hesperides were situated in some unknown region, generally supposed to be in the far west. The maidens were assisted in watching the golden apples by the dragon Ladon. It was one of the labors of Hercules to obtain possession of these apples.

5.—**DELOS.** A small island in the Ægean Sea, celebrated as the birthplace of Apollo.

LXXII.—MAY.

Page 368, Note 1.—**JAMES GATES PERCIVAL** was born in Berlin, Conn., September 15, 1795. He graduated at Yale College in 1815. He studied medicine in Philadelphia, but practised little. In 1823 he published his first volume of poetry; in 1824 he was assistant surgeon in the United States army; in 1827 he settled in New Haven, where, besides doing other literary work, he assisted in preparing for the press an edition of "Webster's Dictionary." In 1853 he was engaged to survey the lead-mine regions of Wisconsin, and in the following year was appointed geologist of that State. He died May 2, 1856.

LXXIII.—THE FALL OF ANTWERP.

Page 369, Note 1.—**JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY** was born at Dorchester, Mass., April 15, 1814. He graduated at Harvard College in 1831, after which he spent several years completing his education in the German universities. Returning to America, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1836. In 1846 he began to collect materials for his history of Holland, and in 1851 went to Europe, where he remained some years in the prosecution of the same work. In 1856 he published "The Rise of the Dutch Republic"; in 1860, "The History of the United Netherlands"; and in 1874, "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld." During the years 1869–70 he was United States Minister to England. He died in 1877.

ANTWERP. A fortified commercial and manufacturing city on the Scheldt River, now included in Belgium. At the time of this narrative it was one of the most important cities of Holland. In 1568 began the revolt of the States of the Netherlands against the oppressive rule of the Spaniards. The Dutch, under the lead of William of Orange, demanded three things from Spain—religious freedom, constitutional rights, and the removal of the Spanish troops. The war continued many years. In 1576 the Spanish commander died, leaving his unpaid troops in a condition bordering on mutiny. It was then that Antwerp was attacked, and the terrible massacre occurred which is described in this sketch.

2.—**MARGRAVE.** A nobleman of rank equal to an English marquis. Ger. from *mark*, boundary, and *graf*, count.—**BURGOMASTER.** Mayor. Ger. *burgermeister* from *burger*, a citizen, and *meister*, master.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Selections from "Motley Leaflets," edited by Miss Hodgdon; also from Motley's complete works named above.

LXXIV.—THE HUMBLEBEE.

Page 374, Note 1.—**RALPH WALDO EMERSON** was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. He graduated at Harvard College in 1821; taught school for five years, and in 1829 was ordained a minister in the Second Unitarian Church of Boston. In 1832 he asked and received dismission from the church, and, after a year spent in Europe, began his career as a public lecturer, in which capacity he became more famous than any other American of that time. In 1835 he settled at Concord, Mass., where he continued to reside until his death, in 1882. His works include "Essays" (two volumes), "Nature," "Representative Men," "English Traits," "The Conduct of Life," "Society and Solitude," "Poems," etc.

2.—**PORTO RIQUE.** A large island of the West Indies, commonly called Porto Rico (Span. *Puerto Rico*, the rich port or harbor).

3.—**EPICUREAN** (ep i cū' re an). Given to luxury. From Epicurus, a Greek philosopher, who is said to have taught that pleasure is the highest good.

4.—**PRATHEE** (prith' ē). A corruption of the phrase "I pray thee."

LXXV.—THE JOURNEY TO PALMYRA.

Page 376, Note 1.—**WILLIAM WARE** was born at Hingham, Mass., August 3, 1797. He graduated at Harvard College in 1816, and at Cambridge Divinity School in 1819. From 1821 to 1836 he was pastor of the First Congregational Church in New York. In 1837 he was called to the Second Congregational Church at Waltham, Mass., where he remained until his death in 1852. His works are "Zenobia" (1837), "Aurelian" (1838), and "Julian" (1841)—all remarkably vivid representations of ancient life and manners.

This journey from Rome to Palmyra is supposed to have been made about the year 266.

2.—**BERYTUS** (bēr' y tus). A commercial town on the coast of Syria. Modern Beyroot (bā rūt).

3.—**HELIOPOLIS** (Gr. *hēlios*, sun, and *polis*, a city), called also Baalbec. A celebrated city of Syria, forty-three miles northwest of Damascus. It was long the chief seat of the worship of Baal. Antoninus Pius (A.D. 138-161,

built there a great temple of Jupiter (temple of the Sun), the ruins of which still remain.

4.—PALMYRA (pāl mý' rá). Called in the Old Testament Tadmor; that is, *the city of palm trees* (1 Kings, ix., 17). A city of Syria, 120 miles northeast of Damascus, built by King Solomon. It reached its greatest splendor about A.D. 266, when Zenobia, the Queen of Palmyra, endeavored to make it the capital of a great empire, including Syria, Egypt, and all Western Asia.

5.—LIBANUS (līb' a nūs). Lebanon, *i. e.*, the White Mountain, a mountain range in Syria.

6.—ANTONINUS PIUS (ăn to nī' nus pī' us). Emperor of Rome (A.D. 86–161).

7.—ANTI-LIBANUS. A range of mountains east of Libanus.

8.—ELYSIAN FIELDS. The abodes of the blessed.

9.—PARTHENON (pār' the non). The temple of Athene Parthenos on the Acropolis of Athens.—PHIDIAS (phīd' i as). The greatest sculptor and statuary of ancient Greece (B.C. 490–432).

ZENOBLA.—Queen of Palmyra. After the death of her husband, Odenathus, she became regent of the kingdom, and discharged all the active duties of the sovereign. But endeavoring to unite all Egypt, Syria, and Western Asia under her sway, she was defeated by the Romans under Aurelian, and carried prisoner to Rome (A.D. 274). Her life was spared, and she passed the remainder of her years near Tibur (Tivoli) in Italy.

LXXVI.—MUSIC.

Page 382, Note 1.—JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING, Bishop of Peoria, was born in Kentucky in 1840. He was educated at Mount St. Mary's of the West, and at Emmitsburg, and completed his theological course in Louvain. After his ordination, in 1863, he was attached to the Cathedral at Louisville. In 1869 he organized a congregation of colored people in that city, and became their pastor. In 1873 he removed to New York, and soon became noted as an eloquent preacher and lecturer. In 1877 he was consecrated Bishop of Peoria. Besides developing the resources of his diocese, he has continued his literary and philosophic writings, and devoted considerable attention to the subject of immigration. This selection is a portion of his essay on "Religion and Art."

2.—JOUBERT. Joseph Joubert, a French essayist (1752–1824).

LXXVII.—KENTUCKY BELLE.

Page 385, Note 1.—CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON was born at Claremont, N. H., in 1848. While she was a child her parents removed to Cleveland, Ohio. She was educated in a young ladies' seminary at Cleveland, and afterwards at a private school in New York City. Her father dying, she removed with her mother, in 1873, to Florida. She has written much good prose fiction and but little poetry. Among her best-known novels are "East Angels" and "Anne." A collection of her lake-country sketches has been published under the title of "Castle Nowhere," and a volume of Southern sketches under that of "Rodman the Keeper." She died in 1894.

2.—MORGAN. In the summer of 1863 the Confederate general, John Mor-

gan, with a small company of men, made a raid through Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio. He crossed the Ohio at Brandenburg, passed rapidly through southern Indiana, made a circuit north of Cincinnati, and attempted to recross the river, but was driven back. He and his band were captured near New Lisbon, O. After an imprisonment of four months the bold raider escaped and made his way back to the South.

3.—**SUDDEN.** Used instead of the adverb *suddenly*. Observe other similar idioms in this selection.

LXXXVIII.—THE COMING OF THE HURRICANE.

Page 393, Note 1.—**LAFCADIO HEARN** was born in Santa Maura, in the Ionian Islands, Greece, in 1850. His mother was a Greek and his father a surgeon in the British army. After receiving a liberal education in England, Ireland, and France, he came to America and learned the printer's trade in Cincinnati. He afterwards removed to New Orleans, where he engaged in journalism. His first work which attracted attention is entitled "Stray Leaves from Strange Literature," and is an interpretation of certain Eastern stories and legends into English poetical prose. It was followed by "Chinee Ghosts," a similar rendering of the legendary lore of the Celestial Empire.

2.—**SPHINX.** Maker of riddles. A monster represented in the Greek mythology as having the winged body of a lion and the breast and head of a woman. She is said to have proposed a riddle to the Thebans, and to have murdered all who were unable to guess it.

3.—**ATCHAFALAYA.** A bayou or river of Louisiana flowing from the Red River and the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico. Its name signifies lost river, and it is supposed by geographers to have formed the old bed of the Red River.—**TÊCHE** (têsh). A bayou 180 miles long.

4.—**SILHOUETTE** (sil oo êt'). A profile or side face represented as a solid black mass.

LXXXIX.—OWL AGAINST ROBIN.

Page 401, Note 1.—**CHESTERFIELD.** See note on "Lord Chesterfield," page 494. Chesterfield's "Letters to my Son" was long considered as a kind of standard authority on matters pertaining to etiquette and the usage of fashionable society. Explain the meaning, now, of "Chesterfield stars."

2.—**BAALBEC.** See note on Heliopolis, page 505.

3.—**CULTUS.** Moral atmosphere.

LXXX.—A RUFFIAN IN FEATHERS.

Page 403, Note 1.—**OLIVE THORNE MILLER** is a student of the birds, and their most enthusiastic champion and friend. No other person has studied these creatures with more care, or has written of them in a more intelligent and charming manner.

2.—**MERCHANT OF VENICE, Act v., sc. 1.**

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: "Bird Ways," by Olive Thorne Miller; "Home Studies in Nature," by Mary B. Treat; "Animal Life in the Sea and on the Land," by Sarah Cooper.

LXXXI.—THE HAUNTED PALACE.

Page 408, Note 1.—EDGAR ALLAN POE was born in Boston, February 19, 1809. He was educated at Stoke-Newington, near London, and at the University of Virginia. His first volume of poetry was published at Baltimore in 1829. He removed to New York in 1837, where he earned a precarious living by writing for the periodicals. He was successively the editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Graham's Magazine*, and the *Broadway Journal*. His life was a wretched record of poverty, dissipation, and suffering. His poems are, however, remarkable for their harmonious beauty, and his stories for the weird, wild fancies which characterize them. Poe died in Baltimore, October 7, 1849.

LXXXII.—THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM.

Page 410, Note 1.—FRANCIS PARKMAN was born in Boston, September 16, 1823. He graduated at Harvard in 1844, and began the study of law, but soon abandoned it and started on an exploring tour to the Rocky Mountains. He lived for several months among the Dakota Indians, suffering much exposure and experiencing many hardships. On his return to New York he published an account of this expedition in a volume entitled "The California and Oregon Trail." In 1851 appeared "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," the first of a series of histories relating to the French régime in America. Other volumes followed at intervals: "Pioneers of France in the New World," "The Jesuits in North America," "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West," "Frontenac, or Louis XIV. and the Old Régime in Canada," "Montcalm and Wolfe."

2.—QUI VIVE? (kee veev). Who goes there?

3.—À QUEL RÉGIMENT? (ă kěl ră zhǐ mǒng). To what regiment?

4.—DE LA REINE (děh là rân). The queen's.

5.—O MON DIEU, etc. O my God! my God! the Marquis is killed!

LXXXIII.—A DAY IN JUNE.

Page 420, Note 1.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was born at Cambridge, Mass., in 1819. He graduated at Harvard College in 1838. He studied law, and in 1840 was admitted to the bar, but afterwards decided to devote himself entirely to literature. In 1855 he succeeded Longfellow in the chair of English literature at Harvard. From 1881 to 1885 he was United States Minister to England. His writings embrace both prose and poetry. His collected poems have been published in several editions. His best prose essays are included in the volumes entitled "Among My Books" (two series), and "My Study Windows." He died August 12, 1891, at Cambridge, Mass.

LXXXIV.—A HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Page 422, Note 1.—RICHARD O'GORMAN was born in Dublin, Ireland, and educated at Trinity College. He adopted the legal profession, and soon became a conspicuous member of the Irish bar. Meanwhile he wrote for the *Dublin Nation*, being one of a coterie of brilliant political writers who were leaders of the movement in favor of the legislative independence of Ireland. This movement, which culminated in 1848, was unsuccessful, and the leaders

were imprisoned or compelled to exile themselves. Mr. O'Gorman came to New York in the following year, where he has since devoted himself to his profession, and now holds a high judicial position. His voice and pen have always responded to the call of charity, and the welfare of his fellow-men has been the theme of his happiest addresses and orations.

This selection is a part of an oration delivered by Judge O'Gorman, July 4, 1876, in New York City.

LXXXV.—SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Page 428, Note 1.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the sixteenth President of the United States, was born in Hardin (now La Rue) County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809. He died in Washington, D. C., April 15, 1865.

This address was delivered on the occasion of Mr. Lincoln's second inauguration as President of the United States, March 4, 1865.

LXXXVI.—THE HAND OF LINCOLN.

Page 430, Note 1.—EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN was born in Hartford, Conn., October 8, 1833. He entered Yale College in 1849, but did not graduate. He edited for a time the *Norwich Tribune*, and afterwards the *Winsted Herald*. He went to New York in 1855, and in 1859 became a writer for the *Tribune*. In 1863 he was private secretary for Attorney-general Bates at Washington, and in 1864 he returned to New York and entered into business as a stockbroker. A collected edition of his poetry was published in 1873.

2.—CAST. An impression in plaster.

3.—ANAK. A giant. See Numbers, xiii, 33.

4.—ATLAS. One of the Titans, represented in the Greek mythology as bearing the heavens on his head and hands.

5.—The proclamation of emancipation was signed by President Lincoln on the first day of January, 1863.

LXXXVII.—O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

Page 432, Note 1.—WALT WHITMAN was born at West Hills, Long Island, May 31, 1819. He was educated in the public schools of New York and Brooklyn. He learned the printer's trade, and for several years taught school in the winter and worked at his trade in the summer. During the war he was a volunteer nurse in the military hospitals in Washington and in Virginia. From 1865 to 1874 he held a government clerkship at Washington, D.C. He has written both prose and poetry, his last volume being a collection of essays entitled "November Boughs."

CAPTAIN. This poem was written soon after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, April 14, 1865. The Captain is the martyred President, the ship is the national government, the port is peace.

LXXXVIII.—THE MOUSE.

Page 433, Note 1.—WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS was born in Martinsville, Ohio, March 1, 1837. He learned the printing business with his father,

and worked for several years at that trade. He was at one time assistant editor of the *Ohio State Journal*, and in 1860 he wrote a campaign Life of Abraham Lincoln. From 1861 to 1865 he was the United States Consul at Venice. Shortly after his return to America he became assistant editor, and then editor, of the *Atlantic Monthly*, with which periodical he remained connected for several years. He is at present the conductor of the "Editor's Study" in *Harper's Magazine*. He has written many volumes—delightful sketches of travel and realistic prose fiction. Among these works are: "Venetian Life"; "Italian Journeys"; "April Hopes"; "Annie Kilburn."

LXXXIX.—THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Page 440, Note 1.—**JULIA WARD HOWE**, the daughter of Samuel Ward, was born in New York City, May 27, 1819. She was educated at home and in the private schools of New York. She was married to Dr. S. G. Howe in 1843, and has for many years been prominently identified with the leaders of progress and reform in this country.

XC.—COMPENSATION.

Page 441, Note 1.—**POLARITY.** That quality or condition of a body in virtue of which it exhibits opposite or contrasted properties, or powers.

2.—**PROMETHEUS KNOWS ONE SECRET**—the time when and the means by which Jove's power shall be destroyed.

3.—**MINERVA.** Athena, the goddess of wisdom, war, and the liberal arts.

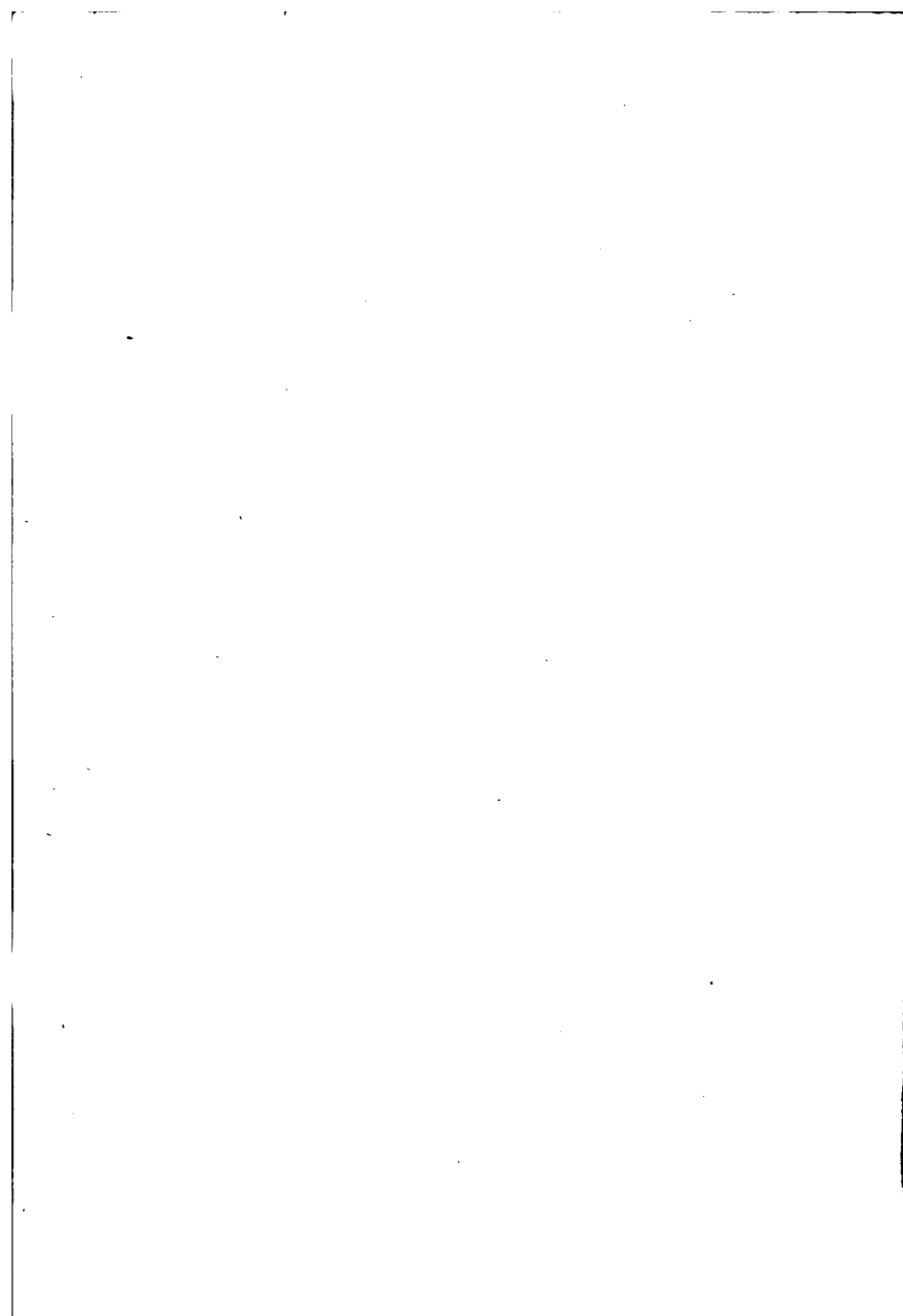
4.—**TITHONUS.** Tithonus was said to have been beloved by Aurora (the Dawn), who by her prayers obtained for him immortality, but not eternal youth. He was, therefore, completely shrunk together in his old age. As he could not die, Aurora changed him into a cicada.

5.—The ancient myths relate that the mother of Achilles, wishing to make him immortal, dipped him when a child in the river Styx. His heel, being untouched by the sacred waters, remained vulnerable. Of Siegfried, the hero of the North, a similar story is told.

6.—**NEMESIS.** A goddess in the Greek mythology, the personification of the moral reverence for law, and of the natural fear of doing a wrong thing. The later writers represent her as measuring out happiness and unhappiness to mortals.—**THE FURIES.** The avenging deities who pursued and punished wrongdoers.

7.—**POLYCRATES.** A tyrant of Samos (550 B.C.) For many years he accomplished without check or difficulty every undertaking to which he applied himself. Amasis, King of Egypt, with whom he had formed an alliance, was alarmed at his success, believing that it would anger the gods and finally lead to disaster. He advised Polycrates to throw away his most valuable possessions, in order to inflict injury upon himself and appease the jealousy of the higher powers. Acting upon this advice, he threw into the sea a sealing of great value and beauty; but in a few days it was found in the belly of a fish which had been presented to him by a fisherman.

8.—**SCOT AND LOT.** Literally, contribution and share; parish payments according to ability.



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